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ON PLEASURE BENT.*

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

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CHAPTER I.

"HOOORAY!" shouted eighteen year-old Will Bradford one morning, dashing into the family dining-room, in which he had finished a hasty breakfast only five minutes before so that he might look at his traps in the back lot.

Old farmer Brewster looked encouragingly across his second cup of coffee, and asked:

"What did you find, bub? A mink, or only a rabbit?"

"Pshaw, grandpa, I haven't seen the traps yet. I looked up the road when I went out, and saw a carriage coming just over the top of the hill, and as sure as I live there sat Uncle Clinton beside the driver!"

"Uncle Clinton!" exclaimed Will's twenty year-old sister Kate, springing from her chair and clapping her hands. "Oh, oh! Now for some fun!"

"Dear May's husband!" ejaculated the old farmer, who also rose. "Jack Clinton!"

"Clinton?" echoed Mrs. Bradford, the old farmer's widowed daughter. "Why, if he had been coming he would have let us know. You must be mistaken, my son."

"Not a bit of it, mother. I signaled him and he answered. I waved my hat, he waved his; I threw out my right arm sideways, so did he. He taught me the tricks himself long ago, so there can't be any mistake. Besides, he was sitting up straight with his head well thrown back; nobody who isn't a soldier sits that way in a buggy in these parts. I could even see his mustache as plain—"

B-Sept.

"The divinest mustache," murmured Kate, "that ever—"

"Child—child!" interrupted the farmer sharply, "don't use sacred words in that way."

But Kate was already out-of-doors, and the whole family followed her. They reached the piazza just in time to see a village hack pull up at the steps and a handsome, middle-aged man offering them a military salute. A second or two later he was distributing embraces and hand-shakes among the group, while the driver unloaded a small trunk marked "Captain J. C., U. S. A."

"Nobody this side of heaven could be more welcome, my son, said the farmer. "I wish you'd let us know you were coming, for we'd have been extra happy that much longer."

"I wasn't quite sure of a leave," said the captain, "until—"

"Oh, Uncle Clinton!" exclaimed Kate, who already was nestling against the soldier's side, "it's just providential. There's to be a County Ball this week, and grandpa has been doubtful about my going, but now—"

"But now the reliable family watch-dog having returned, you think grandpa's mind will be easy, eh?" said the captain, sweeping a small but very brown hand over the girl's golden crown until it reached an ear-tip, at which it stopped with a pinch, which elicited a small scream. "Well a County Ball is about as bad a place as you can find in this vicinity, so it's good that I—"

"I've almost enough mink skins to line you an overcoat, I guess, uncle," said Will, dragging the trunk up the piazza steps.

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"I've a pot of your favorite carnations in bloom in the window, brother," said Will's mother. "You shall have a fresh one each day for your button-hole."

"Thoughtful old girl!" murmured the captain throwing his disengaged arm around his sister-in-law.

"Major Meuse is in town, too," said the farmer, "and the sidewalk from here to the village is in good condition all the way. I saw to that myself, as soon as the major came—I felt it in my bones that you'd turn up too."

"Thoughtful as ever,—always a father to your son-in-law," said the captain, dropping his feminine charges and taking the farmer's hand.

"Will," said the farmer, as the party entered the house, "take Jack's trunk into the sitting-room. Get into your slippers, my son, and we'll have some hot coffee up stairs by that time."

"Thank you," said the captain, "I'm as hungry—"

"Will!" shouted the farmer the instant he heard the trunk drop.

The boy returned to the dining-room, into which all but the captain had gone. The farmer took his place at the head of the table, raised his hand and closed his eyes. The family understood him; over the fire-place in the sitting-room hung the only oil painting in the house—a portrait of the captain's wife, the farmer's daughter, dead nearly ten years, yet alive in the memories of all. They knew where the captain's eyes and heart were as he parted abruptly from the others and entered the room where his courting had been done, and why the old man's lips moved silently. Yet a moment later there was a great clatter of plates and teacups, and when the captain finally entered the dining-room no one eyed him curiously.

"Draw a chair wherever you like, Jack," said the farmer; "'wherever MacGregor sits is the head of the table,' you know."

"He's to sit right beside me," said Kate. "Oh, Uncle Clinton, the County Ball this week is to be—"

"Kate, Kate," groaned the farmer, "can't you ever think of anybody but yourself?"

"Let her chatter, father," said the captain with a laugh; "'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

"Yes, that's so," the farmer replied, "but I wish there was something else, in one dear little heart that I know of, besides rubbish."

"Oh, well, give the rubbish a chance to get out of the way, and something else may have a chance—eh?" said the soldier.

"Thank you, uncle; you know girls," Kate whispered.

"I ought to, for nobody ever had a finer specimen to study," said the captain, "and you look and act just like her. If you knew how much that means you'd be too conceited to live."

Then there was silence for a minute, after which everybody, all at once, tried to change the subject, and succeeded so well that old acquaintances, sitting hens, Indian stories, and recipes for soup were soon in an inextricable tangle of conversation. Enough plans were made for the captain's benefit, to occupy a year of leisure instead of a ten days' leave of absence. As they were offered one by one, and the guest pronounced each one delightful, Kate's pretty face grew longer and longer; finally she exclaimed:

"But you must distinctly understand, uncle, that whatever is or is not to be done, you've to escort me to the County Ball, first persuading grandpa to let me go."

"Certainly, my dear,—if grandpa lets you. If you're really to go, I'd rather take you than be made major-general."

"Oh, Jack!" groaned the farmer, "I hoped you'd got over such nonsense by this time."

"Is that so?" asked the captain, with a quizzical look. "How's an old fellow to get over it while there are a lot of precious girls that need watching, when they get into those mixed crowds?"

"I don't need to be watched," said Kate with a pout.

"Don't, eh? You blessed little goose, there are some subjects your old uncle knows a thousand times as much about as you, and that's one of them. He'll take you to the County Ball,—if you're to go, but he won't leave his eyes off of you for a single second."

Kate's most faithful admirer would not have seen any thing pretty in her face as she replied:

"I'm sure I don't mean to do any thing dreadful there."

"So am I," said the captain. "I don't believe in dueling, but if any fellow should have such a notion, I would call him out, unless, as is more likely, I should first kick him industriously."

"Then why am I to be watched?"

"Because, besides being always longing

for a good time, you're an innocent, simple-hearted, unsuspecting little girl."

"I'm not! I'm a woman; I came out two years ago."

"That doesn't make the slightest difference; it simply couldn't. It takes more experience than any girl—any good girl—usually gets, to teach her to watch herself properly in society that admits every one who dresses well."

"Uncle Clinton," said Kate, with really fine dignity, "you've lived West too long. You seem to think Preston with the surrounding country is full of ravening wolves. It isn't."

"Of course not, my dear girl. No place is; not even 'out West,' as you call it. Still wherever there's a single wolf there are some lambs who suffer—unless carefully guarded, for when it comes to guarding themselves they haven't any more sense than an asylum full of lunatics. Dear, pretty, innocent, well-meaning things, all of them, but what can you expect of the most innocent of innocents, when it hasn't any idea in its head except that it is to enjoy itself?"

Kate still pouted, her mother looked grave and troubled, while the farmer replied:

"That's the reason I say such gatherings are no place for a girl like Kate—a child of many prayers."

"That depends, dad," said the captain.

"Depends upon what?"

"Upon the care her natural protectors exert. Can you tell me of a place on earth where girls, and boys too, are not subjected to danger? Personally, I haven't any taste for County Balls, or any other, but I don't believe there's any more harm possible or likely there than in the schools here in Preston. You're still a school director, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said the farmer.

"Seriously, do you know of any other place on earth in which young people of the impressive age meet more bad company and are under less restraint than in school?"

"Our public school system," said the farmer, unconsciously taking the tone in which he often had publicly announced the same sentiment, "is the nation's bulwark against ignorance and consequent vice."

"It certainly is," the captain admitted. "I shall always defend it until I can discover something better. But that isn't the point. All children in Preston go to the public schools and meet all sorts of other children;

our young people meet even in Sunday-school and church some acquaintances who are not over good. On the street, in social gatherings of every sort, they meet some people whom we would rather they would not know. Why, then, draw the line at places of amusement?"

"Because," said the farmer, raising a fork and shaking it to emphasize his statement, "because when their hearts are bent on amusement, their consciences are not likely to be wide-awake and ready for business."

"Good point! Well put!" exclaimed the captain, while Kate, who for several moments had been gratefully eyeing him as a champion, relapsed into a condition which with a girl less intelligent and pretty would have been called "the sulks." "But," the soldier continued, "there's no use in treating young people as automatons, or boys and girls of straw. There's no straw about you, Kate, eh?"—this with a vigorous nip of Kate's shoulder with finger and thumb. "The better they are, the redder their blood and more abundant their spirits, the fonder they are of amusements of every kind. Seriously, dad, did you ever hear of any thing short of bolts and bars that would keep young folks from wanting to take part in all fun which wasn't repulsive at sight? I don't suppose you've ever put Kate under lock and key—"

A general laugh interrupted; Kate's eyes danced defiantly at her grandfather, who arose, took a chair beside the girl, and drew her head to his breast, caressing it tenderly.

"As I was saying," resumed the captain, "I don't suppose you've ever forcibly constrained her, but if not, what has there been to protect her from such bad influences as chance to reach her?"

"Good blood!" the farmer almost shouted, "and her mother's teachings, and thousands of prayers."

"All good—all good so far as they go. But let's suppose a parallel case. When I went to West Point I had pretty good blood in my veins; I meant to become a good soldier, I had any amount of good instruction, a great deal of which you gave me in Sunday-school, and I didn't lack the prayers; but when I graduated, and was regarded as a man, and placed face to face with the enemy, what would I have been good for if it hadn't been for the constant supervision and advice of the older men about me? Yet I'd rather leave an inexperienced officer on the frontier than an unguarded girl in society. Perhaps his character wouldn't be in-

jured, but his reputation would be likely to suffer. Ignorance makes quite as much mischief as sin. There was a great deal of sound sense in Talleyrand when he said that something that some one did was worse than a crime—it was a blunder. It is the blunders of a girl that make her misunderstood, and there are plenty of people ready to help her to blunder."

"Then she shouldn't go where such people are," the farmer declared.

"There are no other places—except home and heaven," said the soldier; "though," he continued, "some are worse than others—County Balls, for instance."

"Now, uncle!" exclaimed Kate.

"What are parents—and grandparents—to do, then?" the farmer asked.

"Accompany their darlings wherever they want to go."

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Kate's mother, who never had doffed her widow's weeds.

"I, nearly seventy, and a deacon, at the County Ball!" said the farmer, extending a heavily shod foot and eyeing it grimly.

"Yes; if it's good enough for Kate it's good enough for you. Besides, you'd be the finest gentleman present, and all the young men worth knowing would be glad you'd come."

Kate threw back her head, looked up archly, and said:

"Come along, grandpa. There's time yet for me to teach you a dance or two."

"Stop making fun of your grandfather, daughter," whispered the mother.

"But I'd like to dance with him," persisted the girl, "he's the truest gentleman in all Preston."

"That should encourage you, dad," the captain remarked with an argumentative shake of his head.

"It's too late," the farmer replied, "I'm too—"

"It's never too late to mend," the captain interrupted. "Do you know what I'm going to do when I retire from the service on account of age?—that'll be only thirteen years hence, you know. I'm going to do my best to be elected deacon of a church, unless I get myself transferred to the Methodist branch of the Lord's service for the sake of getting a vacancy in the class-leader grade. I'm going to make myself prominent in all good works, so far as retired pay and my savings will allow. I'm going to set a good personal example to all the boys—you know I don't

drink or smoke, yet I won't allow any youngster to get the better of me at riding, swimming, shooting, or any other healthful exercise. But here's the main point; after living the best and most religious life I possibly can, and not surrendering my moral principles in any way, I'm going to make myself the foremost figure in the decent amusements of the town—this very town of Preston."

"See here, my boy," said the old farmer, drawing his chair toward his son-in-law, "are you sure you know what you're talking about? When you retire you'll be sixty-three years old, you'll feel a good deal older than now; you'll begin to look ahead and think a great deal about a better world than this."

"Like enough, dad; indeed I'm sure of it, for by that time I'll have more friends there than here. But don't you see that the more I may think about that final home, the more anxious I will be to have every one else reach it too? You think people are likely to go astray through their love of pleasure; so do I—indeed, I'm sure of it; but that sort of love is never going out of human nature, and it is strongest in many who are weakest in moral principle that is in proper shape for use. You want these people saved—the whole church wants them saved, but won't do a thing for them unless the imperiled ones themselves ask for help. Probably you say the poor creatures ought to take a serious interest in themselves; I say those who first see the danger—I mean the church people—should be the first to move. What would you Fathers in Israel—and America—think of us soldiers if in time of war we were to remain in masses by ourselves and leave the weak places of the line ungarded until residents complained? You, my dear dad, would be one of the first men to say we weren't living up to our duty."

"Jack," said the farmer, after a momentary wrinkling of his forehead, "the cases do seem something alike, but can't you realize how trivial and weak and contemptible, and sometimes how really abominable, are the situations in which the young people of the present day sometimes place themselves through their love of pleasure?"

"Dad," replied the soldier, "can't you realize that it isn't any fun to chase Indian fiends through a country without food or water, and so full of vermin that sometimes

the only question is whether you shall be shot to death by an Indian or bitten to death by a rattlesnake? You don't suppose we go about our work through love of the surroundings, do you? We do it for the sake of the innocent and respectable people who are in danger and don't seem able to help themselves—the honest settlers, with their precious wives and children, whose lives are threatened by the savages. As you remarked a moment ago, the cases do seem something alike, very much alike, in fact, except in the way they are treated."

"You don't really think, Jack, that Kate and other good girls are in serious danger through their amusements, do you?"

"No, not all the while. You haven't believed any one day in the past twenty years would be your last, have you? Yet I'll warrant you haven't allowed your life insurance policy to lapse. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty—and every thing else. You church people turn most amusements over to young folks to manage for themselves, and then you sit at home grumbling and full of suspicion. Suppose I were to turn my recruits loose to train themselves; how long do you suppose it would be before I'd be court-martialed for neglect of duty and general laziness?"

"Grandpa," said Kate, "take your choice; either blush for shame, or go to the County Ball with us."

"Really, dad," the captain resumed, "the County Balls weren't made for young people alone. Where they originated and were conducted properly, they were intended as gathering-places where young and old should meet, for social purposes, each according to his taste. It isn't the fault of the young folks that they've degenerated—as they certainly have—into mere dancing parties for the youngsters and a few old rakes of both sexes—it's the fault of the older people who stay away because they imagine that whatever is amusing is wrong. If you don't want to be obliged to distrust them, regulate them yourself. Your character and influence are enough to do it."

"Uncle Clinton won't ever see the mink skins I've got for him if you don't stop talking about that stupid old County Ball," suggested Master Will.

"Stupid old County Ball!" echoed Kate, with a withering glance at her brother; "Oh, uncle, you *will* go in full uniform, won't you? How jealous all the girls will be of me!"

"They shan't remain so—if we go. I'll dance with each of them, if there are enough dances or few enough girls."

"As I was saying about the mink skins—" resumed Will.

"I beg your pardon, old chap, let's look at them at once. Where are they?"

"Drying on the carriage-room wall at the barn," said Will. "Come out."

The soldier and his nephew retired to the barn, the farmer buried his face in his hands and the daughter leaned over him and tried to kiss the wrinkles from his forehead. As for Kate, that young woman went sedately enough into the sitting room, where at once she changed her gate to a lively waltz step regardless of the many chairs and tables that encumbered the floor.

CHAPTER II.

"JACK," said the farmer just before supper one evening, "I wish you'd come down to the pasture and take a look at my new Jersey and her calf. A man who has spent years in the country of the cow-boys ought to know something about cows."

This was meant for a joke, so the family laughed, while the captain replied:

"It's astonishing how much a man may see without knowing any thing about it. I'll follow you, though."

The two men were scarcely out of the house when the farmer stopped so near the well that he could rest his elbow on the curb and lean in a farmer-like position. Then he said:

"I've got a remarkable Jersey cow, and I'm not sure about the calf having the same natural points as her mother; still, that isn't all I wanted to talk with you about. This family of mine is so given to clustering together—bless it! that it's next to impossible to find a chance to chat quietly with any one member of it. I want you to size up a couple of young men who come here, off and on. Of course I don't need to tell you that each has his eye on Kate; both are too old to drop in merely to see Will, and too young to care for me or Kate's mother. The girl admires both, after a fashion; she isn't in love with either, unless I've forgotten the signs, but I'm awfully afraid the one who is least of a man will be most attractive. He's a young lawyer, well educated, sharp as a steel trap, and getting pretty deep into politics. The other is square, good, and manly,—I've known

three generations of his folks,—but he doesn't put on any style."

"His education has been neglected—eh?"

"Not a bit of it; he's a college graduate, quite as good as the other. Somehow, though, he isn't as forward; he never attempts to force his own notions on Kate, and he—well, I don't know—"

"Are the Jersey and her calf down the well, grandpa?" came Kate's voice from the piazza.

"I do believe that girl can see through any thing," said the old man, rallying from a moment of confusion and blowing a kiss to the family mischief-maker as he hurried the captain toward the barn.

"She can't help it, dad; she's your grandchild," said the captain.

"Much obliged, my boy. As I was going on to say, neither of these young fellows has called since you've been here, but it's about time for them to drop in. I can't help suspecting that Wrung—that's the young lawyer—is wrong, though, and that he knows I think so; still, I shan't wonder much if you insist that the bad young man is the good one. You've been upsetting my ideas a great deal, since you came home."

"Perhaps," said the captain, "I should have held my tongue, but—"

"Nonsense, boy; you know I like to hear you talk. You're a man of the world; I'm not, and sometimes I can't help seeing that I run in a groove. I wouldn't consult you if I didn't believe in you,—if you hadn't always seemed just what I hoped, many years ago, you'd turn out. You'll have to be the head of the family before long, and I hope—"

Then the old man's voice failed him. The captain slapped him on the back, as if to restore his voice, and as they had just reached the pasture, exclaimed:

"She's a splendid cow, dad. There's nothing like her on a Western ranch."

Then both men went into the house where, after supper, Kate talked County Ball, and Will described various successful efforts to trap animals, while their elders tried to find intervals in which to exchange reminiscences of old acquaintances. The sound of the door-bell caused Kate quickly to touch her hair in two or three places, re-adjust the ruffle at her throat, and bend closely over her needle-work. A moment later as a young man entered the room, Kate arose with a radiant

smile which also attempted to be a look of surprise, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Wrung!" Then she continued, "Let me make you acquainted with my uncle, Captain Clinton, of the army."

The young man extended his hand in fine form and said:

"It's a rare honor to meet a soldier in a land so stingy with its army."

"Thank you," replied the captain. "It's very pleasant for soldiers to meet any one who appreciates them."

"Our country," said the young lawyer, after greeting the remainder of the family, "is very mean regarding its army. It keeps the force so small that a civilian can't see a soldier unless he chances to live on the border or at a sea-port. The people should be enabled to keep in touch with their army, and sympathize with it. In time of trouble the popular heart goes out to the army, but in peace the government separates them at once. It's wrong, entirely wrong!" As Mr. Wrung spoke, his eyes flashed and his features, which were large and expressive, became animated. Kate looked at him admiringly, while the captain replied:

"I don't believe any soldier would contradict you."

Then Kate looked more pleased, and the lawyer engaged the soldier in conversation, displaying considerable knowledge as to the whereabouts and duties of the branch of the service, to which the captain belonged. The door bell rang again, and again Kate arose to greet a visitor.

"Good evening, Charley. Uncle Clinton, do you remember Charley Cheerleigh? He used to—"

"Why, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the captain. "Bless me! How fast these boys do grow!"

Cheerleigh, though nearly as old as the lawyer, blushed and looked rather uncomfortable until the captain gave him a chair and said:

"Now, tell me all about yourself."

"There's not much to tell, captain," the young man replied. "I'm through college, and attempting to do something as civil engineer. It's slow work—"

"But sure," the soldier interrupted, "for the fellow who'll stick at it patiently, and keep his eyes open."

"Then it shall be sure for me," said the young man quietly. "By the way, has

Will shown you his collection of native furs?"

"You may be sure he did, before uncle had been here an hour," said Kate, with a glance at her brother which was returned by what children call "a face."

"Engineering certainly is a fine profession," said the young lawyer, in a tone so evidently condescending that Cheerleigh frowned a little, "but it is slow. In the law, now, there is always so much business to be done that an able man finds his hands full almost from the start. It's really annoying to me to have so little time that I can call my own."

"I hope business isn't going to keep you from the County Ball," said Kate.

"It certainly shan't, Miss Bradford, if you are to be there."

"How self-sacrificing!" murmured Kate, trying to be sarcastic but not entirely succeeding, for she was also eyeing her grandfather narrowly.

"Are you going to the County Ball, Charley?" asked the captain.

"I don't know, I'm not much of a dancer."

"That doesn't matter; the ladies won't know the difference, for scarcely any man is a good dancer nowadays, unless there's some monkey in his blood. Ball-room grace and manners have been going out of men ever since round dances became fashionable, until even square dances at balls are romps—a great deal of the time."

Kate looked indignant; so did Wrung; while Cheerleigh brightened as he said:

"I've been conceited enough to suppose I was the only man who saw dancing in that light."

"You can atone for your conceit, my dear boy, by going to all the respectable dances and setting a good example, which means that you must become a good dancer."

Then the farmer frowned, though he did not take part in the conversation. Mrs. Bradford also was silent, but Kate said:

"Uncle, you needn't think by abusing dancing you're going to keep me from being fond of it."

"I'm not so silly as that, my dear," said the captain with a laugh. "Besides, I'm not abusing dancing, but only certain kinds of it, and in mixed companies. Girls would dance if men were bears."

"Cause they like to be hugged," suggested Master Will, who had only begun to

learn to use his tongue in the presence of company, and who generally misused it.

"Will!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradford.

"You'd better retire," pouted Kate.

"I wasn't alluding to that sort of girl, bub," said the captain. "The dancing girl, in good society, the girl who will dance with any fellow rather than sit and chat with the good company, is she who insists that dancing is exercise, and who never takes any other."

"Why not?" asked the farmer.

"Principally because her proper guardians haven't insisted upon it, and provided the means."

"No other exercise!" exclaimed Kate indignantly after two ineffectual efforts.

"That's all men know! You'd think you were exercising a great deal if you had to sweep all the rooms on this floor every morning, as I do."

"Poor child!" sighed the captain, "I wouldn't though. Sweeping isn't exercise; it's hard, awkward, exhausting work. I've had to do it myself, once in a while, and I've made up my mind that if I were a woman I'd use Indian clubs, or a rowing machine, just to get my physique in proper condition to use the broom. Don't you attend the gymnasium, Kate?"

"The Preston gymnasium is only for men and boys," the girl replied.

"Oh, Miss Bradford, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the lawyer, "Wednesday afternoons the place is restricted to ladies only. I myself made the motion and forced it through the board of governors."

"One afternoon a week!" said Kate with a sneer.

"Well, reforms must be made gradually, you know," said Wrung.

"Why isn't there a gymnasium expressly for ladies and girls?" asked the captain, looking so fixedly at his father-in-law that no one else ventured to reply. Recent discussions had taught the farmer the inner meaning of the question, so the only reply was a deprecating look.

"There ought to be one," the captain continued, "and it could be had through a small subscription from each man who cares enough for the women of his family. Women are kept in the house altogether too much for their good—kept in so much that they haven't the spirit to go out of doors, unless there's some special inducement."

"Well," said the farmer, "they go out a good deal to make calls; then, one afternoon in the week there's the mother's prayer-meeting, another afternoon there's the young ladies' sewing society, and there's the Thursday morning lecture club, also for women, and there's the Tuesday afternoon Bible class—that's all for women, too. It seems to me there's scarcely a day when Kate and her mother don't go out somewhere."

"All well enough, as far as it goes, but so far as exercise is concerned, there's nothing to it but a walk, a walk in closely fitting clothes, too. In a gymnasium a woman could put on a light, loose suit, so as to feel entirely at ease; she could swing clubs and dumb-bells, roll ball at ten-pins—splendid cure for weak backs, that is—she could use every appliance that is found in men's gymnasiums. I had to spend a few days, several years ago, at a town which had a woman's gymnasium, and I found that I could easily identify the members at sight by the grace with which they carried themselves."

"'Twould be just glorious to have one here," said Kate. "Do follow Uncle Clinton's advice, grandpa, and make the people build one."

"You talk as if your old grand-dad could do any thing he liked," said the farmer, smiling at the girl.

"So he can," said Kate. "Just think of all the money you've raised for the church and the heathen, and how you argued the rich men into voting to pave the roads and—"

"Yes, yes," sighed the farmer, "but with a new-fangled notion I shouldn't know whom to go to first."

"I'll save you the trouble," said the captain, "by heading the subscription list with a hundred dollars."

"Oh, good!" shouted Kate, clapping her hands.

"Put me down for a hundred also, deacon," said Mr. Wrung.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Kate, with a smile which should have made the young man feel fully repaid. Cheerleigh was silent and thoughtful a moment. Kate looked at him pityingly, while the young lawyer's face put on the expression which it wore whenever he made a point on an opponent in court.

"I think, deacon," said Cheerleigh, "that I'll stand a hundred for each of my sisters."

"Three hundred dollars more!" exclaimed

Kate with a glance at Charley which made the young lawyer solemn. "Oh, grandpa, do get out your pencil and memorandum book—quick! Oh, I do wish somebody else, —every body else, would call, right away. How much more money will it take? How soon can they build it? Where shall it be? When—"

"You poor child!" said the old man, with a tender, solicitous look at his granddaughter, who sat with eyes dancing and cheeks aflame, "do you really wish so much that you could go to a gymnasium?"

"Oh, I've always just been dying for one!"

"Well," said the old man, dropping his head and looking meditative, "in that case I guess I'd better try to bring it about. At any rate, I'll put five hundred dollars into it myself to show folks I'm in earnest about it." Then the farmer looked appealingly at his son-in-law, but before he could read the answer in that gentleman's face something came between them; it was Kate, who had flown to her grandfather, put her arms around him and kissed him again and again. The other subscribers looked as if they would like to be rewarded in the same way, but were sure they wouldn't be. Then a messenger came for Mr. Wrung, who was wanted at his office, and the lawyer departed after a general leave-taking and an impressive, almost theatrical, bow to the captain. Two or three moments later Cheerleigh said he had called to ask if Kate wouldn't spend the evening with his sisters, who wanted her advice about some apparel in course of making.

No sooner were the young people gone than the captain exclaimed:

"'Twas a splendid beginning!"

"Altogether too good not to be followed up," said the farmer. "Besides," here the old man stopped to utter a sigh of relief, "it's a comfort to act upon at least one of your many suggestions. I suppose the thing ought to be started and managed as a stock company, like the old gymnasium?"

"I suppose that is the better way; it offers people a chance of getting their money back."

The old man was quiet two or three moments, looking as sedate as usual; then he arose and said:

"Come to think of it, I've a little business in the village this evening. Don't sit up for me."

"What a splendid soldier he'd make!"

said the captain a moment or two later, as the old man's footsteps were heard on the flagged walk to the gate.

"Father's a dear, good man," said Mrs. Bradford, "but I'm afraid he's too slow for a soldier."

"Nonsense! All soldiers who amount to any thing are slow, in the way father is. Only geniuses make up their minds quickly. The man who acts promptly when he knows what to do is the one who amounts to something. Dad's face—bless his honest heart!—is as easy to read as a book. He's gone to the village to strike while the iron is hot; he'll see every store-keeper, lawyer, and doctor in town before the lights are out, and tell them of the money pledged in two minutes for a woman's gymnasium."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Bradford, with a quizzical look. "You're so used to men who are quick in their ways that you forget how old father is."

"My dear sister, dad isn't any older, in his ways, than his daughter, who is a remarkably young and handsome woman to be the mother of a grown-up girl."

"Jack!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradford angrily.

"I beg your pardon, dear girl, if I am wrong," said the captain rapidly, "but you're allowing yourself to rust. Why don't you help me in my effort to take the dear old man out of some of his ruts? It's for your children first of all, that I'm doing it, but you're as quiet as if you had no interest in the subject."

"Jack," said the widow, as tears came to her eyes, "you know that one-half of me is in the grave."

The captain quickly kissed the tears away, stroked the brown head in which there was not a single gleam of silver, and replied, with uncertain voice:

"Who has better reason to feel for you than I? Still, there's exactly twice as much reason why the remaining half of you should be very much alive. Why, I'd rather be owner of your two children than commander of the army. You ought to be wide-awake to every thing they like and want."

"I can't take an interest in the pleasures that are all the fashion—I daren't. It would seem disrespectful to the dead," said the widow.

"Wouldn't Phil take an interest in them, for the children's sake, if he were alive?"

"Yes, but as for me, now, people would

think I did it for my own sake. You know how folks talk about widows who lay off their black."

"Dear girl, they wouldn't talk so of you. You've tact enough to prevent any such gossip."

"I can't bear to oppose father's ideas in any way. He's been so unspeakably good to me and the children. Besides, I owe him a daughter's respect."

"There's no danger that you won't pay it to the uttermost, dear girl. But you must see plainly that I am right about amusements, and that your father is at least half convinced. Just think what a tremendous influence for good the dear old man would be in this community if he were to take an active interest in the amusements of the people! You know his force of character draws all the better men toward him. Do help me to get him at work."

"Grandpa's a buster when he gets started at any thing," said Will.

"Another thing you should do, sis," said the captain, "is to make this youngster useful to his sister. He's as tall as a man, and I've no doubt is a man among his own sex. He ought to go into society with his sister, and—"

"I don't want no swallow-tail coat on," said Will from the depths of his throat.

"I wouldn't be in entire accord with your grammar, my boy, I'm afraid; still, you're old enough to know what honor means, and that one of its first demands is that a boy shall be his unmarried sister's best friend and protector."

"It's awfully tiresome to be around with girls; they don't talk about any thing but dress and other girls—and fellows."

"But they would if there were any one else to start some other subject—at least they would, if the somebody else were smart, wouldn't they? Try it, and see."

Will avoided further discussion of the subject by sauntering off to bed; then his mother extracted from the captain many stories of women's lives in the far West. Time flew so rapidly that when Kate returned, soon followed by her grandfather, the clock struck eleven.

"I didn't imagine it was so late," said the farmer as he removed his hat and coat and seated himself to begin the family's evening devotions. He took the big Bible on his lap, adjusted his glasses, and opened the book.

Mrs. Bradford shook her head negatively at her brother-in-law, who raised his eyebrows incredulously; then the farmer looked across his glasses, without raising his head and said carelessly:

"Pretty good evening's work, Jack. Seven thousand dollars promised for the gymnasium." Then he changed his tone and continued, "The Ninety-first Psalm."

The captain looked at his niece and wondered whether she heard a word that was read.

CHAPTER III.

"SAY, Uncle Clinton," said Master Will, bursting into the cozy sitting-room one evening and interrupting a reading aloud of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," "do you know there is going to be a theater-play in town to-morrow night? There is! It's 'The Valley Scout,' and there is pictures on Twickett's barn about it; there is lots of soldiers and the American flag splendidly printed. You're going to see it, I suppose?"

"I might," said the captain, "if it is only to see how play-soldiers look, compared with the real article."

"If you *do* go," Will continued with a stealthy, side-long glance at his grandfather, "won't you take me along? I never saw a play in all my born days. If it is about the army it can't be wicked."

"You think that follows, eh?" said the captain. "But Will, there's nothing so good that a bad play can't be made from it."

"Good for you, Jack!" exclaimed the farmer. "I've heard lots of talk about plays, and there was always something bad, if I listened long enough."

"I wish there might be one good one," said Kate, "so grandpa would let me go."

"There are some good ones, little girl," the captain replied, "and if any of them come here while I'm in town, I'll take you to see them, if dad will let me."

"I don't believe they'll come," said the farmer. "I know a man who likes theaters; he came here from New York, and used to take his family; but he says nothing decent is played in a country town like ours. I don't see why not, if there really are any."

"I suppose," said the captain, "that is because it wouldn't pay. Decent people in the smaller towns don't go much to the theater, they've too much elsewhere to occupy

their time, so the managers play what they think will best please the class that come to them. Theaters aren't benevolences, you know; they're business enterprises."

"They might be in better business than making money out of vice," said the farmer.

"Oh, they don't intend to do that," the captain replied. "Few of them are worse than rude. They're not teachers of manners, but, on the other hand, don't intend to be teachers of vice."

"I do think," said the farmer. "that there must be something awfully wrong in a business that doesn't take decent folks into account. I've seen respectable plays myself, in Boston and New York, when I was a young man; I've read a good many, too, in Shakspeare and other books; but the things that are played in this town—why, some of them are so bad, if the pictures they put around in the windows and on the fences are any sign, that I wonder that our trustees give them a license to play."

"Like enough—like enough," drawled the captain. "But, dad, why don't you and the other good people put a stop to it?"

"How?"

"Why, take charge of such affairs yourselves. Organize a local amusement association, and subscribe money enough to offer a surety to the manager who will bring something good. It can be done. Get a good play or two a week to come here, and the poor ones will stay away, for they know there is no money in overdoing a small town. I know what I'm talking about, for I've chatted with managers about it. One thing you must do, though, to make the plan succeed, you must go yourselves and take your families, or be willing to lose the money you've subscribed. The reason that good plays, plays of high character, don't come here is that the best people enjoy themselves too much at home to go out to any such entertainment, so the audience is made up of those who haven't any other place to go, or whose homes are so unattractive that any thing is a relief. If I were a Father in Israel, like you, I'd see to it that the floating, dissatisfied class should be sure first of entertainments that would do them no harm and then of some shows that would do them good."

"I'd rather keep them out of the theater entirely," said the farmer with a decided growl.

"Probably, but you can't do it. People

who like the theater are going to it, in spite of any thing you can do or say. You regulate by law the liquor traffic, the use of dynamos, the speed of horses in the street, and every thing else that has any chance of harm in it; why don't you regulate the theater?"

"It ought to be done," the farmer admitted, "but I'm not the man to do it."

"Excuse me, but you are. You and the other deacons of your church, the Methodist class leaders, the officers of the churches, the county judge, the lawyers, physicians, teachers, and merchants, are just the men to do such work. Among you, you should secure the ownership or controlling stock of whatever building the shows are given in, and determine what shall be played. Don't be afraid that you'll make the performances so select that common people won't come; there's no show that will keep theatergoers away when they must choose between that and nothing."

"I should like to see grandpa at the theater, hearing Camille," said Kate. "Cousin Rood took me to hear it, when I was visiting in New York. Miss Brunt played the part. She was just splendid."

"I wouldn't have thought that of Rood; he shouldn't have taken you, and I hope you will never see your grandfather at such a play. Miss Brunt is a good actress, but no amount of art can make such a vile story fit to listen to."

"Now uncle! She was just lovely! She didn't say or do any thing the least bit offensive."

"Then she wasn't true to the part. It's an outrage upon human decency that such plays are produced at all, and that young people are allowed to see them."

"Now you're talking!" shouted the farmer emphatically.

"True, but why don't you good people prevent it? You know that young people go to the theater, and will continue to go; a few may be kept away, but the majority do as they please and the others want to. Control the theater in your town, and you'll be able to prevent hundreds from seeing or hearing any thing improper. Such action on your part would, in time, develop a new class of plays devoid of present faults."

"The idea of a lot of old church members managing a theater!" sneered the farmer.

"Then call it by some other name, but provide entertainments. You used to manage

the lecture courses, when I was a youngster. I suppose you still do it?"

"No, people stopped going to lectures when theater companies began to come. Besides, managing shows is a different business."

"I don't see why. There was nothing in those lectures that most of the leading citizens didn't already know. You subscribed a guarantee fund, which you seldom had to pay, so that the less intelligent folks, including the young people, could have an evening out once in a while, and learn something unexpectedly."

The farmer looked thoughtful. Master Will, who had been looking expectantly from one speaker to the other, found his first opportunity to speak a word, and made haste to say:

"I believe grandpa would like 'The Valley Scout.' I tell you the pictures are just boss. They're all about the army, and you know, grandpa, you spent lots of money for the army during the war, and you hang out the flag every holiday."

"I'll take you, dad," the captain suggested. "I don't believe your moral nature can suffer while you are in my care, and at a mere military play."

"The idea of grandpa at a theater!" exclaimed Kate, with a ringing laugh which made the old man flush and leave the room.

"Sh-h-h! You little goose," whispered the captain. "Thoughtless youngsters like you, who want to say and do every thing that comes to their minds, do more than every thing else to keep old people's hearts from mellowing."

Kate subsided, and went in search of her grandfather, to whom she apologized in honest granddaughter-like manner, while the captain said to his sister-in-law:

"That girl of yours is dad's principal stumbling-block in the way of amusements. Why don't you suppress her, or teach her not to let so good a man feel that she can think of him as ridiculous? A really good play would be a great blessing to the dear old man sometimes. He's like all other very earnest people—drops into fits of depression once in a while, from which a really good, decent comedy or a fine tragedy would rouse him. Either of them would do you good, too, dear girl. Help me through, now."

"Oh, brother, I'll try, but do you realize how quiet a life I have led for years? Father would be simply amazed to hear a word from

me in favor of amusements of any kind. I care for nothing but him and my children."

"You can't care as you should for them unless you care properly for yourself. For the children's sake, you should know all about every thing that interests them. It's by losing grip on what they call 'earthly joys' that some most loving parents lose grip of their children just when the youngsters most need their sympathy. If—"

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Kate with bated breath, though she had dashed into the room like a whirlwind, "what do you think? Grandpa is going to 'The Valley Scout' with you and Will! Don't tell him that I told you, but what do you think he said? Why, 'twas this: 'If Jack Clinton thinks that theater-show won't hurt Will, I don't believe 'twill injure me!'"

"Right he is," said the captain.

Farmer Brewster, as he sat between his grandson and son-in-law at the theater waiting for the curtain to rise on "The Valley Scout," looked as he would if he had found himself in a church of a faith other than his own, and about to listen to a doctrinal sermon with which he knew he would disagree. His lips were compressed, a frown was on his brow, and the angle of his eye was as sharp as that of a professional marksman. He felt, too, that he must preserve his dignity, for he knew the ways of the town well enough to be sure that a number of ungodly folk were nudging one another's elbows and calling attention to his first appearance in the local play-house.

His face broke up, though, in spite of him, when the orchestra played an overture composed of national airs. There were not many instruments, nor were they well played, but such as they were they made a great deal of noise. The first five notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" made the old man look more soldier-like than his son-in-law; to "Hail Columbia" he beat time with his head; and he had difficulty in keeping from waving his hands when the refrain to "The Red, White, and Blue" was reached. As the overture concluded with "Yankee Doodle" the old man fixed his gaze admiringly on the snare-drummer, who certainly was earning his pay, and the old eyes swam until they could not see any thing. After the scream, roar, boom, crash, and rattle of the last bar concluded, he breathed a long sigh, turned to his son-in-law, and said:

"Jack, I don't mind saying, to you, that I believe I wouldn't have made a bad sort of soldier, if I'd been caught early."

"Sh-h-h—" whispered Will, "the curtain's going up—it really is!"

So it was, and the captain smiled contemptuously as the first scene displayed an infantry soldier, in cavalry trowsers, standing guard, with an artillery saber, in front of a very small tent supposed to be a general's headquarters. But none of these things troubled the farmer; each represented to him his blood-bought country, and weren't the glorious stars and stripes hanging from a pole behind the tent? The play throughout was about as bad, regarded as a military drama, as any thing the captain had ever seen, but the by-play of his two relatives was worth many times the price of admission. The hero was highly heroic; the villain deserved all the misery that came to him; the prairie belle in distress—and in fashionable city clothes—had one narrow escape after another; the funny soldier, who like all funny stage soldiers was an Irishman, was very funny, and there was no bad language or sentiments of any kind. Between the acts Will plied his uncle with questions, while the farmer wondered aloud what would happen next—a wonder which the captain, who had seen military plays before, dared not answer according to the dictates of military common sense.

Finally, when the last curtain came down on the relief of the beleaguered homestead by the United States army, represented by six soldiers with muskets, led by the Valley Scout himself on horseback, and in fringed buckskins, with a national flag in each hand and a revolver dangling from each wrist, the captain burst out laughing. So did the farmer who rubbed his hands gleefully and exclaimed:

"Jack, I envy you noble fellows, and—"

"Oh, 'twas splendid!" interrupted Will. "I wish they'd play it over again—right away!"

"Will," said the farmer, "you took the words out of my mouth. I declare, I haven't been so worked up since the war was ended. Our glorious army!"

Then the captain's face grew sober, and he was glad for his own sake he had seen the play. For years he had assumed, on general principles, that people in the older parts of the country held the military service in fair

esteem, but at the play of "The Valley Scout" he had for the time seen a proof of it.

As they went out, arm-in-arm, the captain found himself suddenly stopped, but only for an instant, for the pictures, announcing the next play, which had caught the old man's eye, were not such as decent men care to gaze at.

"There!" muttered the farmer, "that shows what Will and other boys would see next time if they went to our theater."

"Not if you and the other decent citizens did their duty and either controlled the theater or suppressed it," the captain replied.

CHAPTER IV.

"I DON'T know what to do with that boy, sometimes," said Farmer Brewster to the captain one morning, at the farm, after Master Will had suddenly departed with a long face and a big basket.

"What has he done, now?" the captain asked.

"Nothing, special; it isn't what he does, but what he doesn't, that troubles me. I sent him to Levi Whitehead's to borrow a peck of shelled corn—I suddenly ran out of chicken feed. Levi happened to be in the same condition, so the boy came back without any, though there were several other houses in the neighborhood where he might have got it. He knew I needed it, and why; he knew that any one would have gladly obliged me, for I do twenty times as many such favors as I ask. He couldn't think long enough to see what he ought to do in the matter, but he had mind enough to study the doings of a couple of squirrels and bring their whole family of young ones home with him."

"Umph!" ejaculated the captain. "Evidently he needs to be taught to use his mind quickly, and keep at it until he reaches a decision. How does that meet your views?"

"First-rate—seeing I'd already come to the same conclusion myself. But how am I to teach him? I suppose a college course would answer, but he has no taste for hard study as yet, and I'm delaying to send him until he does. It's sure to come to him in time—it's born in him."

"There's no doubt about that," the soldier assented, "but in the meantime, if I were you, I'd get his mind at work at something that requires prompt thought and decision. You might teach him whist."

"Jack," groaned the farmer, "you know I think every thing of you, but I must say that once in a while you say something that makes me wonder if you haven't lost your senses. Do you suppose that I'm going to teach that boy—my only grandson—to be a gambler? I'd rather his mind should rot away in a lunatic asylum!"

"My dear old dad," said the captain, "I'd rather die, or have Will die, than see him a gambler, but whist isn't a gambling game. Besides, you ought to know there's no likelihood of his taking to bad ways through cards. I've played whist for thirty years and never yet risked a cent. I learned the game at home, with my mother and sisters, so I learned the manners and morals of card playing at the same time. Now if you will teach Will whist—"

"I? Are you crazy, Jack? I don't know one card from another."

"That's unfortunate. It shows your early education was neglected. Perhaps Will's mental trouble is a result of heredity—eh?"

"Don't joke about it, Jack. It's a serious subject. Both subjects are serious."

"True. Regarding Will, however, if you can't teach him whist yourself, I'm willing to do what I can in the matter, during the few days I shall be here. There's no reason why I shouldn't teach you at the same time."

"What! Teach cards to a deacon of the First Church of Preston? Jack, I believe you respect and love me, but really, you hurt me."

"I'm awfully sorry, dad—I won't say any more about it, though I know preachers who play whist for recreation and are none the worse for it. But let me ask you a question, just for information. Doesn't any one in the family play, neither Kate nor her mother?"

"I believe," said the farmer, "that Kate is a member of a club of young people who sometimes play cards. I never entirely approved of it, but her mother seemed to think the girl needed more society, and the games were merely a pretext for bringing young people together, so I kept quiet."

"Who accompanies the girl to this club, which, I suppose, meets in the evening?"

"One young man or another, members of families we know."

"Don't you think it would be better for her to be under the protection of her own brother? He has the stature of a man, and has good manners; young men are probably scarce in the club, as they always are in the

vicinity of a large city. He would be very welcome, if he knew how to play, and his mother would be all the happier to know that a member of the family was always present with her daughter. Kate would feel happier, too, no doubt, when she realized that she had some one to fall back upon, should any thing unpleasant occur. It's hard to find any dozen or two of young people in which there isn't some fellow who's too forward, to put it mildly. Girls are like the rest of us; their best thoughts generally come a little too late, so the impudent chaps aren't always snubbed as they should be."

"If my granddaughter is subject to insults she ought to be kept at home."

"You can't keep her there, dad, girls aren't made that way any more than boys."

"But why should she like to be with a lot of silly young people, with some bad ones among them?"

"Because she doesn't know any others, I suppose, and doesn't imagine any of them are bad. It's one of the penalties of being a superior creature, as a descendant of Kate's mother and grandfather is sure to be, that she must find many of her associates beneath her in morals and manners. She won't believe it, though, until she finds it out for herself. If her brother went about with her, and knew all her acquaintances, she would have a better counselor than you or her mother could be—that is, concerning the people near her own age, whom she most frequently meets. Boys are better judges of human nature than girls—better judges of masculine nature, at least. Young women judge men entirely by their manners; I suppose the poor things aren't to be blamed for it, for they've no other means at hand. Boys are likely to know other boys' tastes and habits."

"Well," sighed the farmer, "I'm glad they can do something besides forget things."

"Easy, dad, easy," the soldier remonstrated. "You and I were boys once, and probably as careless and provoking as Will; but now you're a tower of strength and sense in a big community, while I stand fairly well in the esteem of hard-headed men of my own profession."

"But why can't Kate take my word about the young fellows?"

"She does, without doubt, if you ever express it, and know the crowd well. Do you?"

The farmer extracted a straw from a fra-

grant heap near him, chewed the end of it meditatively, and replied:

"I can't say that I do."

"I'm sorry for that. Will and Kate need your counsel on that subject above all others."

"Except the one above all," said the farmer earnestly.

"It's part and parcel of that, my dear dad," the soldier replied with equal earnestness.

"If 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' and 'a man is known by the company he keeps,' one's daily associations have immense influence upon the spiritual life."

"Well, I know a good many young men," said the farmer. "I teach the young men's Bible class very often."

"I'm glad to hear it, but that contains only a few of many. How long since you've umpired a game of ball?"

The farmer looked helpless. The soldier continued:

"Just as I thought; yet when I was a boy you swung a mighty bat. Do you know that's what first made me admire you? That was thirty-five years ago. How time does fly!"

"Why, Jack," said the farmer, "you were in my Sunday-school class at that time!"

"Yes." The word was a short one, but the captain uttered it with a drawl that seemed to last a full minute—a drawl with some inflections which made the farmer look suspicious and then indignant, before he replied:

"Jack, I don't suppose I've told you this before, there being no special reason to tell it, but I want to say now that for two years I worked, thought, talked, and prayed particularly to teach you the truths necessary to salvation."

"God bless you for it!" exclaimed the captain, throwing his arm around the old man. "I can understand it, now that I am a mature man myself, but then I was only a boy, and I cared more about men than methods. Do you remember when I joined the church?"

"I never shall forget that day—not till the end of eternity, I hope," the old man said.

"Neither shall I," the captain responded. "But do you remember what happened the day before?"

The farmer rubbed his forehead, interrogatingly, and finally shook his head. The captain continued:

"You were one of the bats in a game of town ball down on the common; all of us boys were there; so was your wife with her two little girls. Notty Higgins pitched to you for the third strike—and Notty was a great pitcher. He made a fair throw; you braced yourself for it; your wife and the young ones looked at you; so did all the rest of us. Dad, you looked like the picture of Hercules that was in our school reader."

"Go on, Jack," said the farmer. He seemed for a moment to have ceased being an old man. His head was thrown back; he raised his shoulders, and closed each hand tightly.

"The ball came; you met it with the bat—"

"Yes," shouted the farmer, "and knocked it across Widow Murray's barn. 'Twasn't found until the next spring, when Tom Carpenter cleaned out his well. We had to borrow a new ball before we could go on with the game. Gracious!"—here the farmer turned on his heel and went through the motion of striking a ball. "Jack, do you know the remembrance of that game comes to me in church sometimes, right in the middle of a sermon."

"Dad, 'twas that bat and not your Bible-class teachings that made me join the church next day. Your teachings were all right, I know, but I didn't know it then, for they were above me. But you, the man who hit that ball, I was sure I understood *you*. You were in the church, so I followed you there, when you asked me. Human nature hasn't changed since then. Life is a game of follow-my-leader; the man who *can* lead *ought* to lead, and not hide his light under a bushel. Teaching is very good and necessary in its place, but example is what takes strongest hold on men. Now let Kate and me teach whist to Will and you."

"I'm not sure that I see the connection," said the farmer.

"It's simply this: you beat Will at whist, as of course you will, as soon as you know the game, and he'll think you know every thing. He believes it now of course, on general principles, but what you want is to get a tighter and more practical grip on his amusements as well as his work—one that will hold him without being watched. When you've taught him, pledge him to play with no one you disapprove of. By the way, I think I'd better go in and write a letter or two before breakfast."

As the captain entered the house he chanced to look back a moment and saw the old farmer standing alert, with an ax-handle poised like a ball club, and looking into a black walnut tree as if he were waiting for a ball to drop in his direction.

CHAPTER V.

"WHICH of those two young men is to marry Kate?" asked the captain as he walked home from church Sunday noon with his sister-in-law, leaving Kate at the church door among some young people, Wrung and Cheerleigh being of the number.

"I wish I knew," sighed Mrs. Bradford, looking much concerned.

"Doesn't Kate know?"

"Oh, no—I'm sure she doesn't."

"She will, in the course of time, I suppose?"

"Probably; girls usually do."

"Isn't her mother to have any influence in the matter?"

"Well, brother, my principal desire is that the dear girl shall marry happily."

"Certainly, but is her knowledge of human nature to be trusted to bring that result?"

Mrs. Bradford seemed doubtful, as she replied:

"Girls don't know much of human nature, and women aren't much wiser. I've thought of speaking with father about those boys, but I don't like to seem, even to him, like one of the silly mothers who imagine each young man who calls is going to fall in love with her daughter."

"I don't see how any man can help adoring Kate," the captain said, "and I suspect dear old dad thinks so, too, so he wouldn't misunderstand you. In fact, I chance to know that he himself is wondering about what may come through those two young men. Doesn't Kate really show any preference?"

"Oh, she's like other girls. She thinks Charley is real good—he is every thing to his mother and sisters. But Wrung seems so much more of a man; he is very positive, talks well, reads a great deal, and is really quite prominent and successful in business, while Charley seems to Kate a mere boy; she's always known him, you see. Wrung keeps horses, and takes Kate to drive sometimes, and sends her books, and shows her many other attentions that I don't suppose Charley can afford, poor boy, for he doesn't

earn much, as yet, though he has a little legacy laid by."

"You like him better than you like Wrung, don't you?"

"Yes, a great deal, yet it's not I whom the boys come to see; it's Kate, and her taste must rule."

"But you won't deprive her of the benefit of your judgment, will you? Presents, and rides, and talk, and even a good business, aren't enough to marry on. Plenty of women have married men with all these attractions, and been miserable forever after."

"I know it; still I haven't the heart to blame the dear girl for wanting to have a good time. A girl hasn't many years to enjoy herself in. Life's cares come soon enough and heavy enough."

"And bring no pleasures with them, to good women happily married? While Phil lived I used to imagine you, in spite of much hard work, were happier than any unmarried woman in town."

"I was—oh, I *was*!" the widow replied, her eyes filling. "How many, many times I told my husband I was glad I wasn't merely a girl, or even an engaged girl! But I did so long for some comforts and luxuries that richer women had!"

"These women seemed happier than you, did they?"

"No!" said the widow with great emphasis, and rudely wiping her eyes, "I never saw one who looked happier than I felt."

"I knew it. Now, Kate is your daughter—and Phil's. She has the stature of a woman, but she's not much wiser than a child—no girl is, at her age. Don't let her drift into any man's arms without a word to guide or restrain her."

"'Twill only worry her and make her blue if I try to put her on her guard. Why, brother, you are inconsistent. Ever since you've been here you've seemed to want her to have a real good time; now you want me to upset her mind about one of her principal sources of pleasure."

"Dear girl, aren't right and wrong to receive any attention, just because a girl wants a good time? Do you think it entirely delicate for a girl, your daughter, to receive special attentions under false pretenses, merely that she may enjoy herself?"

"Brother!"

"That is how men will regard it, my dear sister. She may not know it, but *you* know

Mr. Wrung is not being so attentive merely from an unselfish desire to please Kate. I don't believe he is any too good at present; his character certainly won't improve if he finds out that a charming young woman, member of as fine a family as the world contains, has allowed him to devote himself to her merely because he amused her."

Mrs. Bradford was so silent and serious at the dinner table that her father and daughter rallied her, but the captain came skillfully to her defense and diverted conversation to other topics. Then Kate became silent and could not be rallied. After dinner she succeeded in getting the captain away from the family, and said:

"Uncle Clinton, what am I to do? Mr. Wrung insists that he is coming this afternoon to take me to drive."

"Well?"

"Oh, don't make believe! You know what the trouble is. Grandpa will be horrified."

"Umph! Well, which do you love best—grandpa or Mr. Wrung?"

"Uncle! I'm not in love with Mr. Wrung?"

"I'm glad to know it, dear. Then you ought to know which you can best disappoint."

"I don't think you're very sympathetic," said Kate, looking much aggrieved.

"Now, Kate, I—"

"Well, Mr. Wrung can seldom drive any other day—he's dreadfully busy, and he needs out-door exercise—the doctor says so."

"And the poor fellow can't take it, I suppose, even with two horses to help him, unless you go, too?"

"You've seemed real anxious that I should have a good time," said Kate, looking sullenly through the window at nothing in particular, "and now—"

"And now I'm real mean because I won't ask grandpa to abandon a principle,—not a fancy—of a life-time so you may oblige a man whom you never saw until two years ago, and whom you say you don't love. Oh, Kate!"

"Well, 'twill be awfully awkward to decline when he comes."

"My dear little girl, if you haven't learned when and how to say 'no' you ought to get back into mamma's apron strings until your education is completed. It's no fault of yours, I suppose, you're young yet. Un-

pleasant duties *are* awfully unpleasant, aren't they, dear?"

But Kate would not be mollified.

"Let me see him for you, when he calls," the captain continued.

"And be horrid to him? I know you don't like him."

"Don't imagine me being uncivil to any one, little girl, or it will be my turn to be hurt. Any friend of yours shall always receive the greatest courtesy from your old uncle."

Kate apparently assented, for she walked slowly away, but she was not interesting company during the next two hours, although her uncle whispered to her, on his return from a stroll to the gate, that Mr. Wrung had taken his disappointment gracefully. Kate sauntered off to the parlor windows and looked longingly toward the disappearing carriage. The captain followed and said:

"Dear little girl, you really wouldn't have allowed him, or any other man, to carry you off, half against your own will, and entirely against your guardian's, just that you might enjoy yourself, would you?"

"It's such a lovely afternoon for a drive," Kate replied.

"It certainly is," said the captain, "but that's no answer. You don't think Sunday pleasure driving is right, and Mr. Wrung knows it. How much true respect do you suppose a man has for a woman who allows herself to be over-persuaded or managed against her own principles? He may think her a very pretty and desirable plaything—desirable enough, perhaps, to marry—but he won't respect her as a woman."

"I think you're real horrid," muttered Kate.

"I suppose so," sighed the captain. "Every thing must give way to a good time, even the inheritance of ten generations of good character."

"You know I don't believe that, Uncle Clinton."

"I suppose not, but it amounts to the same thing, little girl, if you act as if you did."

Then there was a new coolness between uncle and niece, and the captain spent the remainder of the afternoon discussing with his father-in-law the explorations in ancient Zoan and the probable proportionate gains of the different denominations in the sparsely settled portions of the West, topics in which C-Sept.

Miss Kate did not exhibit a particle of interest. But after the day was done, and the family, as was its Sunday evening custom, spent an hour or two in the fire-light singing familiar hymns, in which the captain joined with great earnestness and an effective tenor voice, Kate stepped gently behind her uncle, leaned over the back of his chair, and whispered, between the hymns:

"It was real mean of me to be cross with you."

And the captain, whose eyes had been resting on the portrait over the mantel, whispered back:

"You're a dear, good girl—so good that you look just like *her*."

CHAPTER VI.

THE night of the County Ball came at last, though for days and days, each seeming a month long, Kate felt as if it never would come. Her grandfather's permission, though long delayed, had been obtained, but for that ball only. She had prepared herself, mentally, a dozen times beforehand, and after deliberation which was simply tremendous in its earnestness. Should she go in plain Swiss muslin, which looked lovely but rustled a great deal, or should she wear a creamy nun's veiling which fitted her much better than the Swiss, yet gave the impression that she was very slight? Might it not be that she was too tall to appear to best advantage while looking slight? She agreed, with herself, to leave the decision to her mirror, but though she "tried on" the dress and posed in it a full hour, the mirror would not decide to her satisfaction. She might wear over white a pink velvet bodice which was simply lovely in itself, but suppose she were to have a great deal of color that night, as occasionally she did, without any reason she could see? Black velvet was wonderfully becoming to her, but how would black look over white while one was dancing? She had a handsome skirt of Nile green, but suppose she were to wear the pink bodice with this and were attacked by a flush of high color afterward, how would she look?

And what flowers should she wear? The little conservatory near the house, in which her grandfather experimented with almost every thing named by his favorite journal of horticulture, contained flowers of all hues and tints, and there were still in the garden

plenty of chrysanthemums, white, golden, and bronzed, but it was dreadfully hard to decide which to wear with what, even after experiments in which flowers and fabrics were combined under artificial light.

And with whom should she dance? Of course all the young men would want to dance with her, and as there were about forty of them, while the dances numbered only about twenty, she would be obliged to decline regretfully. There were some young men who danced delightfully but weren't a bit nice any other way; there were others who were eminently respectable and also very awkward. If she danced with the first, she would not feel entirely at ease, for she was afraid of what the other girls would be saying; with the others she was sure she would be very uncomfortable, for some of them would tread on her toes; and she knew the other girls would be laughing at her.

So, for days and days, this estimable young woman gave most of her waking thoughts to the County Ball, and almost dreamed, sometimes dismally, sometimes delightfully, over the same subject. She forgot her household duties, allowed her grandfather to grope for his slippers, and served sour cream by mistake with some stewed pears on the supper table.

"Clinton," said the farmer one evening while the feminine contingent was clearing the supper table and the captain was looking over the newspaper, "did you ever see the like of that girl? She was religiously born and reared, yet she's thinking more about that—that—that infernal, devilish—"

"Dad!"

"Well, that—that—that—coming County Ball than about her immortal soul."

"Like enough. She isn't worried about her soul, for she gave it to the Lord long ago according to the usual forms; you were one of the witnesses of the formal transaction, in the dear old church. On that subject she has no doubts or fears, but the ball is an unknown quantity, with a lot of unknown possibilities. Didn't you ever find yourself frightened in the face of the unknown? I do, though I've been a soldier nearly thirty years."

"Well," said the farmer with a sigh, "I wish she didn't need to be bothered that way."

"She wouldn't," the captain replied, with a desperate look, "if there was any man among her relations who loved her enough

to befriend her in such perplexities—and particularly to provide substitutes for balls. I'm glad I can be with her during the next few days, but after that—"

"See here, Jack," exclaimed the farmer, springing from his chair and approaching the old sofa on which the captain was lounging, "that isn't fair. You've known me of old; you know I'd go through fire and water for the sake of that girl, if it were necessary."

"No doubt," the captain replied, without change of countenance. "So would a tramp on the street. Anybody can and will do great things for a young, pretty woman, especially if he's started by a great deal of force—hit by a sledge-hammer, so to speak. Trashy novels and newspapers are full of such gallant deeds."

"Jack," the farmer whispered, after a moment of surprise, "again I say that isn't fair. You ought to know perfectly well that I love Kate better than I love my own life."

"Yes; I don't doubt it. But you haven't always looked out for your own life as carefully as you might, have you? You're a good deal like the rest of us; you leave to the Lord a great deal that you ought to attend to yourself. You let worry take the place of work sometimes. Now here is a matter, right at your hand, in which a few minutes of active interest would have done more good than hours of worry. Dad, you're much older and better than I, and it's a shame for me to be criticising you in any way, but, honestly now, you have worried for hours about the County Ball, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the farmer with deep emphasis, and fixing his eyes on the harmless family cat as savagely as if she were the ball, and might be disposed of by drowning.

"But you haven't asked Kate what you could do to make such affairs less attractive to her, have you? It hasn't occurred to you to have her mother get up some harmless little dancing parties at home, to which only young people of known good character should be invited?"

"No." Then the farmer shifted his eyes from the cat to the full glare of the sitting-room lamp, as if he were in search of light.

"It's all wrong, dad; think it over and see if I'm not right."

"Grandpa," said Kate, invading the sitting-room, carrying a bit of china in one hand and a towel in the other, "may I have just one of your yellow carnations with crimson

edges, to wear to the ball? I know its your darling plant, but I—"

"You may wear them all, my dear; wear the whole conservatory, if you like. Only—don't give one of those flowers to any young man."

"I won't, grandpa. It isn't manners to give away flowers that have been given you, especially when the person who gave them is the best man in the world, Uncle Clinton not excepted." So saying, Kate hurried back to her work, humming a waltz as she went.

"Jack," said the farmer, rising to assure himself that the girl was out of hearing, and then closing the door to make assurance doubly sure, "you seem to think I hate amusements. I don't. But I don't like the idea of my darling, my only granddaughter, being handled at a ball, by a lot of fellows who wouldn't be welcome if they came to my house. Here they're not good enough to sit in the same room with Kate, but at the ball they may dance with her, squeeze her hand, and put an arm around her waist. It isn't nice; it isn't right. I was brought up to regard women as only a little lower than the angels; the feeling was born in me—it's been in the family for generations, and—"

"And its highly creditable to you and your ancestors. But why don't you live up to your principles? Of course there are young men at every social affair who aren't worthy to touch the tips of the fingers of a little angel like Kate, but by this time you ought to have put her on her guard against all of them. So good a girl wouldn't need a second warning."

"I leave that sort of thing to her mother," said the farmer.

"Then you warn the mother instead, do you?"

"Well no; I—"

"You put it off, I suppose, the subject being rather delicate."

"Jack, you have a keen insight into human nature."

"Much obliged, but don't mind me for the present. If you, a good man, a man of experience, the head of the family and loving your daughter and her children with your whole heart, haven't the courage to handle a delicate subject skillfully and firmly, for the dear child's sake, who is to do it? Tell me that!"

The farmer arose and paced the floor, wrinkling his brow, pursing his lips tightly,

shaking his head, and gesticulating with his hands. Two or three minutes later Kate entered the room, tossing an apron behind her and arranging the ruffle at her wrists. On noticing her grandfather's attitude she stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, grandpa! what awful deed are you going to do?"

The old man stopped, slowly unwrinkled his face, which required a great deal of effort, and put on a smile which finally took entire possession of his countenance. Then he said:

"You're right in calling it awful, my dear. I'm going to the ball with you."

"Oh, good! good! good!" shouted the girl clapping her hands. "You and Uncle Clinton too! I'll feel prouder than any other girl there."

"And while we're at it," said the farmer, "we'll take your mother, too. Jack says such affairs were designed to be general social gatherings, and I'm going, just once, to see if they are what they profess to be."

Kate was too surprised, for some seconds, to interrupt, but at last she laughed merrily and exclaimed:

"Mamma at the County Ball? Does she know it? No? Oh, what fun!" Then she started to break the news, but the captain overtook her, drew her back and declared that unless she left that duty to him he would withdraw his promise to go.

"You will spoil every thing, you thoughtless little wretch," he said. And Kate admitted that probably he was right.

CHAPTER VII.

THE County Ball was a grand success; every one said so, and the opinion was expressed, also, that Captain Clinton did much toward making it an improvement upon the affair of the previous year. The soldier neglected many dances, but he did not forget any of his old acquaintances; he found time, too, to see that his father-in-law should not feel uncomfortable or out of place. Still, the old man found so many middle-aged friends present that he confided to the captain, before the evening was an hour old, that except for the continuous dancing and the presence of some people of unsavory reputation, a County Ball didn't differ much from a neighborhood sociable. The captain paid much attention at first to his sister-in-law, but that lady, dressed in plain white and with her hair

"done up" by her daughter in a fashion which that young woman had long urged upon her mother, soon had so many old friends about her that the captain felt entirely at ease.

As for Kate, she was the happiest girl in the room, and the old man found himself in hearty sympathy with her in her enjoyment. She imagined herself having every thing her own way, but two pairs of eyes regarded her closely, and more than once her uncle found excuse for taking her away from some young man who was more admiring than reputable. The farmer observed these operations and approved their purpose when it was explained to him; but he whispered to his son-in-law:

"Who's been telling you who's who?"

"No one," the captain replied. "I know some of these young men of old, or I know their families and the blood that's in them; as for the others, it's every man's business to know human nature pretty well at sight."

"Well, that means the ball is as bad as I expected. I noticed that twice you took her away from Wrung."

"Yes; that sort of fellow seems possessed to put on an air of proprietorship, and frighten better men away from a girl. Kate ought to be warned against them and have some way to escape."

"Girls didn't have to be watched that way when I was young," sighed the farmer.

"No; society didn't offer so many opportunities for impudence. Fashionable parties with a large proportion of professional flirts of both sexes were as rare in those days, as—well, as revivals of religion now. There were no well-to-do, lazy, luxurious people then, to treat love-making as a mere amusement; no married men who made love to their neighbors' daughters."

"The world has grown a great deal worse," the farmer sighed.

"Oh, no; it's better as a rule, but it has become more thickly populated—and mixed—at worst, it has only changed its ways, so we must change our ways of guarding against it. By the way, what has become of that youngster now?"

"I don't know," said the farmer, looking helplessly around. "I saw her only a moment or two ago walking—promenading, I suppose you call it, with Mary Colton's husband."

"Then Mary Colton is miserable," said the captain with a frown.

"Why, Jack, she's one of Kate's dearest friends; I believe army life has made you suspicious."

"Nonsense, dad," said the captain, changing his frown to a laugh. "It needs no suspicion to see that Mary Colton, though as good as gold, is most unfortunately homely, and has a weary way besides, while Kate is remarkably handsome and bright. Mary's husband is like his father before him and his grandfather too; always fluttering about some pretty woman who isn't his wife and taking advantage of his wife's acquaintance to be over-familiar. Mary will die broken-hearted over it, sooner or later, but her own friends shouldn't help hasten the end. Besides, no amount of goodness can keep a girl's reputation from being smirched by that sort of fellow, for everybody knows what's in his blood. Any man can read his face when he's talking to a woman; it's strange to me that women can't see it, too."

"Gracious! that's just the sort of thing I expected at a County Ball. Go find her, Jack," exclaimed the farmer, looking anxiously about the room.

"You may be sure that I will," said the captain. "But don't look so miserable. Kate isn't to blame, and she won't do it again."

The captain sauntered off, stopping two or three times to speak to other guests. The farmer looked about and saw Mary Colton sitting alone on the other side of the room. Moved by a sudden impulse, he started to tell her that his granddaughter never again should be a cause of jealousy or any kindred feeling. As he approached her she recognized him, smiled, and extended an ungloved hand, a hand which the farmer, little though he noticed women's hands, could not help seeing had been clinched, for the prints of the finger-nails were still upon the palms. Yet the poor woman bravely told him how pretty Kate was looking, and that she wished the dear girl might always have her grandfather accompany her to sociable affairs—the child would feel so much happier than if she merely went with friends.

As for the captain, he traced Kate by her merry, over-loud laugh, to a partly curtained bow-window, to which Mary Colton's husband had led her, and where she was listening to nothing worse than nonsense.

"Excuse me," he said with a bow to the sportive husband. "Little woman, I must ask

you to help me cheer your grandfather; this is his 'coming-out' party, you know." He offered the girl his arm, and after conducting her a few steps continued, "Dear little girl, aren't you old enough to know that its fair neither to others nor to yourself to allow the husband of a homely woman to pay you special attentions, and take you off, before a hundred pairs of eyes, to a hiding-place behind a curtain?"

"Uncle Clinton!" murmured Kate, flushing violently as she spoke, "how can you? I never think of hiding from any one."

"I'm sure you don't," said the captain, pressing the girl's arm closely to his side, "but *he* does."

"Why, uncle, his wife is my dearest friend."

"All the more reason, then, why you shouldn't torture her. She would die rather than tell you what is killing her; besides, she knows you are as good as gold. But she knows her husband too; so do half the people here. That woman's life is a tragedy; you're the last person who should be one of the characters."

"Why, uncle, her husband never talks any thing but the merest nonsense to me. He's awfully funny, but that's all."

"Yes, I know. His father and grandfather before him had the same reputation, at first, but the women of whom they were fond always suffered in the esteem of better people."

"Uncle!" said Kate, withdrawing her hand from the captain's arm, "you're just horrid. You've spoiled my evening's pleasure."

"Which is of more consequence, I suppose, than the many evenings of pain which Mary Colton has suffered on your account, honest and innocent though you are? Is that the sort of thing you women regard as friendship?"

Kate again took the captain's arm, and gasped:

"Uncle, I—I—"

"I know," said the captain soothingly; "you didn't imagine any thing of the sort, and you don't like to think of it now. As for me, I'd rather meet a lot of hostile Indians in the rocks than talk to you on such a subject; but—well, you see now why I said, a few evenings ago, that you ought to have some member of the family with you when you go into society, and especially if you *must* attend mixed gatherings like this."

But Kate would not be pacified. She

looked displeased, almost defiant, and her countenance moved a spiteful little maiden to remark to another young woman, that soldier uncles might be all very well in their place, but nieces did not seem as happy with them as with younger men—men who weren't members of the family.

"You took me away from Mr. Wrung, too," said Kate, "I suppose there's something mysterious and awful about *him*."

"No, at least, not that I know of. But he assumes an air of ownership that no self-respecting girl should endure. If you stand that sort of thing, other young men won't call on you. You're still young; you ought to have many acquaintances, and be able to form your own estimates of men, but how are you to do so if you don't meet them? Many a girl as sweet and good as you has been literally obliged to marry some undesirable fellow who has scared all the other young men away. As to the girls who allow married men to flirt with them—well, they never marry, no matter how good they are."

"Well, I don't think at all about marrying, but it's all just horrid," exclaimed Kate.

"So it is, poor child, but you can't make it any better by giving up to it. Be as angry about it as you like, but don't stop at that, and don't lose your temper over it now, but enjoy yourself. There's enough that *isn't* horrid to fill your entire time. Come across the room a moment before the next dance and chat with Mary; she'll be grateful enough to give you one of her sweetest smiles, which are very sweet, you know."

As her uncle crossed the room with her, Kate could not help looking guilty, much though she assured herself that she had done nothing wrong. Mary Colton's thin, anxious face always had pained her; the mere thought that she might have been a cause of its lines and hollows made her wish she never had seen her friend's husband, and might never see him again.

"Your grandpa has been confessing to me," said Mary, with the smile which the captain had promised. "He says he has neglected his duty toward you, but that hereafter he intends to be your escort, when you have to go out to large parties, until Will can be trained as a substitute. I'm so glad!"

Kate looked searchingly into her friend's face, but there was no sign of jealousy in it, so she felt grateful and wondered if her uncle might not be mistaken after all. As for

Mary's husband, he was not the sort of man to take a disappointment easily. Bravado was one of his principal stocks of trade; he applied it successfully in business, where he generally succeeded in having his own way; so he used it in social life also. He approached the group and said to his wife, with an insolent smile:

"My dear, I wish you would scold Captain Clinton for dragging Kate away from me."

The old farmer's eye shot an indignant glance under which the young man changed countenance and seemed disconcerted. The music began; partners claimed both ladies, the husband moved toward a bowl of lemonade and the captain whispered:

"Bravo, dad! You've begun well, though you've been late about it." Then he found his own partner for a quadrille, and joined Kate and her mother after the dance, to find Mr. Wrung inviting Kate to accompany him to the coming performance at the local "Opera House."

"Mamma?" said Kate.

"You had better ask your grandfather, replied Mrs. Bradford, 'he's the family authority on theaters.'"

"I'd earnestly advise you not to mention the subject to him," said the captain. Then he turned to Mr. Wrung and continued, "The truth is, her grandfather has seen the company's show bills."

"They are rather startling, I must confess," said the lawyer; "managers are so anxious to put their best foot forward that often they 'put their foot in it,' as the saying goes. I've seen such pictures before, but the performance which followed was entirely decorous—indeed, very dull."

"I don't doubt it," the captain replied, "but the piece for this week doesn't pretend to be any thing but a succession of dances such as wouldn't be tolerated here, at the County Ball, or in any family circle."

"But, my dear sir," argued the lawyer, "you can't expect mere family or social scenes on the stage."

"I don't see why not. There's more comedy, emotion, and tragedy in real life than the stage has ever portrayed."

"I grant you that," the lawyer replied, "but dancing—why, you must admit that there are many graceful dances besides those which society practices, and they cannot be given except by experts who have plenty of room in which to move about. Dancing is a

recreation, but not that alone; it is an art."

"Yes," drawled the captain, "I suppose that is so, and explains why so few people do it gracefully."

"Exactly," said the lawyer, who seemed to be getting along finely. "It is the poetry of motion, and *poeta nascitur, non fit*; the poet is born, not made. In the coming company is Araquita, one of the most marvelous exponents of the art. She has danced before all the royal families of Europe, and is said to be the embodiment of grace and beauty."

"Yes, I've seen her," said the captain, "and she is always, on the stage, the center of a lot of under-dressed, over-painted women whose faces could be depended upon either to enrage or to sicken a man of proper respect for womanhood."

"A man must sometimes endure a great deal for the sake of art," the lawyer admitted.

"Yes, if he insists that the game is worth the candle. But really, who but an actor or dramatic author ever studies art in a theater? People go to the play to be amused, only that and nothing more. Not one in a thousand goes to study art, or ever will."

The orchestra ended the conversation by announcing another quadrille. Wrung had to hurry away in search of his partner. Clinton had persuaded his sister-in-law to walk through the figure with him, so he had no excuse, for an instant, to escape the reproachful eyes of his niece; still worse, he was obliged to hear her say:

"You've robbed me of another chance of pleasure. I hope it's made you happy!"

"Why, you blessed, silly child, do you mean to say that you would find any enjoyment in seeing a lot of half-dressed, sad-eyed women capering about a stage?"

"It isn't that; Mr. Wrung wanted me to go."

"And you're willing to oblige him at any expense to your sensibilities? What devotion!"

"I'm not devoted, but I hate always to appear as if I were a mere child, with no mind of my own."

"That sort of man, in spite of whatever good qualities he may have, will stop caring for you when you have a mind of your own, dear girl, no matter whether it's really mind, or only obstinacy. Look pleasant now; here comes your partner."

A second or two later Charley Cheerleigh told himself that Kate never looked so unin-

teresting as when he led her into that quadrille. Yet when the great ball of the year ended, as all such ecstatic affairs must do, and all the revelers reached their homes, the captain lounged in an easy chair and encouraged Kate to chat of every thing that had interested her. He told her how gracefully she had danced, and what a distinguished air Mr. Wrung maintained, and how graceful Cheerleigh was in the quadrille with her, and how many complimentary remarks he had heard about Kate herself. Finally the girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Uncle Clinton! How I wish you were here all the while!"

"Eh? What? After I've been horrid, and spoiled your pleasure, and made you feel like a child, and—"

"Uncle! Please! It was real mean of me to say those things, but I'm not an angel just come down from heaven—I'm only a girl."

"Quite right," said the captain arising, with a yawn. "Just my own idea. That's why I'm so anxious that you shall enjoy yourself, and be kept from making a fool of yourself. Good-night. Pleasant dreams and a noon-day breakfast."

"Jack," said the farmer, after Kate and her mother had left the room, "it's just as I expected. A County Ball isn't a fit place for any decent woman."

"I agree with you," the captain replied.

"What took Mary Colton ther—*—*for she certainly is a woman of high character—I can't imagine," the farmer continued.

"She had to go, poor thing—had to watch her husband."

"Goodness! And that is the fellow who is eternally making himself agreeable to Kate!"

"Well, whose fault is it that he has done so?"

"Mine, of course," sighed the old man, leaving the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

PEOPLE arose late at the Brewster homestead the morning after the County Ball; indeed, only Master Will appeared at the breakfast table when the bell rung, and when he reached the barn to look at his puppies, the horses, cows, and chickens, each one after its kind, united in an indignant protest at having gone hungry so long, for the old farmer had never before neglected to feed them all before the signal was sounded for

his own breakfast. The family's one servant, who had been in the house fifteen years, and had originally been selected as much for her godly walk and conversation as for her working capacity, found herself in a dismal daze, and informed Will, as she poured his coffee, that she hoped that dreadful man of blood, by whom she meant Captain Clinton, was not going to ruin the family's regularity of habit.

"Hum!" said Will between two mouthfuls of broiled chicken, and losing all recollection of grammar lessons in the meantime, "he's doing grandpa more good than a whole revival of religion. Why I ain't seen grandpa look so young and lively since I was a little boy as he did last night. I just tell you, he's made a fresh start in life; he'll get to be a hundred years old if he keeps on."

The farmer woke when the sun was half way to the zenith; looking at his watch, he dressed rapidly and sneaked down stairs, but finding no one he took the dining-room bell to the chamber floor and rang it so vigorously that within a quarter of an hour the family was breakfasting on some much dried dishes and warmed-over coffee, and talking about the affair of the previous night, while Master Will, who had already acquired a new appetite, dropped in to take part in the meal and the conversation.

"Jack," said the farmer to the captain, "if I go into evening amusements, as you want me to, I'll have to go out of the farming business. I haven't overslept so late since Joe Belton's barn burned down, five years ago. I was up till three o'clock that morning."

"Fine old man!" murmured the captain.

"I'll warrant you helped save a lot of Joe Belton's stuff."

"Grandpa worked like a steam-engine that night," said Will. "He got out lots of Joe's hay and oats."

"You've never been sorry for it, either, have you, dad?" asked the captain.

"No, indeed," the farmer replied. "I'd do it over again, to-night, if it should be necessary."

"I'm sure you would. But which is worth most; some neighbor's hay and oats, or your own flesh and blood, that you were looking after last night?"

"See here, Jack!" exclaimed the farmer, "that isn't fair. A fire like Belton's doesn't occur every night."

"Neither do evening affairs," said the captain.

"There's always something."

"Not always, grandpa dear," Kate remonstrated.

"You're always talking about something, anyway," said the farmer, in an aggrieved tone.

"You must allow people the pleasures of anticipation, dad," suggested the captain. "You don't expect to die and go to heaven but once, but you'd think it cruel to be deprived of the pleasure of looking forward to it."

"Jack!" exclaimed the farmer reproachfully, "don't! The idea of comparing the bliss of eternity to such enjoyment as there may be of an evening of amusement."

"I'm not doing anything of the sort," the captain replied. "I'm merely talking of the human way of enjoying anticipation of every thing, no matter if it be great or small. It must be a wiser man than you or I who can say it is wrong."

"It seems as if there was nothing else to think about, when a girl has any pleasure in view."

"Now, grandpa!" protested Kate, "I think I work real hard about the house every day—I *think* about my work, too."

"Indeed she does, father," said Mrs. Bradford.

"I don't forget my work in thinking about pleasure. If I don't talk much about work it's because it's an old story and I know all about it, but the amusement, whatever it may be, is something new, something to come. Don't you see?"

The farmer looked hard at his plate, as if looking for what he had been asked to see.

"I'm only a rough soldier," said the captain, "with rough men under me, but the harder my men work, the harder I try to provide amusements for them. The consequence is, my men don't desert or get ugly. It's merely common sense for me to look after their recreations. Everybody needs recreation. When President Lincoln was carrying this whole nation on his shoulders, he used to break off work once in a while and give himself up to fun. I know of a man whom he once sent for, a man whom he'd never seen, and who lived several hundred miles away. The man hurried to Washington and sent his card to the President, who was at a cabinet meeting. The meeting was adjourned

at once. The President took the visitor into a room, locked the door, and said:

"Mr. A—, I am told you are a first-rate Union man, and that you know all the good stories in New England. If you want to save the Union, now's your chance. 'Twon't cost you much; just sit down here and tell me all the good stories you can recall, so I can forget this awful load of mine for awhile. I think I shall go crazy if you don't."

"Did old Abe do that?" asked the farmer.

"He certainly did," the captain replied, "and the effort succeeded. Do you suppose there would ever have been any Spanish Inquisition if Torquemada and his associates had been able to find any harmless diversions, say base-ball or ten-pins? Do you imagine there would have been any witchcraft horror in New England if our forefathers had had foot-races, or tugs of war, or even been supplied with humorous newspapers, or had local post-offices in which to exchange jokes? People who work must also play, if their minds and bodies are to be kept in proper condition."

"Jack," said the farmer impressively, "there are people in this town who don't think of any thing but pleasure. They neglect their duties of every kind for the sake of enjoying themselves; they underfeed their children so as to have fine clothes to go visiting in; they don't pay their honest debts, but they go to big cities to plunge into all sorts of pleasure; they—"

"I'm not talking about dissipated people," said the captain. "A person without self-control is as contemptible in pleasure as in business. If you give a boy a gun or a horse you teach him to use it, not abuse it; any other pleasure should be treated in the same way. Why, you even warn religious people, old as well as young converts, that the joys of religion shouldn't be taken by any one who hasn't a full and constant sense of duty. Kate enjoyed the ball, Will enjoyed 'The Valley Scout,' but if they were to want such amusement at the expense of their duty and character, I would think them a disgrace to the family. I've no doubt they may sometimes feel inclined to shirk duty for the sake of pleasure, but there's enough of the instinct of resistance in any human being to fight down any such temptation. The ugly stuff that we call obstinacy, that is so strong in most young people and a great many older ones, is merely the heaven-given quality

of resistance, diverted from its proper use."

"But suppose they don't use it properly?"

"Then warn them and teach them. What are parents and guardians for? It isn't only in what you call trifling diversions that people indulge themselves to the extent of neglecting their duties. I used to know men, in this town, who made a business of neglecting their daily duties to attend protracted meetings, camp-meetings, and morning meetings, until they didn't earn enough money to pay their weekly bills. They did it simply for enjoyment's sake, for they weren't sinners under conviction, nor were they of any value as exhorters or helpers; they were simply men who regarded the religious efforts of the people as a means of enjoyment, and they gave themselves up to it to an extent that made it mere dissipation."

"You're right, Jack," said the farmer after a moment of silence. "I know whom you mean. They do it now just as they did then. You can buy the note of any of them at about twenty-five cents on the dollar. But coming back to evening parties, do you really think it's right for a lot of young folks to sit up, for pleasure's sake, till one or two o'clock in the morning, when they wouldn't allow any honest occupation to keep them out of bed past ten or eleven?"

"No; I don't think it right," the captain answered, "though they're sure to do it if left to themselves. But why should they be left to themselves? You wouldn't give that much discretion to a colt or calf in a new, rich pasture, would you? The question returns, you see, every time, to the same starting point; amusements should be managed by those whose sense of propriety is fully developed, as you can't expect it to be in a set of very young men and women. If I were head of a family in this town I'd start a 'Ten O'clock Club' or a 'Ten-thirty Club' and I'd see that each father or mother who belonged to it should see that the fun, no matter what it might be, should end at the appointed hour. If you'll do that, every decent head of a family will arise and call you blessed; so will all young men who have to go to business in the morning."

"How about the young women?" asked the farmer, with a glance from under his upper eyelids at Kate, who was keeping quiet though she seemed to be listening intently.

"The young women, too, would approve my plan, if they could see themselves at a

party about midnight. I'm not talking of the class of city girls who have nothing to do but enjoy themselves and who don't get out of bed till noon, but of the nice, good, sweet home-bodies, like many who were at the ball last night. All people begin to look either weak or wild before they have long passed their usual bed-time. There were young women at that affair last night whom at midnight I wouldn't have known, except by their dresses. All the strong lines of their faces were gone; they had reached the place where

Mirth doth into folly glide,
And folly into sin,

as Walter Scott says in one of his poems."

"You don't mean to say I looked that way, uncle?" said Kate, finding her tongue.

"N-n-no," said the captain, "but you didn't look your best self after midnight, and you wouldn't have looked well even that long if you hadn't been scared by—"

Kate put her finger to her lips and the captain stopped abruptly; the Mary Colton affair was not a subject for general family chat.

"Mamma didn't look badly, anyway," said Kate, throwing a kiss to her mother.

"No, indeed," said the captain, "but you must remember that to her it was all new and very exciting."

"I haven't seen Mary look so handsome in ten years," said the farmer.

"Thank you, father," said Mrs. Bradford, with a becoming blush, "I haven't had such an entire change in ten years."

The farmer looked at his daughter inquiringly and then penitently. He turned his eyes toward his son-in-law and met a reproachful look which caused him to drop his eyes and exhibit general consciousness of guilt.

CHAPTER IX.

THE time for the captain's departure came before any one realized it, although all had been sadly looking forward to it for many days. On the morning of the last day the old farmer woke his son-in-law, the first time he had ever been guilty of such a breach of courtesy, and said:

"Jack, I wonder if you realize what a tremendous lot of contracts you have been leaving on my hands?"

"They couldn't be in better hands, dad,"

said the captain rousing himself, and leaning on his elbow.

"Much obliged to you for your good opinion, my boy, but you must remember that time is flying and I'm an old man, and you've given me enough to busy a wiser man for many years to come. Every thing you've been talking to me about has been bothering the heads of the wisest men in the world for hundreds of years; indeed, I suppose the same things were talked about from the time men first began to think about being decent."

"You're undoubtedly right about that, dad," said the captain, "but the longer they've been neglected the more reason there is why they should receive prompt and thorough attention at the present time."

"Yes," said the farmer, "that sounds reasonable, but the load is an awful one to put on one pair of old shoulders. Let me see, now, I'm to provide amusements for that growing boy Will; I'm to be Kate's chaperon at all the big affairs that it's proper to attend; I'm to see that Mary has many more diversions; I'm to get up a board of management for the local theater so only decent plays shall be given, and as for that gymnasium, I suppose I shall have to do more talk in informal meetings about that than I've been called upon for in all church meetings in the past five years."

"Well, dad," said the captain, "it's worth it, isn't it? If not, I beg you won't begin, because I have too much respect for you and your opportunities for usefulness to be willing to see any work imposed upon you that isn't entirely necessary and that you can't do better than any one else."

"Well, Jack," said the old man, "I tell you frankly that if all these suggestions had come from any one else, or even from you, if I didn't know you for a very square man, and an earnest Christian besides, I should have treated them as utter nonsense. But I've been watching you carefully for nearly half my lifetime and nearly all of yours; I didn't give you my daughter without reasons that seemed to me amply good and sufficient, and I've kept my eye on you sharply ever since. Only Heaven knows how closely I have observed your life in every respect ever since you became a member of my family. If I can't trust you, there's no one on the face of the earth in whom I have reason to have any confidence whatever. So, although I don't understand much of what you've been

urging me to do, I am going to attempt it, every bit of it, my boy, simply on your say and opinion."

"God bless you, dear old man," said the captain, "I wish I could see my way clear to resign, remain here, and be your lieutenant. I should like to work under you at just that sort of duty."

"If you could give your time to it, Jack, I should resign at once," said the old man, "for you seem to know exactly what you're talking about, while my old brain is misty about it in a great many important particulars."

"Never mind about the particulars," said the captain; "I'll cheerfully trust you for them so long as you have the principles clearly in your mind."

"Well, Jack," said the farmer, after a moment of silence, "I may as well own up that this isn't all I've come up to ask you about. There's a question on my mind that I can't answer for myself, and as it is about you, perhaps you'll answer it for me."

"Certainly; fire away; you know you always can command me."

"Well, it's this. Do you mean to tell me that you, a man of high character, a Christian, and though I don't say it with any feeling but what's complimentary, a man that's toward the turning point of life, do you really enjoy all these things so much?"

"What things, dad?"

"Why, all these you want me to interest myself in—dancing, and cards, and—"

"Bless you, no," exclaimed the captain. "I shouldn't be the least bit unhappy, for my own sake, if I never again saw a card or took part in a dance. I amuse myself in other ways when I have any time to myself, and haven't to consult the tastes of others."

"Then you don't think they're really necessary to human good or happiness?"

"Not I. I've known hundreds of people who never danced or played cards or went to theaters or any other artificial amusements, yet who carried happier faces than any fun-hunting youngster in the world. But not all people are made alike, and the man who doesn't realize this should leave the management of amusements to those who do."

"Haven't you seen people whose only joy came from religion and right living, who seemed quite as happy in thought, word, and deed as any—well, as any of the young folks we saw at the ball the other night?"

"Why, certainly, dad. What a strange question to ask a man who's known *your* genial face and cheery life and influence nearly fifty years."

"Thank you, thank you, my boy. I want—"

"Just a moment," the captain interrupted.

"I want to tell you, as I've told a great many other people when this same subject has been under discussion, that the most charming lot of girls I ever saw in my life, girls who looked unusually nice, pretty, sweet, modest, vivacious, attractive, and every thing else that good girls like to look and be, was a party I once saw on a railway train, coming from a neighboring town, where they had been attending—what do you suppose? Why, a monster home-missionary meeting. I took them at first to be a theater party, as there were two or three young men along, and a well-dressed lady or two whom I supposed were chaperons. Still, there was something so unusual, in short, so specially refined, in the general air of the entire party that my curiosity put me up to doing a little discreet questioning, and I soon learned what I have told you."

"Praise the Lord!" shouted the farmer.

"I wish you would tell that to Kate."

"It's too late to wish that, dad, for I've told her already. Don't imagine that all I've said to her has been heard by the whole family. Lecturing and advice-giving isn't very pleasant work to do in public, or in private either, but that young woman has had to listen to a great deal of it while I've been here, and to do the child justice she has listened to most of it very patiently. But don't forget or overlook this fact; she, although she is a member of the church and as good a girl of her age as ever lived, still has all the imperfections which are peculiar to youth. She would probably have let all my talk go in at one ear and out of the other if she had not believed me in sympathy with her regarding a number of amusements which she and many other good people believe to be entirely harmless and even beneficial."

"But you don't think them so?"

"I won't admit that, for I know too many people who seem to really improve their characters under the influence of such amusements or through experiences gained while amusing themselves. I don't hesitate to say that I know others who have been harmed by them, but I can say the same of many things

entirely good in themselves, ranging all the way from bread and butter to devout religious observances."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Don't be horrified; there's sometimes a great difference between religious observances and true religion."

"But a County Ball, Jack! I'm quite willing that Kate and her mother—God bless their honest, industrious hearts—shall have a great deal more of variety and amusement in their lives than they have been having, and I'm more thankful than I can tell that you have opened their eyes to the necessity of it; but do you mean to tell me that a County Ball, where all sorts of people go, is the proper sort of place for two such noble-hearted, dainty-souled women to go?"

"Certainly not, if, as you say, all sorts of people go to those balls. As I said when the subject first came up, such affairs should be managed and regulated by the best, most trustworthy people in the community; if they are not, they are full of possibilities of mischief. I shouldn't have taken Kate to the ball at all if I hadn't known that she never had been allowed to have a dance of her own friends in her own home. What people can't have in natural and right ways they are likely to seek in others. You will remember that I urged that if the child was to attend such affairs, you or her brother should go with her, not to keep her from doing any thing wrong, but to protect her against bad influences and bad company, neither of which she understands for herself."

"Then if I let her have plenty of dancing parties at home, the company being selected from people whom we know and trust, you'll let me off from the County Ball, and let Kate off, too?"

"Oh, dad! You know perfectly well that you're not under obligations to do a single thing I've suggested. You and I have been merely discussing the subject, looking at both sides of the question of popular amusements. You don't for a moment imagine that I am setting up my judgment as to social morals and proprieties as superior to yours, do you?"

"Well, Jack," said the farmer, "to tell the truth, you've said so much that I've agreed with, and needed to hear, that I—"

"Never mind any view merely because it's mine, dad; improve upon it if you can, and nobody will be gladder over your success than

I. My only criticism of tremendously earnest people like you is that they shut all doors that lead to existing amusements and open none to take their places. They expect to find old heads on young bodies. They seem to forget the apostolic injunction, 'milk for babes.'

"Then you think that if enough pleasures and recreations are provided for youngsters in their own homes they won't want to go to all sorts of wild affairs outside?"

"I certainly do, and I know that at least there will be good and sufficient reason for restraining them."

"Jack," said the old man, preparing to depart, "you've taken a great load off my mind. I really had got the notion that you talked up these fashionable amusements because you were very fond of them yourself. I didn't see exactly how it could be so, either."

"Set your honest heart at rest," said the captain. "Though I'm very fond of seeing people get together, and sometimes endure very poor means to that end, I'm no fonder of most of the amusements we've talked most about than you. I'm fond of them about as I am of fighting, which isn't fond at all, but when it has to be done I go in with all my might and do it, for the sake of those most concerned. These amusements exist; they are not necessarily bad in themselves, but they are very likely to be abused. It's your duty and mine to see that they do no harm to any one for whose soul and body we are responsible, or to any one else whom we are able to shield. In the meantime, get up something better to take their places, and count upon me to help you as far as my time, brains, and money can go."

"Something else *shall* be got up," said the farmer, through set teeth, "if I and some church people I know have as much head-piece as I think we have; for, to tell you the truth, neither Kate nor her mother shall ever again attend a County Ball with my consent. You don't know of half the mischief and disgrace that have been begun at those balls in this neighborhood; I do. My decision isn't formed from mere notions, it's based on hard facts, facts that have ruined a great many reputations and lives, right here in our own little community—facts that have put some people in the state-prison and compelled others to disappear. If everybody were by nature or grace decent, self-controlled, and

more desirous of character than pleasure, I suppose a general ball might be a safe place of amusement. But everybody isn't that way, and won't be so until the millennium; you know, as well as I, don't you, that the people most fond of such sport are not the best, not the strongest, but the weakest?"

"Certainly; that's why I've been so persistent in saying that older and stronger people should control amusements. It is the impressionable class that supplies most of the attendants at all places of amusements. Some members of this class are entirely innocent and full of good principles, but the great majority are self-indulgent young animals, with no control except while they are under the eye of some one who may have authority over them."

"And yet you would allow them to have their way."

"You're entirely wrong. I would restrain and control what cannot be prevented, and I insist that it is the duty of the better part of society to exert such restraint. You seem to imagine that I am pleading for more liberty for those who already are too free; on the contrary, I want to see liberty lessened in proportion to the increase of opportunity. I fully believe that the majority of young people care for little but artificial pleasures, and seldom, of themselves, know when and where to stop. The tendency of human nature is to abuse amusements, not to use them rightly; to dissipate, instead of to recreate. So back I come to my hobby; the better class, the people of highest character, should control the amusements of the vicinity, first taking care to provide them in ample quantity and variety, but afterward making and enforcing custom and rule for those who cannot or will not do so for themselves."

"I really don't see," said the farmer, after a moment of silence, "that we disagree in principle after all. But how about Will's whist? I can't be easy in my conscience to let that boy go out to play cards with a lot of young people. I've made some inquiries and I find that most of the young men of the whist club of which Kate is a member don't confine themselves to the game you think so innocent and beneficial. Every one of them plays other games, for money, and some of them have got into difficulties through their gambling craze, for it is a craze with them. If Will plays whist with them they will want him to join them in their games for money."

"Then stop his learning whist, unless you can depend upon his character and his word of honor to keep him from yielding to temptation. But here's the question that we're compelled to ask in all such matters: if good teaching, good example, and good guidance cannot make and keep a young man superior to such temptations, and also make him an influence for good among his fellows, of what use will he be in the battle of life, where inducements to do wrong are greater and more numerous?"

"Well, I guess Will and Kate will have to do their card playing at home for the present; I'm not going to turn lambs loose among wolves."

"Right you are, dad; no company is preferable to bad company. If *you* select their associates there'll be nothing to fear."

"I must tone Will down, too, about theater going," continued the old man. "That 'Valley Scout' has got him so excited that he's looking at all the theater advertisements in the city paper I take."

"Well, take him to two or three plays, as they come along, and show him their bad features. Make it part of his education to be able to recognize the bad when he sees it. It won't take you long to disgust him with the general run of plays, for there are very few that aren't wrong in manners or morals or both. Many a time have I looked through a city full of theaters without finding anything fit to listen to. You anti-theater people can't truthfully say half as much against the theater as those who have oftenest attended it. There ought to be an entirely new, clean variety of dramatic entertainment, and I believe we will have it in time, if good people will do their duty; and when the new is pitted against the old, the latter will have to give way."

"Well, Jack, you and I seem to be of one mind about most of these matters, after all," said the old man, leaving the room, "but I don't believe my animals in the barn will stand it to have me talk any more until they get their breakfast."

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN CLINTON returned to his regiment, and for several days it seemed at the Brewster homestead that he had carried the spirits of the family with him. The farmer was the first to recover from the general de-

pression, and he lifted the others by suggesting that they could best keep the captain with them in spirit by living up to some of his injunctions; then he proceeded to act industriously according to his own advice.

A year later the captain made another visit East, and although he was not a conceited man he could not help believing that he had been the first cause of some gratifying changes that were visible. His sister seemed several years younger, in looks as well as manner, and Kate was merrier and prettier than ever, although a new ring that sparkled on her finger assured him that he was not the only man who had assisted in improving the young woman's manner. Master Will was no longer a boy, but a young gentleman, and evidently quite popular among the young women who were at the house almost every afternoon and evening, yet Will seemed lavish of courtesies to his mother and sister.

As for the old farmer, he was the life of every party that gathered on the lawn or in the house. He played tennis in a manner that astonished the young folks who did not know what strong muscles and quick nerves belong to a man whose whole life has been spent out-of-doors; and the captain learned that he had again been active as base ball umpire. In-doors, the deacon always took part in games about the sitting-room table, and the captain told himself that never before had he known how many of such games, aside from cards, were in existence; indeed, he began to feel himself an old fogey by his ignorance of one game after another in which he was asked to take part. The captain asked no questions, but during the first quiet evening that the family spent together the old farmer remarked, with a most inquisitive look:

"Jack, do you see any thing unusual about this family?"

"It seems rather brighter and more cheerful than of old," the captain replied. "What has happened?"

"Oh," said the old man, "we've merely been following your advice, following it in spirit, though we've gone back on some of the particulars."

The captain looked quizzically at Kate, then at the deacon, and said:

"For instance, County Balls?"

"Exactly," the old man replied. "You know what I thought about them before you went away, but I changed my resolution

enough to let the girls decide for themselves. I wouldn't have done it with most folks, but I knew Mary had a very sensible head and that Kate was her daughter, and I was curious to see the people and fun through their eyes."

"Well?"

"Well, their eyes agreed with mine. Just as soon as the novelty wore off they began to notice that the people they liked most didn't attend the balls at all, and never had done so. They also found that all members of the wild set in town did attend. They were compelled to form some acquaintances that they didn't like, and were expected to take part in other fun that the same crowd got up, and which these two women didn't like and couldn't endure. I haven't asked many questions, and don't care to know particulars, but I do know this—any thing which two natural, warm-hearted, high-spirited women like Mary and Kate are a little suspicious of, can't be entirely right."

"The whole trouble," said Mary, "with the County Ball set of people is that they seem to live for pleasure and nothing else, and nothing pleases them unless it is artificial and highly flavored. Some of my old schoolmates, of whom I hadn't seen much in a long time, are in that set; I was very glad to meet them and renew old acquaintance, but somehow we had scarcely any interests in common. For a long time I tried to think the fault mine, but I had to change my opinion. All enjoyments that are dear to me appeared stupid to them; the men they liked most seemed to me coarse and sometimes no better than so many monkeys. Finally, when a lot of us were talking in the dressing-room one evening, talking about men, and one said that while some men must be respected they were not the men to have merry times with, and the others all agreed with her, I thought it time to withdraw forever from that set and take Kate with me."

"Couldn't you have exerted a good influence by remaining?" the captain asked.

"I tried to think so, but oh, you don't know what a woman is when she gets to the place where she thinks pleasure the only thing worth living for, and that home and its duties are merely to be endured, not enjoyed, and that her children are cares rather than comforts, and that husbands are good or bad according as they earn much or little money. I tried to influence some of them; I'm sure I didn't do a bit of preaching or lecturing

either, but I was only laughed at, or called a dear, old-fashioned thing. I know most of them like me, but I can't be of the slightest use to them nor can they be of any to me."

The captain looked anxiously at Kate, and the young woman, catching his eye, exclaimed:

"I know what you're thinking, Uncle Clinton; you suspect mother had a hard time in dragging me away. But she didn't, Charley—"

"O, ho! I see! Well, Charley—"

"Charley complained that the nicer fellows in town didn't attend the balls, and when I asked him why he didn't bring his sisters, he said they didn't care to come. Then he asked me, as a favor, not to dance with this and that man; it wasn't jealousy, for none of them were fit to hold a candle to him, but he said they were not gentlemen. Then, Mary Colton stopped going to balls after her husband joined the church, and—"

"Wh—a—a—a—at," drawled the captain.

"That fellow joined the church?"

"Yes," said the farmer, "and I must say that, much as I always disliked him, it has been a genuine change. His disposition is as lively as ever, but there's nothing offensive in the way it works itself out."

"Colton," mused the captain aloud, "Colton with generations of bad blood in his veins, a fellow who can't understand honesty in man or honor in woman, an animal on two feet, a dissembler, a sneak, joined the church? Dad, some dangerous sickness must have frightened him. It's against all rules of heredity for—"

"Thank heaven!" said the farmer, "there's a Power greater than heredity!"

"There certainly is," said the captain, "and the new convert is one of the most astounding evidences of it that I ever saw or heard of."

"I wish some more of that crowd might have been converted at the same time," said the farmer, "for you can't imagine the variety of mean things that were said about me when I declined to subscribe to a new series of balls, to be given during the coming winter. My pocket-book has been open to every decent request made in this town in the past forty years, yet ever since last winter I've been called the stingiest man in Preston, besides some names a great deal less polite. Tell you what it is, Jack, you never know how mean and venomous man and woman can be

until you differ from them about their pleasures. There's no sin they think so awful as that. Just as they were getting tired of heaping abuse on me, I got a fresh load."

"Indeed! For what?"

"Oh, because Kate and Will retired from their whist club."

"What was the trouble there?"

"Simply that Will found a crowd of fellows with whom he'd never associated anywhere else except at school, where he was compelled to meet them. They weren't young men whom we care to have at the house, and both Kate and Will began to feel uncomfortable about it."

"Why didn't your youngsters try to change the set, or organize a new one?"

"Bless you, they tried both plans until they were tired, but 'twouldn't work. Meanwhile, the boys tried to get Will into all sorts of other games of cards."

"Every fellow in the club gambles, on the sly," said Will. "They only come to play whist for the sake of the supper and dance afterward. Each of them says there's no fun to be got out of cards unless there's money risked."

"And you couldn't make up a party to take their places?" asked the captain.

"No; I tried my hardest. Somehow the nicest fellows in town don't take any interest in cards, so I soon began to feel somewhat ashamed of myself, and stopped trying."

"The fault must be in cards themselves, and their possibilities, Jack," said the farmer.

"'Twas so, they said, when I was a boy, and, just as I suspected, it seems to be so now. To few—comparatively few—people of mature age playing whist is no fair sample of the general use of cards and of the temptations that games of cards bring to young people and to excitable natures generally. Because physicians sometimes prescribe alcohol as a medicine, you wouldn't have liquor offered freely to every one, would you?"

"Certainly not," said the captain, "but—"

"But because you, a man of clean heart and unusual strength of character, never were harmed by cards or tempted to gamble you think every one else should be equally right-minded and strong. Jack, you know I believe you about as near faultless as any one alive, but you make a dangerous, awful mistake when you trust the weak, which means nearly everybody, to take any unnecessary risks merely for the sake of amusing them-

selves. No one has any right, just for fun, to run into temptation after praying to be delivered from it."

"Quite true, dad, but please remember that I didn't advise cards for the general crowd; 'twas for some one of your own blood, and right under your eye, some one whom I didn't believe cards or any thing of the kind could injure."

"They could hurt others, though, through his example," said the farmer, "and I should have stopped it on that account if both of the children hadn't already withdrawn of their own free will. I wasn't going to be abused, though, as a solemn, straight-laced old Puritan, who hated on principle whatever was amusing; you see I knew just about what would be said, so I told the youngsters to look up any thing and every thing else, at my expense, that would be a pleasant pretext for bringing decent young people together evenings. They didn't succeed very well, so your old father-in-law deliberately went to the city and searched all the stores in which in-door games were sold. I don't hesitate to say, Jack, that 'twas one of the hardest jobs that I ever attempted in the purchasing line, but I got enough to make a fair start, and if you can find a nicer, jollier lot of young people than are here two or three evenings every week, why let me know. I'll pay big money for a chance to look at them myself. It does make me groan though, to think of the work it was to hunt up a few games that weren't absolutely stupid; the dealers themselves said that nobody seemed to care for any thing but cards, and there was very little encouragement to get up anything else."

"He's had his pay, though, uncle," said Kate, "for he gets quite as much fun as anyone else out of those games, unless mother is an exception. I do believe our minister was frightened by the reports of our 'goings on' out here."

The farmer had a long laugh to himself and said:

"Yes, the good man made several calls, only a day or two apart, before I realized what he was up to; when I understood it, however, I coaxed him to take part in the fun. It did him a great deal of good, too; I wish you could have heard the sermon he preached afterward on the need of home amusements; it reminded me of you all the way through, though he didn't recommend cards and County Balls."

"How about the gymnasium?" asked the captain.

"Ah!" said the old man, "that's been a grand success in every way."

"Yes," said Kate, "and the women have put a handsome tablet on the inner wall, with this inscription on it: 'In Honor of Captain Clinton, U. S. A., at Whose Suggestion This Building Was Erected.' What do you think of that?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the captain with a frown, "when dad deserves all the credit."

"The tablet is exactly as it should be," said the old man; "I ought to know, for the women consulted me about it, and I wrote the inscription myself. You simply can't imagine, Jack, the amount of good that gymnasium has already done. It is bad for doctors, though they do, at their own loss, send a great many women there, telling them it will do more good than medicine."

"And mother," said Kate, "is the most faithful member."

"Yes," said the farmer, "though at first her old father had to simply drive her there, for the first few weeks. She insisted that 'twas a waste of time. Ah, that gymnasium has been the most successful, satisfying enterprise that this town ever carried through. I can't say as much for the theater."

"What?" exclaimed the captain. "Did you attempt to reform the local drama? Why didn't you write me about it?"

"Because," said the old man, his face becoming gloomy at once, "I'd rather tell no news than bad news. A lot of us took a long lease of the Academy of Music, where all the shows have been held for years, and announced that we would give a good, harmless play once a week. For the first time in my life, Jack, I had to break my word. I say 'I' because all the others went into it on my representations of what you had said."

"That looks as if it was my word that had been broken, if any one's," said the captain. "Where was the trouble?"

"Everywhere!" was the reply. "In the first place we couldn't get the plays. We went to work in thorough style, asking all men who go to the city what there was that was good to put on the stage here. All of them named something, but as soon as we had asked a few leading questions, and dropped from the list all plays that turned on some mischief between man and woman, there weren't many left to choose from. Of the

rest some that were very amusing were also vulgar; the men who had laughed over them admitted that they wouldn't like the young people of their own families to see them. Of course we had to drop these too, for young people are the principal theater goers. Some pieces with which no fault could be found could not be played without loss except in large cities; others, which are 'on the road,' as they call it when theater companies travel, couldn't afford to come to a town as small as this. Some of our merchants went to see prominent managers in the city; they got plenty of civility and sympathy, but very little encouragement, and one of them was told that New York itself couldn't find the sort of plays we wanted, or make them pay if they were to produce them. We did succeed in putting on two or three pieces, but only the first one paid expenses, and we were soundly abused each week when we couldn't produce any thing. And that wasn't the worst of it. As soon as we failed to do as we had promised and the reason was known, two or three saloon men leased the old skating rink and set up a rival house, so right away the old line of coarse, vulgar shows came to town again. We fought them with all our might; we hired good concert companies, panoramas, any thing that was decent and entertaining; but then we struck a new trouble,—most of the people who might enjoy such things stayed at home, where they enjoyed themselves better, and the other class scarcely came at all, so we had our expenses for our pains and were laughed at for being a lot of old fools."

The captain looked troubled and the old man made haste to say:

"Don't feel bad, Jack. I know you believed all you said, and I don't begrudge my share of the cost, for my mind has been set at rest on the theater subject for the remainder of my life. If the mass of decent people won't go to the theater, what is there to encourage men to write decent plays? Why, even in the city some of our committee were told by managers that theaters wouldn't pay there if it weren't for the thousands of strangers in the hotels and boarding houses, who haven't any where else to go in search of amusement."

"Of course managers know more about it than I," said the captain with a sigh and a very long face. "I suspect you wish I had left my tongue behind me when I came East last year. You've found the balls objection-

able, cards dangerous, and my theater idea impracticable. I want to say in self-defense that I advocated only a proper use of these amusements."

"We all know that, my dear boy, but if the great majority of people abuse them, what is to be done but let them alone? If all people were saints, or as strong and conscientious as you, things might be different; but all people aren't; nearly all are just the reverse, and those who aren't shouldn't give others an excuse to offend. Therefore I and my family are done, for life, with such public means of amusement."

"I didn't imagine," said the captain with a grim smile, "that at my time of life I should have to feel something like a whipped school-boy, but—"

"Tut—tut! No more of that, Jack," exclaimed the farmer earnestly. "If you've been mistaken about some of the means, you're entirely right about the desired end, and I never can thank you half enough for the shaking up you gave me last year. I needed it, I assure you, and I suppose a million other men just like me are needing it today. I don't know whether it's care or carelessness that makes mature men forget the days of their youth and the steady flow of animal spirits, innocent enough in itself, which needed some outlet besides work. Play-

fulness is as natural to the young as breathing, and when I see a boy or girl who hasn't it, I say to myself, 'There's a case for the doctor.' People don't seem to realize, either, that the harder men and women work and think, the more they need change and relaxation; when they do see it, regarding themselves, they generally are so helpless that they have to accept whatever they can find. You made me see all this, regarding my own family, too, and you've done more good, directly and indirectly, than you ever can know about until you die, for I've talked every conviction that's come to me. There's been a great awakening in this town on the subject of amusements and recreations; scores of tired wives and mothers and hundreds of young people have been made better and happier by it, and the good work is bound to go on. If many men, like me, are distrusting the influence of the theater, the card table and the ball, they are searching all the more earnestly for other recreations for their families. It is the hardest work that some of them ever did, but it is doing them a great deal of good, and none of them are sorry at having been roused on the subject."

"Then I may console myself," said the captain, "by thinking—"

"That you started it all," exclaimed Kate.

"Exactly so," said the farmer.

(The end.)

"He will not tempt ye above that ye are able - but will with that temptation make a way of escape!"

IN THE WORLD TO COME.

BY LUCY C. BULL.

WHILE Poetry lives to dip her dainty brush
In crumbling earth and variable sky,
She will by no means let a brook run dry,
A cloud at evening lose its tender flush.
More brilliant than it was upon the bush
Will be her gathered rose that cannot die,
The flash of her arrested butterfly,
Her hawthorn's whiteness and her holly's blush.

But when she bends her gaze on bower or glen
Of the celestial country, powerless,
For the first time, her passion to express,
Who in her place will paint what meets her ken?
Who, if not Music, she who from excess
Of utterance may not speak her mind till then?

ON THE NATURE AND VALUE OF FOLK-LORE.

BY L. J. VANCE.

THE student of folk-lore is constantly asked, what is this folk-lore of which we hear so much and know so little? Pray tell us, what is the *use* of folk-lore study? Again, has it any educational or scientific value at all? Once more, what is the true place of folk-lore in the history of mental and social evolution? These are pertinent questions which enthusiastic students of folk-lore must satisfactorily answer ere they can bring others round to their favorite study. Hence, I take it that a plain and matter-of-fact statement of what we are driving at may here be made.

The English Folk-Lore Society had been established some six years when, somewhat unexpectedly, an animated discussion arose as to the true meaning and the exact scope of folk-lore. Quite a wide difference of opinion showed itself between what we may call the "archæological" and the "anthropological" students of folk-lore,—between those who took a literary and antiquarian view of the subject and those who regarded folk-lore as the study of a particular part of human culture.

Now, frankly speaking, the work of the English Society was, at first, largely antiquarian, as the early volumes of the *Folk-Lore Record* bear testimony. Some members, following the lead of the founder of the society, the late W. J. Thoms, were inclined to restrict their studies to the lore of "folk,"—meaning by "folk" simply the uncultivated classes of a civilized community. Others, following the lead of Mr. Lang and Mr. E. B. Tylor, gave to the word "folk" a far wider significance, so as to include the savage. Practically, however, archæological and anthropological students now agree that the lore of savages is of the same *stuff* as that retained to this day by the folk, by the classes which have shared least in progress. Both say that when people possess any particular bit of lore in common, it is fair to conclude that the cause must be sought in the relative mental conditions which are common to those peoples. In other words, this lore represents beliefs and usages out of which our civilization has been evolved.

Happily, the American folk-lorist can have no need of entering upon a discussion of this kind. The nature of folk-lore is now pretty well understood. In the first number of *Journal of American Folk-Lore* the term was so well defined that he who runs may read. Thus, "Lore must be understood as the complement of literature, as embracing all human knowledge handed down by word of mouth and preserved without the use of writing. . . . Formerly applied to all knowledge, it is now becoming limited to such information as is orally transmitted from age to age." In a single sentence, this knowledge is now termed "lore" in contradistinction to book-lore or scholastic learning. Still, it is not always easy to determine what is folk-lore and what is not.

The very first rule of our society reads as follows: "The American Folk-Lore Society has for its object the study of Folk-Lore in general, and in particular the collection and publication of the Folk-Lore of North America."

Now, what is folk-lore in general? That is to say, what is the scope of folk-lore? It may be well to enumerate in logical order the materials for the scientific study of folk-lore:

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| I. <i>Traditional Narratives</i> | II. <i>Traditional Customs</i> |
| [a] Folk Tales | [a] Local Customs |
| [b] Hero Tales | [b] Festival Customs |
| [c] Ballads and Songs | [c] Ceremonial Customs |
| [d] Place Legends | [d] Games |
| III. <i>Superstitions and Beliefs</i> | IV. <i>Folk Sayings</i> |
| [a] Goblinom | [a] Popular Sayings |
| [b] Astrology | [b] Popular Nomenclature |
| [c] Superstitions connected with material things | [c] Proverbs |
| | [d] Jingle Rhymes, Riddles, etc. |

Such is the scope of folk-lore. It is the common factor of a common source that gives us the right to speak of different materials like these as one study.

But the question is asked, is folk-lore a science? I reply, no; but the study is. The study of folk-lore requires an intimate acquaintance with strict scientific methods, with logical methods of inquiry in detecting the truth and in eliminating error. The whole fabric of folk-lore falls to the ground unless we admit that like

effects imply like causes. The results obtained in this way will be of almost equal value with those of the exact sciences.

A great deal has been said about the *method* of folk-lore. The importance of the comparative method is thoroughly understood and appreciated by folk-lore scholars of all degrees. The student of folk-lore in general, will place the stories or superstitions of the Southern negro, for example, side by side with similar stories and superstitions found current among the Red Indians and other savage races. He soon finds many of the notions and usages of folk surviving in our midst. Indeed, he need only read newspaper reports of clairvoyants, mediums, etc., to see primitive ideas still flourishing—to see credulous maid-servant and keen-witted lawyer alike persisting in the belief that "wise women" can foretell fortunes, that a DisDebar can paint "spook pictures."

And now as to the value of folk-lore. For the purposes of this inquiry it is enough to select a few special instances bearing on the main question.

The study of civilization, culture-history, as the Germans call it, is largely indebted to the materials supplied by the study of folk-lore. The ethnologist, the student of morals, and the student of religions, each finds in folk-lore a different value and a different interest. It is hardly too much to say that from folk-lore can be gathered certain facts in the history of man which cannot be gathered from any other single source. Witness that, without folk knowledge to guide us, we may entirely miss the meaning of some of the most important facts of human culture. For example, it was the evidence supplied by folk traditions and folk-customs that led Bachofen to discover mother-right and descent by the female line in the ancient family.

The student of culture-history need not be told the nature of the materials used by E. B. Tylor in his researches into the "Early History of Mankind."

Again, folk-lore becomes of itself an important aid to the historian, as a means of reconstructing the lost records of early times. Thus, it was popular lore, *pur et simple*, that enabled Mr. Gomme, to reconstruct the "Relics of Early Village Life" in England. In "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," Mr. Lang has fully shown that all Greek village life below the surface was rich in institutions now found among the most barbaric peoples. Human sacrifices, savage rites, and mysteries

survived long after the Greeks had gathered into walled cities.

Consider, for a moment, the present scientific study of folk-tales. What is rather neatly termed "the scientific satisfaction of curiosity" about traditional folk-tales, *contes* or *Märchen*, was not provoked till the brothers Grimm published their collection of Household Tales. That is to say, by drawing the attention of students to the remains of primitive thought that lie imbedded in folk-stories, the Grimms laid the foundations of a scientific study of popular tales. When Mr. Lang traces the *motif* of the well-known Cupid and Psyche legend to a wide-spread rule of savage marriage ceremony (forbidding the wife to see the face of her husband for a time) he connects the story at once with people where such rude forms of nuptial etiquette were in vogue.

It is necessary only to point out that the psychologist finds abundant material for studying the problems of mind-history in the lore of simple-minded folk. In noting this material the following considerations may be advanced.

First, what is known as Anthropological Psychology is largely based on the lore of rude and primitive folk. In the savage notion that all nature is personal and animated; in the frame of mind to which all things animate or inanimate, plants or animals, seem on the same level of life, passion, and reason; in the mental *status* which assigns human speech and human feeling to the heavenly bodies no less than to beasts, birds, and fishes; in the manufacture of lore to explain the facts of the visible universe and to satisfy that primitive curiosity which is the parent of scientific inquiry; in the crystallization of superstitious habits into ritual, and the queer survival of savage ritual among people as cultivated as the Greeks,—in these processes and products of mental action, the anthropological psychologist finds his most interesting data concerning the mind history of the human race.

Secondly, what is known as Comparative Psychology connects the study of the child with that of primitive man. Reference has already been made to that stage of savage thought in which no line is drawn between organic or inorganic, personal or impersonal, dumb or "articulate speaking." Such a mental stage is reflected in the psychology of our children. Mr. Sully, for instance, gives a

case of this when he cites the saying of a little girl of five: "Ma, I do think this hoop must be alive; it is so sensible; it goes wherever I want it to." That is exactly what the savage would be apt to say. The point to which I would call attention is this: working folklorists postulate mental evolution in man.

Once more, folk-lore supplies abundant material to the department of Morbid Psychology. The fantastic confusion which the savage makes between visions and solid facts; the hallucinations which beset half-starved folk; the ravings of the medicine-man and the delusions of the wonder-working magician,—these things, so familiar to students of folk-lore, are included in the department of Morbid Psychology. This department includes, further, the natural history of error, the subtle processes by which illusions give place to hallucinations and mental contagions which break out in psychic epidemics,—for example, in witchcraft movements. Human nature and human nerves are the same the world over. Compare the ghost stories of savages and those that appear in the Christmas numbers of our magazines. The difference between them is simply one of degree, not of kind. No one has been able to successfully maintain that the savage *seance* is a whit different from the modern spiritualistic *seance*. Consult the records of the Society for Psychical Research, if you doubt it.

Folk-lore may be studied with two objects; first, simply to acquire a knowledge of many curious items; secondly, as a means of developing and training the mental faculties,—for example, the powers of observation, of comparison, and of inductive or deductive reasoning. Considered as a means of mental discipline, few studies quicken the observing powers or sharpen the judgment in a better way than a scientific study of folk-lore.

Indeed, the introduction of folk-lore into our scheme of general education is now strongly hinted at. For, aside from the worth which folk-lore has in common with all scientific study, it has a well-defined use and place in any scheme of elementary or primary education. The child's mind, its workings, its directions, and its capabilities, has of quite late years become better understood than at any time before. A child's imagination, as Mr. Newell points out in his collection of "Games and Songs of the American Children," is more on the alert than the grown-up mind, and thus our educators have found

that one of the best means of imparting instruction to children is by games and songs and stories. The eminent educator and psychologist, President G. Stanley Hall, for some years has been making an extensive and systematic collection of children's stories based on *their* preferences: "A collection of their games as actually played, from actual study, including formulas (often rhymes) of the Mother Goose order." "A good, *graded* collection of proverbs in rhythm or otherwise, and also of maxims, as one element of moral training." Such a collection, again, might well take the place now filled by many of our so-called "Readers," with their thin prosaic tales, and "moral lessons" tacked on at the end.

Now it is highly characteristic of the childish mind to cherish and preserve ancient rites and observances that have been handed down from generation to generation. Or, as Mr. E. B. Tylor in his "Primitive Culture" remarks, things which occupy an important place in the life-history of grown men in a savage state become playthings of children in a period of civilization. To cite a trivial instance, children the world over use "counting-out" rhymes in order to determine who shall be "it," but the explanation of their doing so is not to be found in any thing in modern life. However, the folk-lorist sees in this curious custom of counting-out a survival of sortilege or divination by lot; that is to say, a child's counting-out doggerel is a relic of the spoken or written charms used by sorcerers in ancient times as part and parcel of their mystic incantations. Thus, when the leader in the game repeats the queer doggerel beginning,—

"One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,"

he is simply repeating in playful ignorance the practice and spell of a sorcerer in a by-gone age.

As to the literary value of folk-lore all are agreed. The great bulk of the world's literature has sprung from germs planted by the folk. There can be no doubt as to the origin and nature of the materials out of which the national romances and epics have been shaped by the highest human genius. The most inspiring songs, the finest ballads, the most stirring epic poems have all come from one and the same source, namely—the people. Popular tales are the literature of a class for whom every incident in *Volkleben*, every incident in the old rut of love and joy, of pain

and sorrow, is not infrequently invested with a touching truth and beauty. The savage makes his heroes beasts or birds; Uncle Remus says Brer Rabbit or Brer Terrapin; the German peasant tells about "a poor boy" or "a soldier"; the French countess dresses up princes or princesses; the epic poet sings of Knights of the Round Table.

A popular story has the wings of the morning and can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. Sometimes the story wins its way into the national literature and sometimes it fades away into a simple nursery, or household, tale. "Until within the present generation," says the Rev. Sir Geo. W. Cox, "boys read the Iliad and Odyssey and worked their way through the dramas of the Greek tragic poets under the fixed impression that

they contain nothing with which children in our nurseries are familiar in other shapes."

It appears, then, that folk-lore is both a measure and a record of people's joys and sorrows, their wisdom and their folly, their aspirations and their short-comings. The whole warp and woof of folk-life, the mode of thought, the philosophy of their living are interwoven in their lore. For this reason, if no other, we urge the study of folk-lore as indispensable to the complete rounding out of the mind.

We do not urge folk-lore as a "bread and butter study." As a matter of fact, the study of folk-lore bakes no bread, but it puts in man's own hands the secret of the magical power over himself, over his fellows, and over the "choir invisible."

ON MOUNT MANSFIELD.

BY BRADFORD TORREY.

I WENT up the mountain from the village of Stowe in very ignoble fashion, in a wagon, and was three hours on the passage. One of the "hands" at the Summit House occupied the front seat with the driver, and we were hardly out of the village before a seasonable toothache put him in mind of his pipe. Would smoking be offensive to me? he inquired. What could I say, having had an aching tooth before now myself? It was a pleasure almost beyond the luxury of breathing mountain air to see the misery of a fellow-mortal so quickly assuaged. The driver, a sturdy young Vermonter, was a man of different spirit. He had never used tobacco nor drunk a glass of "liquor," I heard him saying. Somebody had once offered him fifty cents to smoke a cigar.

"Why didn't you take it?" asked his companion in a tone of wonder.

"Well, I'm not that kind of a fellow, to be bought for fifty cents."

As we approached the base of the mountain, a white-throated sparrow was piping by the roadside.

"I love to hear that bird sing," said the driver.

It was now my turn to be surprised. Our man of principle was also a man of sentiment.

"What do you call him?" I inquired, as soon as I could recover myself.

"Whistling Jack," he answered; a new name to me, and a good one; it would take a nicer ear than mine to discriminate with certainty between a white-throat's voice and a school-boy's whistle.

The morning had promised well, but before we emerged from the forest as we neared the summit we drove into a cloud and, shortly afterward, into a pouring rain. In the office of the hotel I found a company of eight persons, four men and four women, drying themselves about the stove. They had left a village twenty miles away at two o'clock that morning in an open wagon for an excursion to the summit. Like myself, they had driven into a cloud, and up to this time had seen nothing more distant than the stable just across the road, within a stone's toss of the window, and even that only by glimpses. One of the party was a doctor, who must be at home that night. Hour after hour they watched the clouds, or rather the rain (we were so beclouded that the clouds could not be seen), and debated the situation. Finally, at three o'clock, they got into their open wagon, the rain pelting them fiercely, and started for the base. Doubtless they soon descended into clear weather, but not till they were well drenched. Verily the clouds are no respecters of persons. It is nothing to them how far you have come, or

how worthy your errand. So I reflected, having nothing better to do, when my wagonful of pilgrims had dropped out of sight in the fog—as a pebble drops into the lake—leaving me with the house to myself; and presently, as I sat at the window, I heard a white-throated sparrow singing outside. Here was one, at least, whom the rain could not discourage. A wild and yet a sweet and home-felt strain is this of “Whistling Jack,”—a mountain bird, well used to mountain weather, and just now too happy to forego his music, no matter how the storm might rage. I myself had been in a cloud often enough to feel no great degree of discomfort or lowness of spirits. I had not decided to spend the precious hours of a brief vacation upon a mountain-top without taking into account the additional risk of unfavorable weather in such a place. Let the clouds do their worst; I could be patient and wait for the sun. But this whistling philosopher outside spoke of something better than patience, and I thanked him for the timely work.

Toward noon of the next day the rain ceased, the cloud vanished, and I made haste to clamber up the rocky peak—the Nose, so-called—at the base of which the hotel is situated. Yes, there stretched Lake Champlain, visible for almost its entire length, and beyond it loomed the Adirondacks. I was glad I had come. I could sing now. It does a man good to look afar off.

Even before the fog lifted I had discovered, to my no small gratification, that the evergreens immediately about the house were full of gray-cheeked thrushes, a close colony, strictly confined to the low trees at the top of the mountain. They were calling at all hours, *yeep, yeep*, somewhat in the manner of young chickens; and after supper, as it grew dark, I stood on the piazza while they sang in full chorus. At least six of them were in tune at once. *Wee-o, wee-o, tit-ti wee-o*, something like this the music ran, with many variations; a most ethereal sound, at the very top of the scale, but faint and sweet; quite in tune also with my mood, for I had just come in from gazing long at the sunset, with Lake Champlain like a sea of gold for perhaps a hundred miles, and a stretch of the St. Lawrence showing far away in the north. During the afternoon, too, I had been over the long crest of the mountain to the northern peak, the highest point, belittled in local phraseology as the Chin; a delightful jaunt of two miles, with

magnificent prospects all the way. It was like walking on the ridge-pole of Vermont, and a truly exhilarating experience.

All in all, though the forenoon had been so rainy, I had lived a long day, and now, if ever, could appreciate the singing of this characteristic northern songster, himself such a lover of mountains as never out of hearing, here in New England, at least, and in summer-time, except amid the dwindling spruce forests of the upper slopes. I had never before seen him so familiar. On the Mount Washington range and on Mount Lafayette it is easy enough to hear his music, but one rarely gets more than a flying glimpse of the bird. Here, as I say, he was never out of hearing, and seldom long out of sight, even from the doorstep. The young were already leaving the nest, and undoubtedly the birds had disposed themselves for the season before the unpainted, inoffensive-looking little hotel showed any signs of occupancy. The very next year a friend of mine visited the place and could discover no trace of them. They had found their human neighbors a vexation, we may presume, and on returning from their winter's sojourn in Costa Rica, or where not, had sought summer quarters on some less trodden peak.

Not so was it with the myrtle warblers, I venture to assert, though on this point I have never taken my friend's testimony. Perfectly at home as they are in the wildest and most desolate places, they manifest a particular fondness for the immediate vicinity of houses, delighting especially to fly about the gutters of the roof and against the window panes. Here, at the Summit House, they were constantly to be seen hawking back and forth against the side of the building, as barn swallows are given to doing in the streets of cities. The rude structure was doubly serviceable,—to me a shelter, and to the birds a fly-trap. I have never observed any other warbler thus making free with human habitations.

This yellow-rump, or myrtle bird, is one of the thrifty members of his great family, and next to the black-poll is the most numerous representative of his tribe in Massachusetts during the spring and autumnal migrations; a beautiful little creature, with a characteristic flight and call, and for a song a pretty trill suggestive of the snow-bird's. Within two or three years he has been added to the summer fauna of Massachusetts, and as a

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son of the Bay State I rejoice in his presence and heartily bid him welcome. We shall never have too many of such citizens. I esteem him, also, as the only one of his delicate, insectivorous race who has the hardihood to spend the winter—sparingly, but with something like regularity—within the limits of New England. He has a genius for adapting himself to circumstances; picking up his daily food in the depths of a mountain forest or off the panes of a dwelling-house, and wintering, as may suit his fancy or convenience, in the West Indies or along the sea-coast of Massachusetts.

One advantage of a sojourn at the summit of any of our wooded New England mountains is the easy access it affords to the upper forest. While I was here upon Mount Mansfield I spent some happy hours almost every day in sauntering down the road for a mile or two, looking and listening. Just after leaving the house it was possible to hear three kinds of thrushes singing at once,—gray-cheeks, olive-backs, and hermits. Of the three the hermit is beyond comparison the finest singer, both as to voice and tune. His song, given always in three detached measures, each higher than the one before it, is distinguished by an exquisite liquidity, the presence of *d* and *l*, I should say, as contrasted with the inferior *t* sound of the gray-cheek. If it has less variety, and perhaps less rapture, than the song of the thrush, it is marked by greater simplicity and ease; and if it does not breathe the ineffable tranquillity of the tawny's strain, it comes to my ear, at least, with a still nobler message. The hermit's note is aspiration rather than repose. "Peace, peace!" says the tawny, but the hermit's word is, "Higher, higher!" "Spiritual songs," I call them both, with no thought of profaning the apostolic phrase.

I had been listening to thrush music (I think I could listen to it forever) and at a bend of the road had turned to admire the wooded side of the mountain, just here spread out before me, miles and miles of magnificent hanging forest, when I was attracted by a noise as of something gnawing—a borer under the bark of a fallen spruce lying at my feet. Such an industrious and contented sound! No doubt the grub would have said, "Yes, I could do *this* forever." What knew he of the beauties of the picture at which I was gazing? The very light with which to see it would have been a torture to him.

Heaven itself was under the close bark of this decaying log. So, peradventure, may we ourselves be living in darkness without knowing it, while spiritual intelligences look on with wondering pity to see us so in love with our prison-house. Well, yonder panorama was beautiful to *me*, at all events, however it might look to more exalted beings, and, like my brother under the spruce-tree bark, I would make the best of life as I found it.

This way my thoughts were running when all at once two birds dashed by me—a black-poll warbler in hot pursuit of an olive-backed thrush. The thrush alighted in a tree and commenced singing, and the warbler sat by and waited, following the universal rule that a larger bird is never to be attacked except when on the wing. The thrush repeated his strain once or twice, and then flew to another tree, the little fellow after him with all speed. Again the olive-back perched and sang, and again the black-poll waited. Three times these maneuvers were repeated, before the birds passed out of my range. Some wrongdoing, real or fancied, on the part of the larger bird, had excited the ire of the warbler. Why should he be imposed upon, simply because he was small? The thrush, meantime, disdaining to defend himself, would only stop now and then to sing, as if to show to the world (every creature is the center of a world) that such an insect persecution could never ruffle his spirits. Birds are to be commiserated, perhaps, on having such an excess of what we call human nature, but the misfortune certainly renders them the more interesting to us who see our more amiable weaknesses so often reflected in their behavior.

For the sympathetic observer every kind of bird has its own temperament. On one of my jaunts down this Mount Mansfield road I happened to espy a Canada jay in a thick spruce. He was on one of the lower branches, but pretty soon began mounting the tree, keeping near the bole and going up limb by limb in absolute silence, exactly in the manner of our common blue jay. I was glad to see him, but more desirous to hear his voice, the loud, harsh scream with which the books credit him, and which, *a priori*, I should have little hesitation in ascribing to any member of his tribe. I waited till I grew impatient. Then I started hastily toward him, making as much commotion as possible in pushing through the undergrowth. It was a clever scheme, but the bird was not to be surprised

in uttering so much as an exclamation. He dropped out of his tree, flew a little distance to a lower and less conspicuous perch, and there I finally left him. Once before, on Mount Clinton, I had seen him and had been treated with the same studied silence. And later, I fell in with a little family party on the side of Mount Washington, and they, too, refused me so much as a note. Probably I was too near the birds in every case, though in the third instance there was no attempt at skulking nor any symptom of nervousness. I have often been impressed and amused by the blue jay's habit in this respect. No bird could well be noisier than he when the noisy mood takes him; but come upon him suddenly at close quarters and he will be as still as the grave itself. He has a double gift, of eloquence and silence,—silver and gold—and no doubt his Canadian cousin is equally well endowed.

The reader may complain, perhaps, that I speak only of trifles. Why go to a mountain-top to look at warblers and thrushes? I am not careful to justify myself. I love a mountain-top, and go there because I love to be there. It is good, I think, to be lifted above the every-day level, and to enjoy the society—and the absence of society—which the heights afford. Looking over my notes of this excursion, I came upon the following sentence: "To sit on a stone beside a mountain road, with olive-backed thrushes piping on every side, the ear-catching now and then the distant tinkle of a winter wren's tune, or the nearer *see, see, see* of black-poll warblers, while white-throated sparrows call cheerily out of the spruce forest—this is to be in another world."

This sense of distance and strangeness is not to be obtained, in my case at all events, by a few hours' stay in such a spot. I must pitch my tent there for at least a night or two. I cannot even see the prospect at first, much less feel the spirit of the place. There must be time for the old life to drop off, as it were, while eye and ear grow wonted to novel sights and sounds. Doubtless I did take note of trivial things, of the call of a bird and the fragrance of a flower. It was a pleasing relief after living so long with men whose minds were all the time full of those serious and absorbing questions, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

I remember with special pleasure a pro-

fusion of white orchids (*Habenaria dilatata*) which bordered the roadside not far from the top, their spikes of waxy snow-white flowers giving out a rich, spicy odor hardly to be distinguished from the scent of carnation pinks. I remember, too, how the whole summit, from the Nose to the Chin, was sprinkled with the modest and beautiful Greenland sandwort, springing up in every little patch of thin soil, where nothing else would flourish, and blossoming even under the door-step of the hotel. Unpretending as it is, this little alpine adventurer makes the most of its beauty. The blossoms are not crowded into close heads, so as to lose their individual attractiveness, like the florets of the golden-rod, for example; nor are they set in a stiff spike, after the manner of the orchis just now mentioned. At the same time the plant does not trust to the single flower to bring it into notice. It grows in a pretty tuft, and throws out its blossoms in a graceful, loose cluster. The eye is caught by the cluster, and yet each flower shows by itself, and its own proper loveliness is in no way sacrificed to the general effect. How wise, too, is the sandwort in its choice of a dwelling-place! In the valley it would be lost amid the crowd. On the bare, brown mountain-top its scattered tufts of green and white appeal to all comers.

To what extent, if at all, the sandwort depends upon the service of insects for its fertilization, I do not know, but it certainly has no scarcity of such visitors. "Bees will soar for bloom high as the highest peak of Mansfield"; so runs an entry in my note-book, with a pardonable adaptation of Wordsworth's line; and I was glad to notice that even the splendid black-and-yellow butterfly (*Turnus*), which was often to be seen sucking honey from the fragrant orchis, did not disdain to sip also from the sandwort's cup. This large and elegant butterfly—our largest—is thoroughly at home on our New England mountains, sailing over the very loftiest peaks, and making its way through the forests with a strong and steady flight. Many a time have I taken a second look at one, as it has threaded the tree-tops over my head, thinking to see a bird. Besides the *Turnus*, I noted here the nettle tortoise-shell butterfly (*Vanessa Milberti*—a showy insect, and the more attractive to me as being comparatively a stranger); the common cabbage butterfly; the yellow *Philodice*; the copper; and, much more abundant than any of these, a large

orange-red fritillary (*Aphrodite*, I suppose), gorgeously bedecked with spots of silver on the under surface of the wings. All these evidently knew that plenty of flowers were to be found along this seemingly barren, rocky crest. Whether they have any less sensuous motive for loving to wander over such heights, who will presume to determine? It may very well be that their almost ethereal structure—such spread of wing with such lightness of body—is only the outward sign of gracious thoughts and feelings, of a sensitiveness to beauty far surpassing anything of which we ourselves are capable. What a contrast between them and the grub gnawing ceaselessly under the spruce-tree bark! Can the highest angel be as far above the lowest man? And yet (how mysteriously suggestive would the fact be, if only it were new to us!) this same light-winged *Aphrodite*, flitting from blossom to blossom in the mountain breeze, was but a few days ago an ugly, crawling thing, close cousin to the borer. Since then it has fallen asleep and been changed,—a parable, past all doubt, though as yet we lack eyes to read it.

I have spoken hitherto as if I were the only sojourner at the summit, but there was another man, though I seldom saw him; a kind of hermit, living in a little shanty under the lee of the Nose. Almost as a matter of course he was reputed to be of good family and to read Greek, and the fact that he now and then received a bank draft evidently gave him a respectable standing in the eye of the hotel clerk. Something—something of a very romantic nature, we may presume—had driven him away from the companionship of his fellows, but he still found it convenient to be within reach of human society. Like all such solitaires, he had some half-insane notions. He could not sleep in-doors, not for a night; it would ruin his health, if I understood him correctly; and because of wild animals—bears and what not—he made his bed on the roof of his hermitage. I had often dreamed of the enjoyment of a life in the woods all by one's self, but such a mode of existence did not gain in attractiveness as I saw it here in the concrete example. On the whole I was well satisfied to sleep in the hotel and eat at the hotel table. Liberty is good, but I thought it might be undesirable to be a slave to my freedom.

Two or three times a wagon-load of tourists appeared at the hotel. They strolled about

the summit, admired the prospect, picked a bunch of sandwort, perhaps, but especially they went to see the snow. They had been at much trouble to stand upon the highest land in Vermont, and now that they were here, they wished to do or see something unique, something that should mark the day as eventful. So they were piloted to a cave mid way between the Nose and the Chin, into which the sun never peeped, and wherein a snow-bank still lingered. The mountain was grand, the landscape was magnificent, but to eat a handful of snow and throw a snow-ball in the middle of July—this was almost like being at the North Pole; it would be something to talk about after getting home.

One visitor I rejoiced to see, though a stranger. I was on the Nose in the afternoon, enjoying once more the view of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, when I descried two men far off toward the Chin. They had come up the mountain, not by the carriage road, but by a trail on the opposite side, and plainly were in no haste, though the afternoon was wearing away. As I watched their movements, a mile or two in the distance, I said to myself, "Good! they are botanists." So it proved; or rather one of them was a botanist,—a college professor on a pedestrian collecting excursion. We compared notes after supper and walked together the next morning, enjoying that peculiar good fellowship which nothing but a kindred interest and an unexpected meeting in a lonesome place can make possible. Then he started down the carriage road with the design of exploring Smuggler's Notch, and I have never seen or heard from him since. I hope he is still botanizing on the shores of time, and finding many a precious rarity; and should he ever read this reference to himself may it be with a feeling as kindly as that with which the lines are written.

That afternoon I followed him, somewhat unexpectedly. I went down, as I had come up, on wheels; but I will not say in ignoble fashion, for the driver—the hotel proprietor himself—was in haste, the carriage had no brake, and the speed with which we rattled down the steep pitches and round the sharp curves, with the certainty that if anything should break, the horse would run and our days would be ended,—these things, and especially the latter consideration, of which I thought and the other man spoke, made the descent one of pleasurable excitement. We

reached the base in safety and I was left at the nearest farm-house, where by dint of some persuasion the house-wife was induced to give me a lodging for the night, so that on the morrow I might make a long day in Smugglers' Notch, a famous botanical resort between Mount Mansfield and Mount Sterling, which I had for years been desirous of visiting.

I would gladly have stayed longer on the

heights, but it was pleasant also to be once more in the lowlands; to walk out after supper and look up instead of down, while the chimney swifts darted hither and thither with their merry, breathless cacklings. How welcome, too, were the hearty music of the robin and the carol of the grass finch! After all, I thought, home is in the valley; but the whistle of the white-throat reminded me that I was not yet back in Massachusetts.

TWO CHIEFS OF THE GREAT LEAGUE.

THE CHAUTAUQUA COUNTRY IN HISTORY.*

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE, PH. D.

MEN are still living who remember with what interest they heard at their mother's knee the story of General Anthony Wayne's victory over the Indians in 1795. That victory gave peace to the Chautauqua country, and began its long era of prosperity. Allured by flattering prospects the immigrant came into the country; but he found the land in litigation, controlled by speculators, and the possibility of acquiring title almost hopeless. Congress had paid the revolutionary loan from Holland in land warrants at thirty-two cents an acre, and the Holland Company received all the land now comprised in the ten western counties of New York and the greater part of Erie, Warren, and McKean Counties in Pennsylvania. A new war of claims set in. Huron had struggled with Algonquin in ancient days for the possession of the Chautauqua country; England and France fought for America on that soil; five American commonwealths had claimed that land under their shadowy charters; the United States had redeemed its financial honor with Chautauqua land; and at last, after centuries of storm and stress, a new contest, a miniature civil war, a war of claims—and among the first American settlers in that land—broke out.

To the confusion of titles the Pennsylvania legislature contributed, in 1792, by offering land along Lake Erie at seven pounds ten shillings the hundred acres, with payment in soldiers' claims or in depreciated state script.

The contesting population companies in Pennsylvania met a contesting claimant in the great Holland Company whose prior right to the Chautauqua country was at last decided by the United States Supreme Court. The burden of paying twice for the land crushed many pioneers, and deserting their claims, they and their families moved into Ohio. Soon a great part of the Chautauqua country was again a wilderness. The wild game once more roamed the field and forest, and evil reports concerning the region spread far and wide.

While yet the settlers were few in number, and were arriving on foot, on horse-back, or in ox-carts, with farming tools few and rude, and a scanty supply of seeds; with the blue chest, brought from New England, packed with clothing, and serving as table, bureau, box, and bed-stead; with the loom and the bake kettle in the wagon box, and the tired cattle and the self-conscious farm dog toiling on behind; with untouched forests to the south, the east, and the west, and Lake Erie gleaming to the north; with the sound of wild beasts at night and the flutter of the leaves by day making a lonely land more lonely to those who entered it, the entire Chautauqua country was subject to the invisible but almost supreme authority of two native princes of the Seneca nation: Cornplanter, the warrior, and Red Jacket, the orator of his people. Born in 1732, Cornplanter's life extended over more than a hundred years, linking the events of the old French war with a period within the memory of living men. He had fought in ambuscade, when Braddock fell—coolly directing his braves to pick off

* Articles in this series already published are: "Chautauqua in History," in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for July, 1888, and "Chautauqua Life in 1800," in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for July, 1889.

the English officers; and it was he, who after repeatedly aiming at Washington, had at last desisted, exclaiming that "that man's life is charmed." Washington was the only commissioned officer who escaped on that fatal day, and the chieftain's prophecy was fulfilled in many a later fight.

Pontiac and Red Jacket and Joseph Brandt were his friends, or his enemies, as fortune ruled. But for more than half a century his attachment to the Americans was unswerving. His own domain extended from Buffalo to Pittsburgh, from Chautauqua Lake to Cleveland. In the councils of the Six Nations, among whom he was the senior chief, he always favored the Americans. A native prescience told him that the lords of the land had come, and that he and his people must soon waste away. Brandt and Red Jacket repeatedly accused him of bribery; they said that he spoke with gold in his mouth; counseling peace, he advised his people to sell their lands—and his name appears on every Indian deed of land in the Chautauqua country from 1784 till his death in 1836—and all that land traces a title by Indian deed.

In 1794 his personal authority prevented the destruction of Meadville, and many anecdotes may be related of his magnanimity toward the whites. To-day, near the city of Warren, the traveler may see the ancient estate of Cornplanter, secured to Cornplanter and his heirs forever by the state of Pennsylvania, in recognition of his services in the peaceful acquisition and survey of the Chautauqua country. On Howell's map of 1792 a large portion of the country on the upper waters of the Conewango, near Chautauqua Lake, is marked: "O'Beals-Cayentona, i. e., Cornplanter's, the O'Beal-Senecas." On the 9th of January, 1789, the last vestige of the Indian empire in the Triangle was signed away by Cornplanter to the United States. The chieftain's home was a low house of princely dimensions with a broad piazza along its entire front. It stood amidst an estate of thirteen hundred acres, six hundred of which encircled his house. If a white visitor came, Cornplanter himself took charge of the horses, himself went into the field, cut the oats, and fed the animals, although many were around him to obey his commands. The Rev. Timothy Alden, president of Allegheny College, visited him in 1816; he described Cornplanter's countenance as strongly marked with intelligence and re-

flection, and he thought the chieftain might be about sixty-eight years of age; he was actually about eighty-five.

In 1822 the authorities of Warren County attempted to levy taxes upon him and his clan; the old chief had never before been called on for that purpose and he objected to their payment. An armed sheriff's posse was called out to enforce the payment, but arriving near Cornplanter's town it was deemed prudent to send forward a few of their number to confer with the chief. When they came to his house they noticed a considerable number of Indians lounging about and some of them were partly concealed in the bushes near by. Cornplanter received the committee with great dignity. The interview took place near his house, and around the sides of it were about a hundred rifles. When asked for the payment of the taxes the old man sternly refused, and pointing to the guns said, "An Indian for each rifle," and in response to his call his clansmen sprang forward to the house. The sheriff and his men withdrew without enforcing the claim. Cornplanter afterward for the sake of peace went to Warren to give his note for the amount of the taxes. This note was never collected. The Legislature of Pennsylvania released the taxes and exonerated him forever from the payment of taxes on the lands granted him by the commonwealth.

Chief Justice Thompson has left a description of Cornplanter as he saw the old chieftain in 1836 (1835), a year before the Indian's death. "I once saw the aged and venerable chief and had an interesting interview with him about a year and a half before his death. I thought of many things when seated near him beneath the wide-spreading shade of an old sycamore on the bank of the Allegheny; many things to ask him; the scenes of the revolution, the generals that fought its battles and conquered the Indians, his tribe, the Six Nations, and himself. He was constitutionally sedate, was never observed to smile, much less to indulge in the luxury of a laugh. When I saw him he estimated his age at over 100 years. I think that 103 was about his reckoning of it. This would make him near 105 years old at the time. His person was much stooped and his stature was far short of what it once had been, not being over 5 feet 6 inches at the time I speak of. Time and hardship had made dreadful impression upon that ancient form. The chest was

sunken and his shoulders were drawn forward making the upper part of his body resemble a trough. His limbs had lost their symmetry and become crooked. His feet, too, (for he had taken off his moccasins), were deformed and haggard by injury. Most of his fingers on one hand were useless, the sinews having been severed by a blow of the tomahawk or scalping knife. He had but one eye, and even the socket of the lost organ was hid by the overhanging brow resting upon the high cheek bone. His remaining eye was of the brightest and blackest hue. His ears had been dressed in the Indian mode and all but the outside had been cut away; on the one ear the ring had been torn asunder near the top and hung down his neck like a useless rag. He had a full head of hair, white as snow, which covered a head of ample dimensions and admirable shape. His face was not swarthy, but he was half Indian. He told me that he had been at Franklin more than eighty years before the period of our conversation, on his passage down the Ohio with the warriors of his tribe on some expedition against the Creeks and Osages."

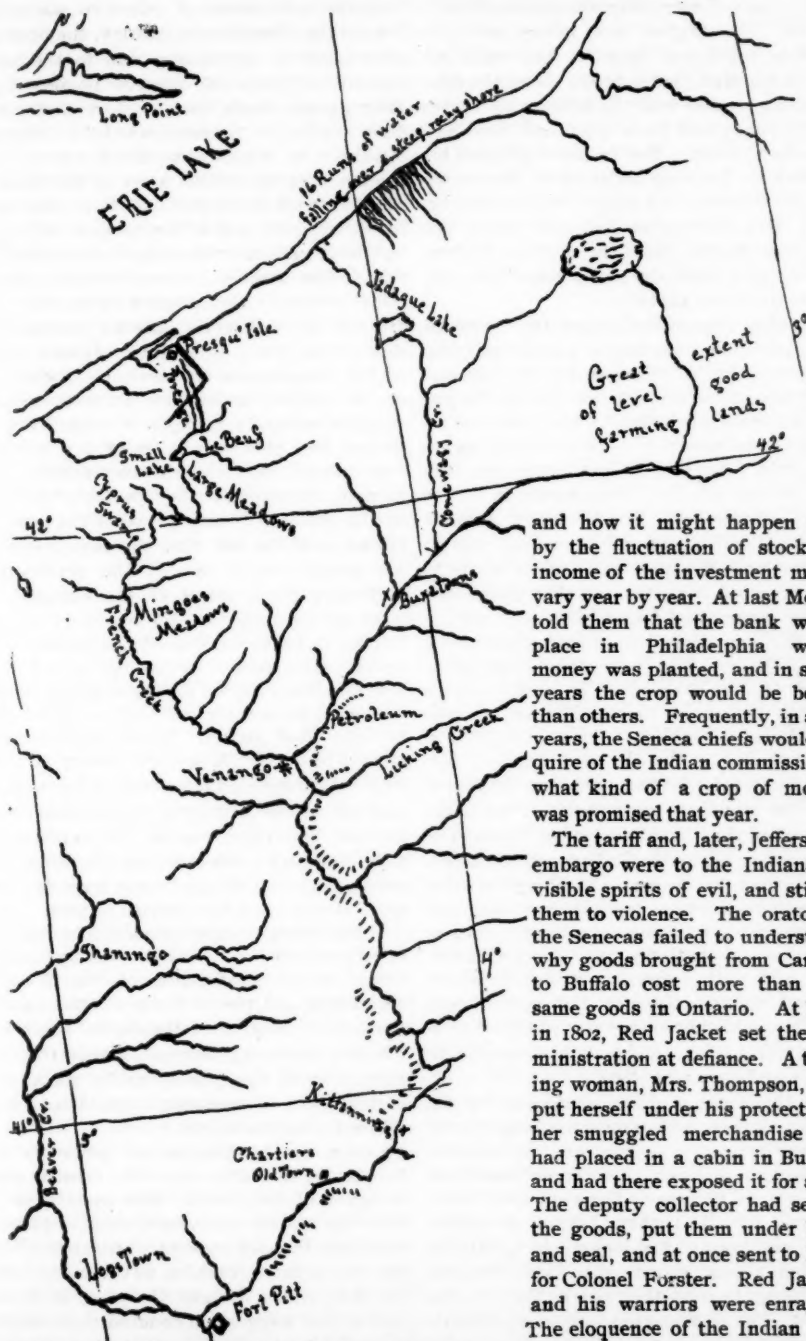
At another time Cornplanter dwelt particularly on the virtues of Washington, "the great and good White Father." He brought forth from a well-covered valise in which were carefully wrapped in linen cloth two or three "talks" as he termed them, on parchment, to which was appended the autograph of Washington. He said he had met Washington a number of times and treated with him. His single eye sparkled with animation when that name was mentioned, and gleamed again with the unconquerable fire that had enkindled three generations of men to deeds of savage bravery. When a little more than half a century ago Cornplanter passed away, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania erected a suitable monument to his memory.

Before the Holland Company secured title to lands in Western New York, Robert Morris and others of Philadelphia had organized a land company and had extinguished the Indian title by a purchase consummated at Big Tree (Geneseo, N. Y.). The Holland Company purchased from Morris. As Cornplanter took a leading part in the land negotiations at Presque Isle when the Triangle was ceded to Pennsylvania by the Six Nations, so Red Jacket figured at Big Tree in the cession by the Six Nations to Morris and

the Commissioners in 1797; equal in authority with Cornplanter as a Seneca chief, Red Jacket differed from him in contradictions and vices of character, and he was his junior by nearly a generation. At the conference at Big Tree, Red Jacket was haughty and boastful, and to take the conceit out of him, the son of Morris assured the chieftain that the Senecas were not of so much consequence as some of their chiefs supposed, in proof of which Morris reminded Red Jacket of the small consideration shown a deputation of Seneca chiefs during their recent mission to the Miamis, where they were treated with such indifference that the Senecas had returned home deeply mortified. To this Red Jacket replied, with Indian stoicism, that the reason for this ill-treatment was that the Seneca braves were in bad company; had they made the journey to the westward alone they would have been received with the consideration "due the watchmen of the western lodge," but they had made the journey with the Commissioners of the United States, which explained the contempt in which the chiefs were held by the Miamis.

After a long conference the decision of the chiefs was against selling their lands to Morris—a decision brought out by the inimitable eloquence of Red Jacket, but reversed by a dexterous appeal by Morris to the cupidity of the Seneca women who persuaded their men to sell. Red Jacket at once forsook the council and feigned great abhorrence of the cession, but after speaking with wonderful power against parting with the Chautauqua country, he came, late in the night of the council day, and awakening Morris, requested that a place be left on the deed of cession "high up for him," that when General Washington saw it he might say, "Sa-go-ye-wat-ha (Red Jacket) is yet a man." But the real cause of Red Jacket's departure from the council was to put the entire responsibility of the sale upon Cornplanter, who had re-opened the council fire after Red Jacket had put it out.

Among other obstacles in the way of a powerful acquisition of the Chautauqua country were the instructions of President Washington that no treaty could be made unless the purchase money be invested in the Bank of North America, in the name of the President of the United States, in trust for the Seneca nation. It was found impossible to make a bank intelligible to the Indians,



The Chautauqua Country according to the Map of T. Hutchins made in London in 1778.

and how it might happen that by the fluctuation of stock the income of the investment might vary year by year. At last Morris told them that the bank was a place in Philadelphia where money was planted, and in some years the crop would be better than others. Frequently, in after years, the Seneca chiefs would inquire of the Indian commissioner what kind of a crop of money was promised that year.

The tariff and, later, Jefferson's embargo were to the Indians invisible spirits of evil, and stirred them to violence. The orator of the Senecas failed to understand why goods brought from Canada to Buffalo cost more than the same goods in Ontario. At last, in 1802, Red Jacket set the administration at defiance. A trading woman, Mrs. Thompson, had put herself under his protection; her smuggled merchandise she had placed in a cabin in Buffalo and had there exposed it for sale. The deputy collector had seized the goods, put them under lock and seal, and at once sent to Erie for Colonel Forster. Red Jacket and his warriors were enraged. The eloquence of the Indian was kindled and burst forth in flame.

"The chain of friendship was getting rusty; General Washington was asleep and his children could not hear." And with his tomahawk Red Jacket broke down the door of the cabin, and with the help of his braves carried the goods to a boat and conveyed them to Canada. The Indian explained his conduct, to his own satisfaction, by saying that the collector had seized the blankets because Mrs. Thompson had sold them two shillings cheaper than the Buffalo traders. The incident illustrates some ideas still taught in free trade and protection.

The eloquence of Red Jacket was his source of power among his people, but it was spent in vain. Unlike Cornplanter, he opposed every advance of civilization. At last he was deposed from his office by his people on account of drunkenness. In order to regain his former place of influence among the Senecas, he journeyed to Washington in 1829 to visit the President. The "reign of Andrew Jackson" had begun and democracy was for the first time triumphant. On his return to Albany, word was given out that the famous Seneca orator, Red Jacket, who had just visited the new President, would pronounce a panegyric upon him. The Democratic legislature of New York was in session, but it speedily adjourned to join the enthusiastic multitude assembled to hear their political idol extolled by the eloquent Seneca. Excited partisans who had paid an extravagant price for standing room were chilled to the bone when they heard, instead of a panegyric on Jackson, a maudlin Indian recount a previous visit to George Washington—that Federalist—to whom Jackson was compared to the serious disadvantage of Jackson. Feelings of impatience soon changed to disgust, and only a few lonely Federalists remained to the close of the speech, who speedily published an account of the affair as an excellent joke. Red Jacket returned to his people and soon after died.

At the time of their discovery by the whites, government among the Iroquois was a pure democracy, carried on "by superior intellectual abilities or their extraordinary prowess and success on the war path," writes General Ely S. Parker, himself a Seneca chief, successor of Red Jacket, chief of staff to General Grant during the Civil War, and still living to wear the medal given to Red Jacket by Washington as a symbol of authority.

In the confederacy of tribes to whom belonged the Chautauqua country, the Senecas maintained a supremacy due to the intellectual and physical powers possessed by their greater chiefs, such as Cornplanter and Red Jacket. Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, "Keeper Awake," in allusion to his power of eloquence, was the Indian name of Red Jacket. He was fierce in temper, defiant in language and in manner, and without a peer in Indian subtlety. His marvelous memory carried all the Indian treaties, but not always as they were written. Cornplanter, foreseeing the triumph of civilization, labored to ease the descent of his people into oblivion; Red Jacket, conscious of the inevitable supremacy of the whites, maintained an unequal and pitiable struggle to keep the land of his fathers and the nationality of his people. Vain, stoical, bold, subtle, melancholy, passionate, intemperate Red Jacket—"the last of the Senecas"—was a type of his race, reserved until the last, that the conquerors of his people might behold the intellectual stature of the greatest of the vanquished. Restless, unhappy, his life was a requiem of failure, and rest was denied his bones. The antagonistic powers which for ages had in succession contended for the lordship of the Chautauqua country, seemed to haunt the bones of Red Jacket. His remains, resting in 1852 in the old Mission Cemetery at East Buffalo, surrounded by several of his race renowned in the history of the Senecas, were marked by a plain marble slab—erected by the comedian Placide—but the tombstone had been nearly half chipped away by relic hunters. Here he had been buried in 1832.

What strange vicissitudes destiny had decreed his body! It was exhumed by friendly hands at the instigation of Mr. Wheeler Hotchkiss, and, placed in a new coffin, was deposited in the cellar of Hotchkiss' residence. The few surviving Senecas, discovering the mutilation of the grave, hastily visited Mr. Hotchkiss, who, seriously alarmed, told them where he had buried the body. It was taken by them to Cattaraugus and placed in the keeping of Ruth Stevenson, the favorite stepdaughter of Red Jacket. She secretly buried the body and for years concealed the place of sepulture from all persons. Years passed and the red woman revealed to the missionary, the Rev. Asher Wright, the place of burial, and at his suggestion concluded to deliver the relics to the Buffalo Historical Society,

which, with the approval of the Seneca Council, had undertaken to provide a fit resting place for the remains of Red Jacket and of several chiefs of his nation. In 1879 the body was given in trust to the society and was deposited for safe keeping in one of the vaults of the Western Savings Bank of Buffalo, until its final burial in Forest Lawn, October 9, 1884. The obsequies on that day were solemn and appropriate. The President of the United States, the Governor of New York, Bancroft the historian, members of learned societies, and above forty chiefs and sachems of the Six Nations were present and were represented in the obsequies. Sagoyewat-ha was at last at rest. It was the burial of the vanquished by the victors. Over the grave of the Demosthenes of the ancient Chautauqua country, the orators, the historians, the poets, of the victorious race pronounced eulogy, but it was the eulogy that the conqueror gives to the conquered. More eloquent than the speech of any of the whites was the low, mournful chant sung in the Onondaga language by the surviving chiefs of the once powerful Confederacy:

Now listen, ye who established the Great League,
Now it has become old—
Now there is nothing but wilderness,
Ye are in your graves who established it—

Ye have taken it with you, and have placed it
under you,
And there is nothing left but a desert.
There you have taken your intellects with you.
What ye established ye have taken with you.
Ye have placed under your heads what ye established—The Great League.

Woe! Woe!
Harken ye!
We are diminished!
Woe! Woe!
The clear land has become a thicket.
Woe! Woe!
The clear places are deserted.
Woe!
They are in their graves—
They who established it—
Woe!
The Great League.
Yet they declared,
It should endure—
The Great League.
Woe!
Their work has grown old.
Woe!
Thus we are become miserable.

The Great League, ancient master of the Chautauqua country, has vanished. Upon a few small reservations in that land a few of the Iroquois still remain. The League and its two mightiest chiefs are a memory.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

BY L. H. BOUTELL.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER was born at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, May 23, 1810. Her father, the son of a clergyman settled at Princeton, graduated at Harvard with high reputation as a scholar, practiced law, and was for eight years a representative in Congress. A proud, ambitious man, he set himself resolutely to work to develop to the utmost the intellectual powers of Margaret, his oldest child, and was for some time her only teacher. According to the notions then prevalent, he thought education consisted in becoming an accomplished classical scholar; and, as but little attention had been given to the laws of health, he thought the earlier a child began its studies, the better. Margaret was a precocious child, and so we find her conjugating *amo* when she should

have been making mud pies. At six years of age, she began to read Latin, and she kept up its study daily till she could read it fluently. Very early, too, she became familiar with French. Her father's library was well stocked with the English literature of Queen Anne's time and the French literature of the eighteenth century. In this library she seems to have been allowed to forage at pleasure.

The result of this excessive mental stimulus was that her constitution, naturally robust, gave way, and she became a victim of all sorts of nervous diseases,—headache, spectral illusions, night-mare, somnambulism. She never entered into the sports of children, save as a means of working off her nervous excitement, and then she plunged into them with such a frenzied energy as to make her—

self an object of ridicule or terror to her companions. Living in an ideal world with the heroes, gods, and demi-gods of Greece and Rome, drinking with feverish thirst the impassioned sentimentalism of Rousseau, her imagination filled with the pomps and splendors and stately manners of courts and palaces, she became disdainful of home and home-life, despised the plain, sensible people she saw at church, and fancied she was not her father's child but some princess driven by fate and the anger of the gods on the bleak shores of New England.

Alas for Margaret's pride,—nature so lavish to her in intellectual gifts, had denied her all outward graces. And so when she left the seclusion of home, where she was petted and spoiled, and went to school with other girls, while her marvelous acquirements and talents excited astonishment, her pride and pretention and sarcasms disgusted her schoolmates, who thereupon made fun of her awkward manners and homely face. In after years, these school-days seemed very dark to her; but they helped to dispel some of her illusions, taught her where her true strength lay, and led her to devote herself, with new energy, to the cultivation of her mind. Finding she was not handsome, she made up her mind, as she says, "to be bright and ugly."

As to the manner in which she employed her time, take this extract from a letter, written when she was fifteen: "I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practice on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French—Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe'—till eight, then two or three lectures in Brown's Philosophy. About half past nine, I go to Mr. Perkins' school and study Greek till twelve, when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practice again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six, I walk or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing, for half an hour or so, to make all sleepy, and about eleven retire to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics which I am filling up according to advice."

The impelling motive to this industry she thus describes, in the same letter: "I feel the power of industry growing every day, and be-

sides the all-powerful motive of ambition, and a new stimulus given through a friend, I have learned to believe that nothing, no, not perfection, is unattainable. I am determined on distinction, which formerly I thought to win at an easy rate; but now I see that long years of labor must be given to secure even the *succes de société*, which, however, shall not content me. I see multitudes of examples of persons of genius, utterly deficient in grace and the power of pleasurable excitement. I wish to combine both. I know the obstacles in my way. I am wanting in that intuitive tact and polish which nature has bestowed upon some, but which I must acquire; and, on the other hand, my powers of intellect, I suppose, are not well-disciplined. Yet all such hindrances may be overcome by an ardent spirit."

At sixteen, she appears to have left school, and thenceforward, with only occasional help from a teacher, to have pursued her studies by herself. I have said she early read Latin fluently. She also knew something of Spanish, and a little Greek. But French and Italian literature she studied thoroughly. Dante and Petrarch remained through life her favorite authors. At the age of twenty-two, she learned German. In three months she could read it easily, and from that time on she was an enthusiastic student of German literature. Probably Goethe influenced her mind and character more profoundly than any other genius. A critique on his genius, which she published in the *Dial*, is said to be one of the best things ever written on that subject. Strange to say, Margaret was not a thorough student of English literature, and she never acquired a good English style of writing. At the age of twenty-five, R. W. Emerson found she was "little read in Shakspeare"; and says: "I believe I had the pleasure of making her acquainted with Chaucer, with Ben Jonson, with Herbert, Chapman, Ford, Beaumont, Fletcher, with Bacon, and Sir Thomas Browne."

The seven years succeeding her school-days were the most brilliant, the happiest, in many respects the most interesting, of her life. Apparently more exempt from pain than at any other period, and free from care and anxiety; at liberty to study what and when she chose; each day bringing with it new consciousness of power, and revealing more clearly her mission in life; mingling constantly in the most intelligent and refined society in

this country, creating for herself an ever-widening circle of friends from among the most beautiful, the most highly cultured, in the land; astonishing her friends and herself by that wonderful conversational power on which her fame most securely rests,—this was the meridian splendor of a life which rose and set in storm and darkness.

Had Margaret been a man, she would, she said, have been an orator. Being a woman, conservatism led her to choose conversation in which to display her talents and her acquirements. Accordingly, she made conversation a fine art. Into it she poured all the wealth of her nature, all the treasures of her knowledge. How shall I describe her conversation? Let us consider some of the elements which entered into it. The fundamental elements of her character, which made one forgive and forget her faults, were her good sense and her womanliness; and these qualities gave to her conversation its chief dignity and value. Then her vast and varied reading filled her retentive memory with an endless wealth of illustration and anecdote. Add to this a wonderful command of language, ready wit, sparkling fancy, and a contagious enthusiasm. She had that quickness of perception, and that delicate intellectual sympathy which enabled her to divine the thoughts which others were unable fully to express, and she had that magnetic power which thrilled and charmed and made her presence an inspiration. Her conversation was rarely what Coleridge's almost always was, a monologue. For her to do her best, others must take part. The excitement of conversation stimulated her, but there must be an interchange of thought.

She says of herself, "There is a mortifying sense of having played the Mirabeau after a talk with intelligent persons. They come with a store of acquired knowledge and reflection on the subject in debate, about which I may know little and may have reflected less; yet, by mere apprehensiveness and prompt intuition I may appear their superior. Spontaneously, I appropriate all their material, and turn it to my own ends, as if it were my inheritance from a long train of ancestors. Rays of truth flash out at the moment, and they are startled by the light thrown over their familiar domain. Still they are gainers, for I give them new impulse, and they go on their way rejoicing in the light glimpses they have caught. I should despise myself if I

purposely appeared thus brilliant, but I am inspired by a power higher than my own."

Emerson, in summing up his account of her character, says, "All those powers and accomplishments found their best and only adequate channel in her conversation,—a conversation which those who have heard it, unanimously, as far as I know, pronounced to be, in elegance, in range, in flexibility and adroit transition, in depth, in cordiality, and in moral aim, altogether admirable; surprising and cheerful as a poem, and communicating its own civility and elevation like a charm to all hearers. She was here, among our anxious citizens, and frivolous fashionists, as if sent to refine and polish her countrymen, and announce a better day. She poured a stream of amber over the endless store of private anecdotes, of bosom histories, which her wonderful persuasion drew forth, and transfigured them into fine fables. Whilst she embellished the moment, her conversation had the merit of being solid and true. She put her whole character into it, and had the power to inspire. The companion was made a thinker, and went away quite other than he came. The circle of friends who sat with her were not allowed to remain spectators or players, but she converted them into heroes, if she could. The Muse woke the muses, and the day grew bright and eventful."

At this period of her life, Margaret was a diligent student of character, no less than of books. She was not content with a superficial knowledge of persons, but sought to explore the innermost recesses of life, the hidden springs of action. Few persons have ever succeeded so perfectly, in securing the confidence of others, and in unlocking the secrets of the heart. The confidence reposed in her was never violated, and she repaid it by sensible advice and by imparting something of her own enthusiasm for whatever was excellent and noble.

This fondness for studying characters, combined with her love of society, led to the formation of those friendships which constitute a unique chapter in her life. She eagerly sought the acquaintance and friendship of those, especially the young, who exhibited any love for a higher culture than they found around them. I say, she sought these friends; she did not wait to be sought. Indeed, some of those who finally became her warmest friends, at first avoided her society; but this did not discourage her; she persevered in seek-

ing them, till they finally yielded to the magic of her sway. Absence did not diminish her interest in her friends. She retained her hold upon them by a constant correspondence. And these letters are worth more than all her books. The best part of herself shines in them. In the last years of her life, though sick and worn out with care and anxiety, she would not relinquish one of her hundred correspondents. Indeed, so large a part did these friends seem to form of her life, that it was at one time proposed to entitle her memoirs, *Margaret and her Friends*.

In the year 1833, her father, having met with some pecuniary losses, removed to Groton, where he purchased a farm. It was painful to leave the brilliant circle of Cambridge, and apply herself to domestic drudgery. At the end of two years her father died. As he left no will, it made the settlement of the estate more complicated; and, as she was the eldest child, business cares were thrust upon her, for which she had had no training. The death of her father broke up a plan for a journey to Europe; and though her relatives and friends urged her to go, she determined to remain at home and assist in maintaining the family, and enabling her brothers to complete their education. So we find her teaching for a year in Mr. Alcott's school in Boston, and then for about two years in the Green Street School in Providence. She had many excellent notions about education; but teaching was not her forte. She had not the requisite patience, perseverance, and method. Her chief value as a teacher was in awakening enthusiasm for culture.

In the summer of 1839, she removed with her mother's family to Jamaica Plain, and the year after that to Cambridge. In 1840 the *Dial*, a quarterly magazine, was started, as the organ of the New England Transcendentalists. Margaret became its editor, but at the end of two years she was obliged by ill health to relinquish this post.

In the fall of 1839, she established in Boston her conversation classes, which were kept up with unabated interest for five successive winters. Some twenty-five of the most highly cultivated ladies of Boston and vicinity (and gradually ladies from New Haven and New York were attracted hither) met once a week during the winter months to discuss the varied themes connected with literature, art, and education. Margaret thus states the object of these meetings: "It is to pass in review

the departments of thought and knowledge, and endeavor to place them in due relation to one another in our minds; to systematize thought, and give a precision and clearness in which our sex are deficient, chiefly, I think, because they have so few inducements to test and classify what they receive; to ascertain what pursuits are best suited to us, in our time and state of society, and how we can make best use of our means for building up the life of thought upon the life of action." And again she says: "Women are now taught at school all that men are; they run over, superficially, even more studies, without being really taught any thing. When they come to the business of life they find themselves inferior, and all their studies have not given them that practical good sense and mother wisdom and wit, which grew up with our grandmothers at the spinning-wheel. But with this difference: men are called on from a very early period to reproduce all they learn. Their college exercises, their political duties, their professional studies, the first actions of life in any direction, call on them to put to use what they have learned. But women learn without any attempt to reproduce. Their only reproduction is for the purpose of display."

The method of conducting these conversations is thus described: "I am so sure that the success of the whole depends on conversation being general, that I do not wish any one to come who does not intend, if possible, to take an active part. No one will be forced, but those who do not talk will not derive the same advantages with those who openly state their own impressions and can consent to have it known that they learned by blundering, as is the destiny of man here below. And general silence or side-talks would paralyze me. I should feel coarse and misplaced, were I to harangue overmuch."

A member of the class thus describes one of the meetings: "Christmas made a holiday for Miss Fuller's class, but it met on Saturday at noon. As I sat there, my heart overflowed with joy at the sight of the bright circle, and I longed to have you by my side, for I know not where to look for so much character, culture, and so much love of truth and beauty, in any other circle of women and girls. Margaret, beautifully dressed, presided with more dignity and grace than I had thought possible. The subject was beauty. Each had written her definition, and Margaret began

by reading her own. This called forth questions, illustrations, and comments on all sides. The style and manners in this age are different, of course; but the question, the high point from which it was considered, and the earnestness and simplicity of the discussion, as well as the gifts and graces of the speakers, gave it the charm of a Platonic dialogue. There was no pretension or pedantry in a word that was said. The tone of remark and question was simple as that of children in a school class; and I believe every one was gratified."

Margaret thus speaks of the class: "I was so fortunate as to rouse at once the tone of simple earnestness, which can scarcely, when once awakened, cease to vibrate. All seem in a glow, and all quite as receptive as I wish. They question and examine, yet follow leadings; and thoughts, not opinions, have ruled the hour every time." Again she says, "So even devoutly thoughtful seems their spirit, that from the first I took my place and never had the feeling I dreaded, of display, of a paid Corinne. I feel as I would, truly a teacher and a guide."

Margaret had found her throne at last. Well might she say at the close of this period, "Life is worth living."

In the fall of 1844, she accepted an offer from Horace Greeley to write for the *New York Tribune*, and to reside in his family. Here she remained for a year and a half.

It may interest you to know what these two persons, so unlike, and in different ways so famous, thought of each other. But first let us look at a picture which Margaret draws of Mr. Greeley's home at that time:

"This place is to me entirely charming; it is so completely in the country, and all around is so bold and free. It is two miles or more from the thickly settled parts of New York, but omnibuses and cars give me constant access to the city, and while I can readily see whom and what I will, I can command time and retirement. Stopping on the Harlem road, you enter a lane, nearly a quarter of a mile long, and going by a small brook and pond that locks in the place, and ascending a slightly rising ground, get sight of the house, which, old-fashioned and of mellow tint, fronts on a flower garden filled with shrubs, large vines, and trim box borders. On both sides of the house are beautiful trees, standing fair, full-grown, and clear. Passing through a wide hall, you come out upon a pi-

azza stretching the whole length of the house, where one can walk in all weathers; and thence by a step or two on a lawn with picturesque masses of rocks, shrubs, and trees, overlooking the East River. Gravel paths lead by several turns down the steep bank to the water's edge, where, round the rocky point, a small bay curves, in which boats are lying. And owing to the currents, and the set of the tide, the sails glide sidelong, seeming to greet the house as they sweep by. The beauty here seen by moonlight is truly transporting, I enjoy it greatly, and the *genius loci* receives me as to a home."

She thus describes Mr. Greeley: "Mr. Greeley is a man of genuine excellence, honorable, benevolent, and of an uncorrupted disposition. He is sagacious, and of great abilities. In modes of life and manner, he is a man of the people, and of the American people. He is in many ways very interesting for me to know. He teaches me things which my own influence on those who have hitherto approached me has prevented me from learning. In our business and friendly relations we are on terms of solid good-will and mutual respect. With the exception of my own mother, I think him the most disinterestedly generous person I have ever known."

On the other hand, Mr. Greeley thus speaks of his guest: "Though we were members of the same household, we scarcely met, say, save at breakfast; and my time and thoughts were absorbed in duties and cares which left me little leisure or inclination for the amenities of social intercourse. Fortune seemed to delight in placing us two in relations of friendly antagonism, or rather to develop all possible contrasts in our ideas and social habits. She was naturally inclined to luxury and a good appearance before the world. My pride, if I had any, delighted in bare walls and rugged fare. She was addicted to strong tea and coffee, both of which I rejected and condemned, even in the most homeopathic dilutions; while, my general health being sound, and hers sadly impaired, I could not fail to find, in her dietetic habits, the causes of her almost habitual illness; and once, while we were barely acquainted, when she came to the breakfast table with a very severe headache, I was tempted to attribute it to her strong potations of the Chinese leaf the night before. She told me frankly that she declined being lectured on the food or beverage she saw fit to take; which was but reasonable in one who had ar-

rived at her maturity of intellect and fixedness of habits. So the subject was thenceforth tacitly avoided between us; but though words were suppressed, looks and involuntary gestures could not so well be; and an utter divergency of views on this and kindred themes created a perceptible distance between us."

After paying a glowing tribute to her noble and brilliant qualities, he closes with this passage of exquisite beauty and tenderness:

"Her love of children was one of her most prominent characteristics. The pleasure she enjoyed in their society was fully counterpoised by that she imparted. To them she was never lofty, nor reserved, nor mystical; for no one had a more perfect faculty for entering into their sports, their feelings, their enjoyments. She could narrate almost any story in language level to their capacities, and in a manner calculated to bring out their hearty and often boisterously expressed delight. She possessed marvelous powers of observation and imitation and mimicry; and had she been attached to the stage, would have been the first actress America has produced, whether in tragedy or comedy. The faculty of mimicking was not needed to commend her to children, but it had its effect in increasing the fascinations of her genial nature, and heartfelt joy in their society. To amuse and instruct them was an achievement for which she could readily forego any personal object; and her intuitive perception of the toys, games, stories, and rhymes best adapted to enchain their attention was unsurpassed. Between her and my only child then living, who was eight months old when she came to us, and something over two years when she sailed for Europe, tendrils of affection gradually entwined themselves, which I trust death has not severed, but rather multiplied and strengthened. She became his teacher, playmate, and monitor, and he requited her with a prodigality of love and admiration.

"I shall not soon forget their meeting in my office after some weeks' separation, just before she left us forever. His mother had brought him from the country, and left him asleep on my sofa, while she was absent making purchases, and he had rolled off and hurt himself in the fall, waking with the shock in a frenzy of anger, just before Margaret, hearing of his arrival, rushed into the office to find him. I was vainly attempting to sooth him as she entered; but he was run-

ning from one end to the other of the office, crying passionately, and refusing to be pacified. She hastened to him in perfect confidence that her endearments would calm the current of his feelings, that the sound of her well-remembered voice would banish all thought of his pain, and that another moment would see him restored to gentleness; but, half-wakened, he did not heed her, and probably did not realize who it was that caught him repeatedly in her arms, and tenderly insisted that he should restrain himself. At last, she desisted in despair; and, with the bitter tears streaming down her face, observed, 'Pickie, many friends have treated me unkindly, but no one had ever the power to cut me to the heart as you have.' Being thus let alone, he soon came to himself, and their mutual delight in the meeting was rather heightened by the momentary estrangement.

"They had one more meeting, their last on earth. Aunt Margaret was to embark for Europe on a certain day, and Pickie was brought into the city to bid her farewell. They met this time also at my office and together we thence repaired to the ferry-boat, on which she was returning to her residence in Brooklyn to complete her preparations for the voyage. There they took a tender and affecting farewell of each other. But soon his mother called at the office on her way to the departing ship, and we were easily persuaded to accompany her thither, and say farewell once more, to the manifest satisfaction of both Margaret and the youngest of her devoted friends. There they parted, never to meet again in time. She sent him messages and presents repeatedly from Europe, and he, when somewhat older, dictated a letter in return, which was joyfully received and acknowledged. When the mother of our great-souled friend spent some days with us, nearly two years afterward, Pickie talked to her often and lovingly of Aunt Margaret, proposing that they two should take a boat and go over and see her; for, to his infantile conception the low coast of Long Island visible just across the East River was that Europe to which she had sailed, and where she was unaccountably detained so long. Alas! a far longer and more adventurous journey was required, to reunite those loving souls! The 12th of July, 1849, saw him stricken down, from health to death by the relentless cholera; and my letter announcing that calamity, drew from her a burst of passionate sorrow, such

as hardly any bereavement but the loss of a very near relative could have impelled. Another year had just ended, when a calamity equally sudden, bereft a wide circle of Margaret, her husband, and her infant son. Little did I fear, when I bade her a confident good-by on the deck of her outward-bound ship, that the seas would close over her earthly remains ere we should meet again; far less, that the light of my eyes and the cynosure of my hopes, who then bade her a tenderer and sadder farewell, would precede her on the dim pathway to that Father's house whence there is no returning! Ah, well! God is above all and gracious alike in what He conceals and what He discloses; benignant and bounteous, as well when He reclaims as when He bestows. In a few years, at farthest, our loved and lost ones will welcome us to their home."

In the spring of 1846, she sailed for Europe. After visiting other countries, she settled in Rome in the fall of 1847. Here she met and married an Italian nobleman, the Marquis D'Ossoli, seven years younger than herself. Here she beheld the dawn of that national life, which, struggling on through difficulties and disaster, has at last worked out the unity and independence of Italy. In the revolution of 1848, she played an important part, and while her husband fought from the walls of Rome, she nursed and cheered the wounded and dying. With the fall of Rome, perished her proudest hopes. After spending a few months in Florence, she sailed with her husband and child, from Leghorn, in the barque

Elizabeth, for America. They crossed the ocean in safety, and were within a few hours' sail from New York, when a terrible storm arose, and the vessel was wrecked off Fire Island, on the 19th of July, 1850. And so, in sight of home, Margaret, with her husband and child, perished in the waters. She was urged to take the means of escape which had proved effectual in the case of the only other lady passenger, but she would accept of no provisions for her own safety, in which her child and husband could not share. Standing by the mast of that ill-fated vessel, clasping the hands of her husband and her child, with a Roman courage she met her fate. "Nothing in her life became her like the leaving it."

In this brief sketch, I have been able to give but a faint outline of the life of this accomplished woman. Enough has been said to show that, in many respects, her life is of value rather as a warning than as an exemplar. As I think of her wonderful natural gifts, and the terrible mistakes of her education, she seems like a beautiful torso, a splendid possibility. Spite of her defects, there are many who will remember her with gratitude, as the one who first woke in them the love of a higher intellectual life, and kindled in their young hearts an enthusiasm for the beautiful, the good, and the true. If I were to express in a single sentence what seems to me to be the legacy she has left to the young women of America, it would be this: Strive to be accomplished;—remember that you are immortal.

SACRED TREES.

BY DR. FERD. ADALB. JUNKER VON LANGEGER.

Translated for "The Chautauquan," from the "Deutsche Rundschau."

TO what degree the religious systems and mythologies of the cultured people of antiquity were influenced by the story of the Creation and the Fall, can hardly be ascertained; yet in all, certain analogies are surprising.

Representations of the tree of life and knowledge are found in the oldest art works and paintings of the Egyptians and Africans as well as in those of the people of the far East. The sacred tree appears as an emblem of the universe and of the system of creation, but most frequently as the tree of life, whose

fruit fills believers with divine strength and prepares them for the joys of immortality. Its oldest representatives are the date-tree, the fig, and the fir or cedar.

The earliest representative of the palm is the genuine date-tree (*Phoenix dactylifera* L.) of the Nile valley and of the great alluvial plain of Babylon. This tree is of surprising height, of august dignity, and great beauty, when, at maturity, the golden fruit-clusters shine under the canopy of dark green feathery fans. The palm is represented as the tree of life on an Egyptian obelisk, which probably

belonged to the time of the eighth dynasty (1701-1447, according to Lepsius) and which is now set up in the royal museum at Berlin. Two arms reach from the top of the tree, one of which offers to a dead body a dish of dates, the other, the water of life. They are the arms of the Egyptian household goddess, Neb-hat, goddess of the nether world. In other and later representations, her entire figure appears.

In another column, copied by Rossellino, is a similar picture, in which the Egyptian fig-tree (*Ficus sycomorus* L.), the fig-tree of sacred writings, figures. There is also the fig-tree of India (*Ficus religiosa* L.) under which Vishnu was born and which Brahma made king of all trees when he appointed the kings of animals, birds, and plants. This fig-tree is also sacred to Buddha.

The tree which is represented by Assyrian painters as sacred, resembles the date-palm. It were scarcely possible to select more appropriate representatives of the mythic tree of life, whose fruit gives strength and wisdom, than the date and fig-trees, both of which are the most important producers of food in the East. "Honor your paternal nurse, the date-tree," said Mohammed, "for it was created from the same dust in Paradise as Adam."

A later Mohammedan legend relates that Adam was allowed to choose three things from Paradise: myrtle, the sweetest scented flower; corn, the best food; and dates, the most agreeable fruit in the world. These dates were brought in a wonderful manner to Hejaz, and thence sprang all date-trees in the world; and Allah assigned them for the food of all true believers who should conquer all lands where they grow.

The tree of life in several old mosaics in the apses of the Roman basilicas was represented by the palm. In the hands of martyrs it signified not only victory according to the heathen type, but more directly "the wood of life," whose leaves "serve for the healing of the nations."

Palm branches were brought home by the crusaders, and, later, great masses were fetched from the coast plains of Palestine by travelers to the sacred tomb. From this custom they were commonly called "Palms" and were thus distinguished from pilgrims to other places, as Rome, Compostela, etc. About that time palm-leaves were first used as ornaments on the carved capitals of

churches in Northern Europe. It is surprising, therefore, to find the date-palm in its oldest forms introduced into several French churches at an earlier period. This may have been effected by the extended commerce which during the Merovingian period existed between Gaul and the eastern sea-board of the Mediterranean. These unique and beautiful designs were imitated by Romish and native artists of Gaul in the decoration of their churches. Thus the African tree of life is seen between two lions standing guard, on the pediments of many church portals. The shape of the tree is curiously diversified and sometimes in place of lions are dragons and other winged monsters. But the original African form can be recognized in spite of all modifications.

Since the Middle Ages, palm leaves have been employed in Catholic lands in church decoration at Easter-time and on Palm-Sundays in memory of the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, and carried in the procession which in former times was formed in the church-yard. Catkins of willow are used mostly, especially of round-leaved willow (*Salix caprea* L.) which, according to old monastery verses, also were called palms.

The third of the oldest sacred trees of life, the fir or cedar, represents entirely different ideas. These firs unite elegance and flexibility with strength and durability, and those of upper Africa and Persia, although they nowhere attain the gigantic height of the deodār of the Himalayas, offer a striking contrast to the date-trees and tamarinds, which the prevailing tree-flora of the alluvial countries exhibit. All their varieties possess that grave, lofty character, which reaches its highest development in the venerable cedar of Lebanon.

It is probable that the cedar of the East in very early times was represented in the West by a different variety. Its peculiarities, height, and durability, were found among European trees, most pronouncedly in the oak, and upon it were conferred the attributes which at first were connected with the firs. Like the cedar of the East, it became a symbol of supernatural might and power. *Quercus Jovi placuit*, the oak was sacred to Zeus, because he first taught man to approach him from the oak. Oaks overshadowed his oracle in Dodona; from its smoke priestesses expounded the will of God. The Northern oak like the cedar at-

tracted the flash of lightening, and was the tree sacred to Donar or Thor. In the land of the Hessians there stood a giant oak of Thor, which was greatly venerated by the people. St. Boniface, on the advice of a few new converts, began to fell this tree. The people, amazed at such mischief, broke forth in loud curses but dared not hinder the deed. When Boniface had hewn half through the trunk, a supernatural storm arose, caught the top with all its branches and hurled it, broken into four pieces, to the ground. The heathen recognized the miracle, and the majority were immediately converted. From the wood of this tree St. Boniface built a chapel, which he dedicated to St. Petrus.

The destruction of the oak sacred to Thor, was necessary in order to break the way to the new doctrine; and numerous decrees and resolutions made by the papacy up to the thirteenth century against the practice of heathen ceremonies and rites under trees and in groves, show how stubbornly the people clung to the old traditions.

Holy trees often were afterward dedicated to great saints, by the Celts, especially in the north-west of France, and in Ireland. In Ireland a celebrated oak was dedicated to St. Columbus (550-615), a splinter of which, carried in the mouth, pardoned a suicide. Many of these old heathen trees were consecrated by means of a hewn out cross, and in this way were rescued from the ax. Such trees are found in England where formerly they served as landmarks; for example, the gigantic "Shire Oak," which stands on the place where the three counties, York, Nottingham, and Derby, join. Its top surpasses that of the celebrated chestnut-tree, called *Cento cavalli*, at Ætna, under whose branches two hundred thirty riders can find shelter. A noted tree is the "Crouch-oak," at Addlestone in Surrey Shire, a landmark of the royal forest of Windsor, which owes its name to a cross formerly hewn out in the bark. By the cross such oaks were deprived not only of the might of Woden and Thor, but also of elves, and other goblins, and they guaranteed protection against every evil spirit, a superstition which was broadcast over all Germany.

In former times and even until lately all manner of omens were connected with the changing color of the oak-leaves. The ensign of the royal house of Stuart was considered unfortunate by the Highlanders, because it was

a sprig of oak, not evergreen, an omen which the fate of this family verified only too well. The earlier or later development of the leaves, in many places even now, is a weather sign, and in England an old maxim is current among the country-folk, in which the oak shares this peculiarity with the ash:

If the oak's before the ash
Then you may expect a splash;
But if the ash is 'fore the oak,
Then you must beware of soak.

From the little we know of the old Druids, their high veneration for the oak and the mistletoe growing thereon, is firmly established. The white mistletoe (*Viscum album* L.) was valued as a mighty talisman and was gathered by them with mystic rites and great solemnity in the forests of Gaul and Britain. It was considered sacred, for it was dropped from heaven upon the branches of high trees. Yet long before the Druid times, we encounter the mistletoe in Scandinavian myths. Baldur, the earliest of the gods, was killed by a branch of it, after Freya had obtained an oath of all the creations of the earth never to harm the Light-god. Only one little plant that budded eastward of Walhalla (the paradise of the Scandinavians, to which only those could gain admittance who had died a bloody death) had not given the oath; it did not grow on the earth, but on the tree-tops, and was so wee and insignificant that Freya had overlooked it. Loki, the destroyer, put the forgotten branch in the hand of blind Hodur, who hurled it at Baldur, as the gods were amusing themselves at the time of the winter solstice, by throwing at each other the creations sworn by Freya; Baldur was pierced by the slender branch and fell dead upon the earth.

The mistletoe possesses a hidden magic power, and banishes evil spirits; therefore, in Wales at Christmas time it is hung over the doors. In England, it, with the holly (*Ilex quifolium* L.) and the evergreens, serves for Christmas decorations in the home, and gives to him who catches a maiden under the white spray of berries, the right to kiss her,—a custom which is descended from a Northern myth. When, at the request of the gods and goddesses, Baldur was called back to life, Freya, the goddess of love, took in charge the plants of omen, and every one who came under this branch received a kiss as a token that in the future the mistletoe

was to be a symbol of love and not of death. Yet, singularly, mistletoe, the customary ornamentation for Christmas festivals, is debarred from the churches, and is wanting, too, in the sculpturing of old ecclesiastic buildings, for which its symmetrical form would be especially suitable. Even yet in the North lurks the old superstition of its magic powers.

Like the oak, the ash (*Fraxinus L.*) was an object of high veneration with the Celts and Germans, but especially with the Scandinavian races, in whose religious myths this tree took a prominent part. The Northern people valued the sacred ash as the symbol of the universe. Always young and dew besprinkled, it connects Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and has three roots, one of which leads to the home of the gods, one to the abode of the giants, the other to the regions of darkness and cold. Under each root is a wonderful spring; each spring is sacred and gives a yellow color to all it touches. At the first spring sit the three destinies who hold judgment, and who each day draw water to pour on the branches of the ash. A wise man guards the second spring. From the ash falls bee-nourishing dew, called the fall of the honey. On the branches and the roots sit and spring a variety of animals—an eagle, a squirrel, four harts, and a snake. The eagle is subtle and wise, sits on the tree top, and between his eyes sits the hawk, friend of the eagle. The snake lies at the third spring, which feeds it, and the squirrel vanishes up and down the tree and seeks to excite a quarrel. At last Surtur burned down the tree, yet it was renewed fresh and green, and the gods assembled as formerly under its branches.

The ash which the scalds chose as a tree symbolic of the universe, is found farther north than the oak. It is the most abundant tree beyond the Baltic, and its wood served for many purposes for which the pine trees of the North were not suitable. The saga heroes fashioned their long spear-handles and ax-hafts from ash-wood, from which also they usually built their boats. This may have been the reason why the learned Bishop Adam of Bremen, who lived in the eleventh century, calls the Danish and Norwegian vikings, *Aschman* (ash-man), or, because, as the Edda narrates, the first man was fashioned from a block of ash.

The Edda relates that the universe tree was the sacred ash. Though an ash, yet it was

an evergreen tree, and there were many sacred trees scattered over all Northern Europe which remained green summer and winter, and were highly esteemed. According to the account of Adam von Bremen, such a tree stood before a great temple in Upsala; and in Ditmarsh, carefully hedged in, was a similarly honored tree, which was bound with the destiny of the land in a mystic manner. When Ditmarsh lost her freedom, the tree withered. But a magpie, one of the most distinguished birds of omen of the North, came and nested on it and brooded five all white young ones, a sign that the land would one day win back its freedom. Other kinds of evergreen trees may have been dispersed here and there, the ilex, or scattered *Quercus Cerris* of Southern Europe (mentioned by Virgil in the Georgics) which retained its old leaves yet long after the new ones were developed, and which, therefore, may have been considered an evergreen in Northern lands.

In contradiction to the old adage, according to which the roots of the sacred ash were half destroyed by snakes, the leaves and the wood of the ash in Northern Europe were considered a mighty protection against snakes and other vermin. If one draws a circle around a viper with an ash stick, the viper is doomed to remain in it, and no more to leave it.

In the early Middle Ages it was believed that there were four kinds of woods in the cross.

In cruce fit palma, cedrus, cypressus, oliva.

The Venerable Bede constructed the cross of four kinds of wood, the beam of cypress, the arms of cedar, the head piece of fir and the foot piece of box-wood. According to the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, the cross was made from the palm and the olive fastened together; a plan which was considered orthodox. Costly crucifixes were made in this way. The godly Chrysostom recognized only three varieties of wood, quoting Isaiah 60:13, as authority:

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together; to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

Out of what kind of wood the cross actually was made must remain an open question. We can accept the testimony of Lepsius that in his time the pieces of wood which were exhibited as relics of the cross were of oak.

He writes, "Of what was the cross made? Necessarily of a common wood lying close at hand. Of what was that of our Savior? We think it was of oak, first because trustworthy men pronounce the little pieces of holy wood which exist to-day to be of that kind of wood; second, because that tree was common in Judea and still is so; third, because its wood was strong and adapted to burdens. Though writers of an early day supposed there were three or four kinds of wood in the cross, still we think that their opinion was more for the sake of its peculiarity than its truth." The legend which mentions the trembling poplar as the tree from which the cross was made, and whose leaves since that time have never stood still, is of earlier origin and is confined to limited districts. This trembling, so it is said in many parts of Germany, is the punishment of the tree for its pride. It refused to bow before the Lord, as all other trees did reverentially, when at one time He wandered through the Northern forests. This legend recalls the wonderful palm in the Apocryphal Gospel of the child Jesus, which refused the crown in order to offer its fruit to the Virgin when she rested under its shadow, and which was rewarded by the Holy Child with the words:

Lift thy head, O Palm, and be the companion of the trees which are in the Paradise of My Father.

Still more local than the legend of the

aspens, and scarcely known outside of the middle shires of England, was the story that the elder had furnished the wood for the cross. On this account, fagots of this wood were not bound into bundles of fire wood or used for other common purposes. This is the more noteworthy for the reason that the elder, in the Middle Ages, was in bad repute because Judas Iscariot hung himself from such a tree. The particular elder, according to common report, was thus pointed out in Sir John Mandeville's time (1341-42). "Under Mount Zion, opposite the Valley of Jehosaphat is a spring called the Pool of Siloam, where our Lord bathed after His baptism and where He restored the sight of the blind. The prophet Isaiah is also buried here. Near by the Pool of Siloam is a statue of ancient work which Absalom had erected, and near it stands the elder tree on which Judas hung himself because he had sold and betrayed our Lord." This common report well explains many of the superstitions clustering about this tree, which descended, without doubt, from the paganism of the North and exist to-day in Denmark and Friesland. It is unlucky to see an elder on the border of the forest when at twilight its great white clusters of flowers seem to give forth a light. It is dangerous to break off branches or flowers without uttering a prayer. No household article is made from elder, especially no cradle, lest bad luck come to the child or it be strangled in its sleep.

MORAL RECOVERY.

YOUNG MEN WHO OVERCAME ADVERSE HEREDITY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

AMONG the heroes of the world none have done a better work for mankind than those who by obeying the spiritual laws of God have changed evil heredity into good heredity. Happy is his lot who has had good ancestors. "There is born in man an essence that makes him the kind of being he is," says a writer on heredity, and to purify life and make its tendency high and noble is more than to gain wealth or fame. "Character is every thing," said Charles Sumner when dying. The best legacy a man can leave those who come after him is moral strength and a renewed life. What a

true man would wish his children to become, that he will be for the sake of his children.

There was published in France some years ago a book of startling analysis of family life. It has been republished in America under the simple title "Heredity." No right thinking man could ever read this work without hungering for righteousness, and praying to be delivered from his evil desires and inherited weaknesses. One shuts the book, appalled at the power that lies within him to bless or curse the future, to create happiness or misery, to be merciful or cruel to unborn generations. He is made to see that the strength

of his own overcoming is likely to be the moral strength of his offspring, and that righteousness is the one crown of life. The book is scientific, but its unconscious moral teaching is the ancient declaration of Moses in regard to sin and holiness.

Many of my readers are doubtless familiar with that popular scientific work, Galton's "Hereditary Genius." Such are able to see clearly that genius produces its own children, and that great minds in literature, statesmanship, and the arts, are the results of predisposition. The evidence is overwhelming. It is an agreeable thing thus to follow the rising tide of literary ability until there comes out of such favored ancestry a genius of such open vision as to lead and influence mankind. But the laws of the degeneracy of the mental capacity and perceptions are as real. A muddy tide bears impure water through all its course, and the low tide runs out. The unrestrained temper of the grandparent may become a murder in the inherited weakness of a grandson, for the weakness of evil traits often skip one generation.

"Where did the crime begin?" asked a warden of a prisoner.

"In my ancestors"; was the reply, "in me their weakness sunk into a felony."

A young man who studies the influence of evil on family life and character will resist the earliest tendencies to sin. He becomes very restrained and sober who is made to see that what he is, his life work will be, and his offspring's will tend to be.

"I can not resist this evil," once said a young man to me.

"You are about to marry," said I, "would you have your children slaves to the passion that holds you?"

"No, never," said he. "I must overcome. I will overcome. How could I ever look into a cradle and feel that my child was a slave?"

It is a principle of moral evolution that any one can overcome evil if he have a sufficient motive.

One bright autumn day I was asked by a stranger in Boston to go with him to Mt. Auburn, and to act as guide to the historic graves. I love to visit this last resting place of illustrious benefactors; it inspires life to do so, and it impresses one with the brevity of the opportunities of time. "Be true to thy best self, for the time is short," is the voice that the soul hears everywhere among these blossoming marbles. Mt. Auburn it-

self is one great poem, as well as a resting place of poets.

My friend and I passed under the imposing Egyptian portal into a wide flower garden of the dead, and went to the notable graves near, among them, to those of Spurzheim and Longfellow. Then returning to the main way we bent our steps toward the chapel to see the statues and rose windows, and to walk around the Sphinx. We were passing the bronze statue of Nathaniel Bowditch, when my friend paused and said, "Did you ever read an English book called 'Turning Points in Life?' I am reminded of it by an anecdote of the early days of Bowditch. Although he became a man of science, and among the greatest of his time, he was in youth a great lover of the violin. The violin was not a popular instrument among the best people then, although it is becoming so now. The young man's love of the instrument led him into the company of idlers, and he made some unprofitable friends in this way, people of light character and of no earnest purpose even in their own art. One day he saw the tendency of his life. 'What am I doing,' he said, 'keeping company with men of unprofitable influence, simply because they love my favorite music? I will do so no longer. I must follow my highest inspirations and seek to do my best in life.' He turned from light music to science as his better calling; he mingled with the best men of his times; and the record is here, or rather in human progress. What a mistake it would have been had he become an ale-house fiddler."

Bowditch was too grand to have become a low type of a man, but he owed much of his greatness to this correction of life, and to a like spirit in all that he did. He was careful not to make second mistakes.

A student of history once said, "If I were to choose the character among all men that I would most wish to become, it should be John Hampden."

I was recently sitting in Harvard Memorial Hall, amid the walls filled with statues and portraits, and windows beautiful with effigies of heroes and benefactors. A window brightened in the sunlight, its colored glass making the figure in it gleam like a vision. The picture or statue in glass was that of John Hampden.

What does not English and American liberty owe to this man! How clearly he saw

the cause of the people! How he pleaded for soul liberty, and how earnest was his life! He may be said to be the father of the liberties of the English race. The oft-quoted lines of the poet Gray came to me, and then I recalled that the historians gave a picture of a period of his life when he began to give himself up to selfish pleasures, gratifications, and ambitions. He saw the harvest of such courses, and turned his back firmly upon every dissipation that would tend to waste the time of others or to weaken his own powers. From the gayest of men he became one of the most thoughtful, and so prepared his heart to receive the great inspirations that came to him.

There are three orders of young men in the course of moral gravitation. The first are those who are able to resist every allurements of vice, and who are little tempted by what they so grandly refuse to learn; men like young Gladstone, or Bishop Heber, or Wendell Phillips. The second are those who make mistakes, but who do not make second mistakes; who correct life. The third are those who repeat evil until it becomes habit, and habit, character, and a weak character, the probable destiny of a family.

The second class claims our attention here. The young man who finding an evil tendency in his life corrects his mistake, has not only saved his own reputation and spiritual power; he has given to the future an influence and tendency. Some of the noblest characters in the world have been developed from young men who have corrected mistakes.

RESISTING EVIL TENDENCIES.

In the early days of American art there went from Boston to London a young man of luminous genius and a pure heart. He was poor in everything but character. The inspiration of the great masters of painting which he saw filled him with a high sense of his calling; he desired to paint nobly, to live nobly, and leave an influence that would help mankind.

Among the pictures that he painted was one that was in itself pure, but such as a sensuous mind might pervert by an evil interpretation. To a good mind its influence was good; to an evil imagination it might be made food for evil.

A connoisseur of rank and wealth came to this young man's studio, saw this picture,

and purchased it. The money relieved the young artist from pressing needs, and the compliment at first made him happy.

But when the picture was gone, the artist began to think of the bad influence it might have over the weak and tempted; his conscience began to torture him; he could not rest. He went at last to his patron:

"I have come to buy my picture back."

"Buy it back? Did I not pay you well for it? Do you not need money?"

"Yes, I am poor. But my art is my life. Its mission must be good. The influence of that picture is not good. I cannot be happy with it before the eyes of the world. It must be withdrawn if I can recall it."

The patron admired the heroic purpose of the young artist's life, and sent back the picture. The dialogue was like that we have given, though not in the exact words. The young artist became great, and his character came to command the respect of the two nations.

One day there came to him a young pupil whom he felt was in moral danger. He gave the young man his first lesson in almost these exact words: "Young man, if you would succeed in art, you must be pure, for nature does not reveal herself to those whose eyes are clouded by any known fault or grossness of character."

This man corrected his first mistake in life, and never repeated it. He died full of years and honors, and was buried by torchlight in the old cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is said that the moonlight fell upon the bier as the last rites were being performed, revealing a face so morally and spiritually beautiful as to be of itself an artistic inspiration.

The principle that one can overcome evil if he have a sufficient motive, and that religion is the highest of all motives, has made the evangelist powerful in his work. It is true of all life. Bolingbroke left his dissipations when the vision of the crown rose before him. Shakspeare thus pictures the altered life of Henry V.:

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

It is especially true of art. It is those who root out the weeds of evil tendency that

make life most fragrant with roses and lilies.

His strength was like the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

Two men stand side by side in a profession. They seem equally capable, equally aspiring, equally moral. Suddenly one of them advances before the other, and becomes a greater master of life and opportunity. In most cases like this, it is the one who has kept his spiritual vision most clear, that has seen the larger field of success, and the royal way to it. His life is eclipsed already, whose spiritual sight is dimmed.

This last principle was the one so clearly recognized by Allston and given to his pupil, who became an eminent Christian painter, of the Claude school, an impressionist.

The impressionist is one who receives impressions, uses them in art, and gives them to the world. The School of Impressionists is a distinct one in France in all branches of art. It differs from the schools of the creative imagination, or the romantic and fictitious schools.

Wordsworth was an impressionist in poetry, while his friend Southey was a realist; and Coleridge dealt in creative art. "The Excursion" is a series of impressions, while the "Ancient Mariner" is creative fancy, a something made of nothing. Schubert was an impressionist in music; Rossini's overture to "William Tell" is an impression of the Alps. Most landscape painters and many orators and preachers are impressionists.

The highest power to receive impressions in any art or calling comes from clear seeing, the open vision of a pure heart and life. Any evil is a speck in the mental eye; any disturbance of the conscience means a loss of clear perception and mental power. Out of all human efforts it is only the spiritual that lives; and when a man loses his spiritual force, he loses his crown, the immortality of his influence.

The Hebrew societies of the Nazarites, the Rechabites, and the Essenes, understood this principle. These people wholly or in part abstained from flesh and wine, lived in tents, and wore long hair, and practised self-denial for the sake of spiritual power. The prophet promised immortality to the house of Rechab for this pure seeking for spiritual light.

Noble minds in all ages have perceived the principle, and overcome evil for the sake of

their mission in life. "Every man is a debtor to his profession," says Bacon. Longfellow guarded his inspiration like a vestal fire. Whittier has ever sought seclusion for the best thought. Emerson left the most conspicuous pulpit in Boston and fled to the Concord woods. "All that I have I give to this cause," said Charles Sumner in his speech on universal liberty. The prophets of old came down from the mountains, Paul schooled himself in the Desert of Arabia. The overcoming of self and sin is the first principle of all free, true, and inspirational living.

Young William Penn dreamed of liberty and equality, and the dream was fulfilled in Pennsylvania. He began life in an age of license, wit, and insincere politeness, the days of the gay court of the Merry Monarch and the Cavaliers. Shocked at the immorality of Christ College he cloistered his serene intellect amid the unstudious gayeties around him, clarified the eye of his conscience, and began to see that the only principles worth living for were righteousness and charity as taught in the Gospels. He heard the old Quakers preach, and inclined to their doctrines. His father, the admiral, a favorite of the Duke of York, kept a jovial table, and resolved to bring his son to London and destroy his seriousness. He was sent to the theaters, given dog and gun, and tempted with "hard dancing and late dining." Young Penn yielded to the influence of the dissipation for a time. One day he went to hear Thomas Doe, the Quaker apostle, preach. The subject of the discourse was "Overcome." Penn heard him say, "There is a faith that overcomes the world, and a faith that is overcome by the world." It seemed a message to him. He resolved to follow the faith that overcomes the world, and from that hour he became a solitary wanderer in the world. He had corrected life, and desired no second taste of the vanishing dissipations of camp, college, or court. He overcame the world, and left to it an empire founded on the principles of righteousness and peace.

The world is full of disappointed men. They made second mistakes, and formed habits that drew down their wings to the earth.

OVERCOMING ADVERSE HEREDITY.

The young student of adverse heredity who should study Galton, would close the

book with a feeling of regret and sorrow. All men may not have pious ancestors, but all may be the founders of worthy families, or at least leave to posterity an honorable example and name. Bridges, the missionary to the Land of Fire, was of unknown parentage, but the world honors him. Henry M. Stanley is perhaps the most useful man of his generation, but his childhood's home was a house of charity. Thomas Todd made the name of his poor insane mother precious; it was in a lucid interval of madness that she told him that he must become a minister of God. Africanus under his roof of human skulls, prayed and received a changed nature. Thomas Walsh, who wrote the sublime hymn, "The God Abram praised," overcame the most terrible propensities to evil and prayed so long in the struggle that his knees became stiff. "He was the worst boy in all that country round," one said of him; but his sainthood became the example of his times.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was scrofulous, and his life was a constant struggle with inherited tendencies to idleness and sloth. You would hardly expect such an heredity and such a temptation from one of the most useful men of his age. He understood the power of habit, and strove to resist every wrong tendency in his life that might become a habit. "I cannot drink a *little* wine," he said, as a reason why he should drink none at all. He dreaded the influence of sloth, which was always besetting him. Regretting that he had not done more during one of the years of his life, he wrote in his journal: "This is not the life to which heaven is promised." Yet he rose superior to the weakness of his animal nature, did the most exact and painstaking work, became a benefactor, and left an imperishable name.

William Howard, mayor of Drogheda, was a slave to the worst passions and degrading dissipations. He felt that in himself there was an irresistible gravitation to evil, but he believed all things are possible to God. His faith saved him. The power of the Holy Spirit came upon him, and made him a new

man. One writes of him, "Mr. Howard lived in a state of joyful communion with God. Not a day passed, he told me, without some exquisite taste of heavenly bliss."

Said Jerry McAuley, the wharf rat, the river thief, to whom the power of regeneration came in prison, "Jesus saves me to-night from being a drunkard, a gambler, and a thief. He saves me every day; and he can save any man."

There is a tendency to-day to undervalue what are called revivals of religion, but no influence in the past has been more potent in changing evil heredity to good heredity than the work of the evangelist. The old Methodist preachers of Kingswood and Cornwall, and like places of hard and ignorant men, were the means of changing the spiritual current of families. Some of the best people of England to-day are the descendants of families whose heredity was changed under these influences. The work of Mad Grimshaw at Harworth lives to-day and will live forever in changed heredity. The missionary field is one vast testimony to the truth that the work of the Holy Spirit is a new creation.

He who destroys an evil in his own nature gives a good influence to all time. He who reverses adverse heredity is a benefactor of generations. Temperance is now taught in schools by physiology, and ethics will one day be taught largely by studies in heredity. What Moses proclaimed, the teacher will explain.

The cure of evil heredity is the new spiritual nature and the engrafted word. The new creation is the hope. "Any man," said poor Jerry McAuley; and poor Charles Lamb,

For ills like this
Christ is the only cure.

Over all the terrible facts that science reveals in regard to crime, is the antidote of faith and spiritual renewal. And he is indeed a celestial knight who changes the currents of evil heredity into streams of good, and it is such moral heroism that the new era will recognize and crown.

*Build a fence of trust around today
And stay therein.
Look not through the sheltering bars upon tomorrow
God will help. Hee bear whatever comes
Of joy, or sorrow."*

A SPRUCE BARK CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

ONCE upon a time a denizen of the great American metropolis, a man with the tastes of a prince and the purse, alas, of a pauper, found the summer season almost upon him while as yet no preparations had been made for a vacation for himself and family. By dint of those little economies which to rightly balanced minds are a pleasure rather than a pain, he and his wife had managed each year to save from \$100 to \$150, which they felt able to expend for the privilege of living with their two children, a boy of twelve and a girl of ten, for a brief interval in some place out of town. They had gone to the sea-side and lived with sea-side farmers and boarding-house keepers; they had gone to the hills of Connecticut, to the plains of Long Island, to the sands of New Jersey; and they had lived near the banks of the Hudson. But when they came to sit down by the open fire in the parlor of their up-town flat and think it all over, they could not for the life of them see very much difference between the various resorts in which they had sojourned. The old farmers who chewed tobacco, the farm wives who looked very much over-worked, the old parlors that smelled musty when first opened, the old bedrooms with excruciating prints and faded mottoes on the wall, the old wells with pools of kitchen slops near by, were as much alike in the various localities as peas in a pod. Memory went further and called up pictures of the other boarders, who were very much alike, also, but here the subject becomes painful. The one thing that the souls of this couple longed for was something new.

By a lucky chance, while they were talking about the matter one evening, the door-bell rang, and after madam had gone to the speaking tube and said, "Who is it?" in a voice familiar to all who live and visit in flats, they had the satisfaction of welcoming a young friend who had hunted and fished and traveled in no end of places. When he had heard the story of their troubles he said with an assurance that was charming:

"I can tell you just what to do. Go up to the Adirondacks and build a camp of your

own. Why, I'd rather own a camp in the woods than an estate on the Hudson. You see, I couldn't pay the taxes on the estate, if I owned one, but a camp doesn't cost anything."

How this proposition was received with enthusiasm, how the latest map and guide-book of the Adirondacks were purchased next day, how the family passed their evenings chiefly on the parlor floor with the map spread out where all could see it, how they lived in a dream of brooks and creeks and woods and mountains, need not be dwelt upon, but must be referred to because such doings form a very delightful prelude to a vacation in a spruce bark camp, and serve to brighten the whole period between the forming of the project and its consummation.

Eventually, although they knew nothing about the country there save what is told in the guide-books, this city family decided to go to the westerly side of the great forest, because they rightly inferred that the woods would be quite as attractive and the expenses much less there than on the easterly side where society people go.

So it was, that on a certain day in the last week of May they found themselves in a Hudson River train bound for Utica and thence to Prospect Station on the Utica and Black River Railroad. It is worth saying that no such delightful journey on the cars had they ever made before, and this was due solely to the fact that they were on a voyage of discovery.

It was nightfall when they reached the hotel at Prospect village, a mile and a half back in the country from the station, and they were all tired. But, although the hotel was very much like other village hotels, the sauce of a novel project made the supper taste wonderfully well, while the tucked-up little parlor seemed very inviting afterward.

When supper was over, the city man got the landlord into the parlor and took him into the confidence of the party. The landlord understood the matter fully. He had built and lived in spruce bark camps and expected to do so many more times. Plenty of experts in such matters were to be had as guides, but

one good man would serve the purpose. "Bill" was just the man, and Bill was in the bar-room at that minute. He was called in, and found to be awkward and shy, but he had an honest face and a rugged frame, and the whole family liked him on sight. They engaged him at once, after which there was a long consultation over the outfit needed. Then the livery-stable keeper was engaged to carry the party up to the location which Bill had decided upon, subject to approval; after which the two very tired but contented parents and two very tired and excited children went to bed and slept soundly until seven o'clock the next morning.

The sun was shining brightly. A robin sang among the half grown leaves on a maple just opposite the window. A gentle breeze was swaying the branches of the tree. One glance from the window made the family impatient to be on the way to the woods, and they quickly dressed and went down to breakfast.

Everybody else in the house had been to breakfast; but a great platter of broiled steak, and a deep dish full of mealy potatoes, and a plate heaped up with the lightest of bread, and a glass pitcher full of milk—Ha! it seemed to the children and the parents, too, for that matter, that they had never seen a better breakfast.

When it was all over, the man with the livery team came to the door. He had a great three-spring wagon that was ample in size to carry the party and the outfit, and, bundling themselves in very quickly, away they went.

The village of Prospect stands on the banks of a stream called the West Canada Creek. Alas, that the beautiful Kany-a-hoo-ra of the Indians—the "Leaping-water"—should have received such an appellation from the white man. But the name of the stream is quickly forgotten in the beauties of the region, when at this season one drives over the road that winds in an easterly direction along up the valley. The views of fields divided by old lichen-covered fences, of groves of birch and maple and spruce and balsam just spreading their pale green verdure, of stretches of tumbling water, of grass and tree covered hills, with now and then, as the road rises over a knoll, a glimpse of the mountains, blue and dreamy in the sunshine, are pleasing to the accustomed visitor, but altogether lovely to one who sees them for the first time. As the party drove along, the guide and the driver pointed out hills where

they had seen, or perhaps killed, foxes; woods where partridges could be found in season; brooks where no end of speckled trout could be caught by any one; rifts and still waters in the river where big fellows—three-pounders—were to be taken by the skilled and lucky; and, finally, a field where an old she bear and a cub had come one night and killed and eaten a calf, and "it wasn't no more'n twelve years ago, either."

By this time they were approaching the little hamlet of Northwood, where there is a post-office and a daily mail, and, what seemed very comforting to the madam, a telephone line to the village. She was thinking what a great comfort the 'phone would be should either of the children be taken sick, for a doctor could be sent for very quickly.

A mile and a half beyond the Northwood post-office the party found only a narrow clearing on the left and north of the road. Beyond that was the great forest stretching away unbroken for more than a hundred miles. To the right was a forest also, but it was not a very large one, for the creek could be heard roaring over the rifts not far away, while the driver told them that the clearing extended from the road to the creek not far above them. It was in this patch of woods, between the road and the creek, that the guide had proposed to build the camp.

They turned into a grass-grown road that led into the woods. There were ruts and rocks and logs and roots plenty in it, but no one minded the jolting, and pretty soon they emerged into a little open space that had been cleared no one knew when, and had never grown up to trees again. It was almost an acre in extent, facing the creek, and was carpeted with grass. There was an icy brook running along one side, a long stretch of deep, still water in the creek above it, and a longer stretch of rifts below. Into this clearing they drove and then stopped that they might look about. A gentle breeze was drifting along through the forest heavy with woody odors. The sunshine flashed through the swaying tree tops and danced on the tumbling waters. An old partridge sitting on a log in the thicket hard by, unconscious of the presence of strangers, began to beat his breast with a stately thump that quickly merged into a whirring roll.

Would that place do for a camp? They scarce could find words to answer, so lovely did it seem to them.

The camp kit was taken from the wagon, the driver was paid his fare, and then the real work of building a spruce bark camp was before them. With a brief interval for luncheon, this work kept them all busy until night.

First of all, they selected a spot for a site for the camp from which there was a gentle slope in all directions so that, since the ground had to be the floor of the camp, no water could flow across that floor in case of rain-fall. Then the guide went into the woods and cut two stout forks which he brought to the site of the house and drove into the ground about twelve feet apart. A ridge-pole was laid across the forks. Then a spruce tree about a foot in diameter, which stood near by, was felled into the clearing, and the bark was stripped off in six-foot lengths and laid aside. A twelve-foot length of the butt was cut off and rolled around until about twelve feet from the forks and parallel with the ridge-pole. This log was to be the rear wall of the house. Stout poles were laid from the ridge-pole to this log for rafters to support the roof, and, this done, the bark of the tree was spread out over the rafters. The one spruce did not furnish half enough bark for the roof, but two other trees were cut and stripped and enough bark obtained to complete the roof and close in the sides as well. The front was left open. It faced the south. This part of the work was, of course, done by the two men. The wife and youngsters had a plenty to do as well. Their part was to make the bed. And such a bed!

With a good knife each, they attacked the boughs of the fallen spruce and cut great armfuls of the twigs, being careful that none with a stem thicker than a lead pencil was taken. These twigs were laid with their butts to the front of the camp all over the floor, until they formed a bed a foot deep. Then a great stack of hemlock boughs was cut and the twigs torn off and spread over the spruce. On top of these a deep layer of fine balsam twigs was placed, so that, at last, when all was complete and supper was over, the tired family dropped down upon that bed, while such fragrant odors as Solomon in all his glory knew not of, arose to soothe and comfort them.

Then the shadows of twilight fell. A huge fire of drift-wood with a length of spruce for a backlog was built before the camp. The darkness increased. The flames of the fire

leaped and flared about, half lighting, half concealing with black shadows, the view of forest and stream. The last song and chirrup of the birds were hushed, and only the tumbling water on the rifts and the snapping of the fire were heard to break the silence of the night. Care had fled and peace was nigh. With such hearty thanks to a kind Providence as are seldom uttered elsewhere, the man with the tastes of a prince and the purse of a pauper drew a blanket over the wife and little ones and closed his eyes to sleep in utter content.

The spruce bark camp is a simple structure. Two upright forks, a ridge-pole, a backlog, a dozen rafters, a roof and side of barks, a carpet eighteen inches thick, of fragrant evergreens, and there you are. But that is not all that the camper needs. For comfort he must have a table and seats about it. Four forks are driven into the ground to represent the legs of the table. Over these poles are laid and over the poles breadths of bark. Other forks but half as high are driven near these and stout poles laid over them to serve as benches in place of chairs. For a stove, nothing better is known than a yard square piece of sheet iron supported on rows of stones, say five or six inches large. A very small fire under the sheet iron will serve to boil the coffee or fry the fish. There are books in plenty which tell one all about camp kits and quantities and qualities of food to take into the woods, but the wise man takes the simplest of outfits. A few pails of different sizes, a couple of frying pans, a few tin cups, knives and forks, and an abundance of wooden plates and saucers that can be thrown away and so save dish washing—what more would you have?

Mayhap the cost of this outing will be of interest. The railroad fare from New York to Prospect was \$5.59 for each adult and the children at half-fare brought the fares of the family to a total of \$17.77. From the railroad to the hotel the hack fare was 45 cents. The hotel bill over night was \$3.00. The livery man charged \$2.50 for carrying the party to the camping ground. The guide was employed for two days and his bill was \$5.00. The cooking utensils purchased in Prospect cost nearly \$3.00. The kit could be had for less by one who knew what he needed. The ax was borrowed of the guide, but a new one can be had for \$1.50. Blankets (three double ones at least should be taken in May

for a family of four) were carried from home. Only old clothing, and that all of wool, was taken.

The question of what one shall eat in camp is all important, for nowhere else in the world are appetites keener. If the camp be located properly, that is to say within walking distance of a farm-house, one may live on the fat of the land. Here is the fare of the party just described, for one day :

For breakfast ; oat meal and milk, boiled eggs, flap-jacks with butter and maple sugar, and coffee with milk and sugar. For dinner ; broiled trout, fried raw potatoes, roast beef, bread (baked at a farm-house) and butter, strawberry short-cake, and coffee. For supper ; cold beef, bread and butter, strawberries and cream, and tea. This was in June, when wild strawberries are everywhere abundant about the Adirondacks. The milk was purchased at a farm-house about a quarter of a mile away at 15 cents a gallon. It was kept in a large pail with a cover over it, placed in a shady pool in the brook. Some of the strawberries were picked by the members of the party and some were purchased at 10 cents a quart, all nicely picked over. They were had in any quantity for weeks. The average cost of food for the family was a dollar a day.

The trout were caught in the brook chiefly, though even a tenderfoot may take them from the West Canada if he will try. A butcher drove up over the road from Prospect twice a week. By leaving word for him at the post-office the party were able to get beef, mutton, and Bologna sausage—and good Bologna sausage is not to be despised when camping out in the woods. The best cuts of beef cost 14 cents a pound. Eggs cost from 10 to 14 cents a dozen. Potatoes that year were 50 cents a bushel. At first only steaks of beef were purchased. How to cook a roast was a problem, the solving of which proved one of the chief delights of the outing.

There were some features of the camp life which to some people would not be wholly agreeable. Wood for cooking and for the camp fire at night had to be gathered. The cooking had to be done and the dishes had to be washed. A rain storm came now and

then. They were dry enough in their camp, but the cooking was done out-of-doors, and woe betide the cook when it rained. As a matter of fact, a roof should have been built over the stove, as the sheet iron arrangement was called. Then, there were mosquitoes and black flies, though not so many as had been seen in boarding-houses. But those ills were not counted ills. All shared the work alike. They were living out-of-doors where the air was more than pure—it was deliciously sweet and fragrant. They roamed the woods and examined every tree and shrub and weed they saw. They studied the habits of the birds and squirrels, and even made friends with them by spreading crumbs near the camp for them to eat. They found that a porcupine was making himself too much at home in the camp when they were away, and they made a trap of a box and caught him and had a great lark examining him before they let him go.

They got acquainted with the natives, and, if the truth be told, made a study of them as was done with birds and squirrels and porcupine, and the study was found interesting. They made a trip nearly every day to the post-office, where they got their favorite New York daily, only twenty-four hours old, and so kept the run of the world, which at that time seemed a very long way off.

On Sunday they went down to Northwood and heard the sermon that was preached at 2 o'clock in a neat little church that stands there. They remained to attend Sunday-school afterward. The gratitude which the people showed for the help which the strangers rendered in these services, forms one of the most pleasing recollections of the outing. Indeed, from the day that the ground was reached until the day, seven weeks later, when, with tears in the eyes of wife and children, they drove away, the days were all too short and the nights were all without heaviness.

There are two kinds of people in this world—those who do not know any thing about spruce bark camps in the Adirondacks, and those who do ; and those who know feel very sorry for those who do not.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

THE true glory of America is not found in our material progress, great and wonderful as it has been, but in our free, noble, and enlightened institutions, which have taught the world that at least one country, one nation, one united people, is capable of self-government. Alexander was greater than Cæsar, for he was not only a great conqueror but a great civilizer also. He led his invincible phalanx to the conquest of the world, and spread the blessings of civilization to the most distant peoples. It required Cæsar the conqueror and Augustus the civilizer to form an Alexander. The conquests of imperial Rome lasted only a few centuries, but the laws of the Roman republic have inspired every free people since the days of Cato, and are the foundation of our own free institutions.

Of all American institutions, the Supreme Court is the most admirable, the most conservative, the most important. It has been truly called the "guardian of the ark of the Constitution." It is the most impressive department of the Government. The House of Representatives has been pronounced a turbulent town meeting on a velvet carpet; the Senate is sometimes spoken of as an aristocratic debating society; the White House has become the "executive mansion," a mere business office; and the President of the United States is approached with little more ceremony than is observed in calling upon a bank president or the president of a railroad. The Supreme Court is the only department which upholds the dignity and power of a government which has in its keeping the lives and fortunes of sixty-five millions of people.

The Constitution provided for the establishment of the Supreme Court, but did not mention how many judges should compose it. At first, there were six judges; there are now nine—a Chief Justice, with a salary of \$10,500, and eight associate justices, each receiving \$10,000 a year. They are nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and hold office during good behavior, and can be removed only by impeachment. During the century of its existence, only one of the jus-

tices of the Supreme Court has been impeached, (Samuel Chase, of Maryland), and he was declared not guilty. The Supreme Court sits in the Capitol at Washington, in the chamber once occupied by the Senate. Its session begins in October and closes in July of every year. Six judges constitute a quorum; a less number cannot pronounce a decision.

John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, was appointed by Washington in 1789, and, in the letter enclosing his commission, the latter said it was a pleasure to address him as "the head of that department of the Government which must be considered as the key-stone of our political fabric." The first session of the Supreme Court was held in New York, at that time the seat of the Federal Government, in February, 1790. The court sat with four judges: John Jay, Chief Justice, William Cushing, of Massachusetts, James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and John Blair, of Virginia, associate justices. Robert H. Harrison, of Maryland, declined the honor. James Iredell, of North Carolina, was appointed in his place, but did not take his seat until August, 1790. It was not until August, 1792, that James Johnson, of Maryland, qualified, and thus completed the full court of six judges.

No man stood higher in the estimation of Washington than John Jay. He gave him the choice of all the Federal offices and was much pleased when he chose the chief justiceship, for which his legal training and judicial experience admirably fitted him. Jay presided over the Supreme Court until July, 1794, when he was sent to England as envoy extraordinary. Upon his return, the next year, he resigned the chief justiceship in order to become governor of New York. Very little business was transacted during the four years that John Jay presided over the Supreme Court. At first, there was a court, with officers and seal, but no bar; and, when there was a bar, there was no business before the court. In fact, it was more than a year after the organization of the court before a case was brought before it; in the meantime, the Government had removed to Philadelphia, where the court followed in February, 1791.

Chief Justice Jay's successor was John Rutledge, of South Carolina, a man of distinguished reputation during and after the American Revolution. He sat on the bench only a few months; he was appointed in July, 1795, and when Congress met in December, the Senate refused to confirm the appointment, as the condition of his health was such that he was not deemed fit for so important a position. After his rejection he returned to South Carolina, became hopelessly insane, and died a mental wreck at the age of sixty-one. Washington next named William Cushing, one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court, to be Chief Justice. He was unanimously confirmed by the Senate, but, after holding the position for one week he resigned, and resumed his former position as associate justice, which he retained until his death in 1810. Washington's fourth nomination for Chief Justice was Oliver Ellsworth, United States senator from Connecticut. He took his seat in 1796; but very little important business came before the court during the three years he presided over it. In 1799, President John Adams sent Patrick Henry, William Vans Murray, and Oliver Ellsworth, special commissioners to France to negotiate a treaty with the First Consul. Upon Ellsworth's return home in 1801, he resigned the chief justiceship. He was a solid rather than a brilliant man; he read few books, and was not adapted either by habit or tastes to the studious life of a judge.

President Adams had the honor of appointing the greatest Chief Justice that ever presided over our highest tribunal of justice, when, on the 31st of January, 1801, he nominated John Marshall for that exalted office. Marshall was a young student of law, twenty years old, when the Revolution broke out. He threw aside his books, and enlisted for the war, fighting bravely at the battles of Germantown, Brandywine, and Monmouth, and was with Wayne at the storming of Stony Point. After the war, he resumed his law studies, was admitted to the bar, and soon had an extensive practice. Like most Virginia gentlemen of that period, he entered politics; became a member of Congress, secretary of state, and envoy to France, distinguishing himself in every position which he held. But his fame as a soldier, politician, and diplomatist, has been cast into the shade by his illustrious fame as a judge. The brilliant William Pinkney said, "Marshall was born

to be the chief justice of any country in which he lived." At the time of his appointment he was forty-five years old, and in the splendid prime of his physical and intellectual life. He was tall, thin, ungraceful, but with an eye and brow which proclaimed the imperial power of his mind. During the thirty-four years he presided over the Supreme Bench, he was called upon to decide some of the most important constitutional questions that have ever been brought before our highest tribunal of justice. In all those cases his opinions have been pronounced masterly, and his logic unexcelled. He was not so learned in the mere matter of precedents and authorities as his associate, Mr. Joseph Story, but he knew the law. A tradition has come down to our time that, once when he had delivered an opinion in a case, he said, "I have stated the principles of law on which this case is decided; I refer you to Brother Story for the authorities."

One of the most celebrated cases decided by Chief Justice Marshall was that of Aaron Burr, charged with high treason. From Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, down to the humblest citizen, there was an almost universal feeling of hostility to Burr, who had made himself detested by killing Hamilton, who, after the death of Washington, was the idol of the nation. The greatest lawyers of the country were engaged on one side or the other; the arguments were brilliant and exhaustive on both sides. Burr was acquitted, but left the court a ruined man. In the then excited state of the public, Judge Marshall was at first severely criticised for the decision rendered, but the sober second thoughts of the people afterward prevailed, and the judgment of the court was generally accepted. Marshall, anticipating that the decision would meet with disfavor, said, in his opinion, "No man is desirous of placing himself in a disagreeable situation. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. But if he has no choice in the matter; if there is no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country, who can hesitate which to embrace." It was in the course of this case that William Wirt made his famous speech in defense of Blennerhasset, who was indicted jointly with Burr. Wirt's oration, profusely embellished with the flowers of rhetoric, was

for many years a favorite piece of declamation for school-boy speakers, but in this practical age, it has lost its flavor and its favor.

During Chief Justice Marshall's long term of service upon the Supreme Bench, the fame of that high tribunal was heightened by the learned and eloquent counsel who appeared before it. Harriet Martineau furnished a very interesting pen-and-ink sketch of a scene in the Supreme Court, when Marshall was delivering an opinion, a few months before his death, he being at the time in his eightieth year: "I have watched the assemblage while the Chief Justice was delivering a judgment, the three justices on either side gazing at him more like learners than associates; Webster, standing firm as a rock, his large, deep-set eyes wide-awake, his lips compressed, and his whole countenance in that intent stillness which instantly fills the eye of the stranger; Clay, leaning against the desk in an attitude whose grace contrasts strangely with the slovenly make of his dress, his snuff-box for the moment unopened in his hand, his small, gray eye and placid half-smile conveying an impression of pleasure, which redeems his face from its usual unaccountable commonness. These men, absorbed in what they are listening to, thinking neither of themselves nor each other, while they are watched by the group of idlers and listeners around them,—the newspaper corps, the dark Cherokee chiefs, the stragglers from the West, the gay ladies in their waving plumes, and the members of either house, who have stopped in to listen,—all these have I seen at one moment constitute one silent assembly, while the mild voice of the aged Chief Justice sounded through the court."

Chief Justice Marshall died July 6, 1835; and, although eighty years old at the time of his death, his mind was bright, clear, and luminous to the last. He was succeeded by Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, who was at the time of his appointment the attorney-general of the United States under the administration of Andrew Jackson. Taney had been an able member of the bar for thirty-five years, and a prominent Democratic politician. He had won the friendship of Jackson by his active zeal as a party man, and the admiration of the bar by his splendid legal talents. History will assign to Chief Justice Taney a place on the Supreme Bench next to Marshall alone. Unlike the latter, Taney was an ardent state rights man. He was

fifty-eight years old when he became Chief Justice, and occupied the chair for twenty-eight years. He was called upon to decide many cases of great importance, and his opinions are distinguished for their simplicity of language and their sound reasoning. His decisions on constitutional questions are considered by the profession correct and masterly, except when they are judged from a party point of view. The most celebrated case decided by Chief Justice Taney was the Dred Scott Case, in which the majority of the Supreme Court held that a free negro, whose ancestors were slaves, could not be a citizen of the United States. Dred Scott was a negro, whom his master, an army officer, took into a free state. This act entitled the slave to his liberty, and when his master took him back to Missouri, he sued for his freedom. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Taney declared that such a person was not a citizen of the United States, and could not sue in any court. This decision was received with a shout of triumph in the South, but caused in the North a feeling of disappointment and indignation. The Civil War, with its deluge of blood, wiped that decision forever from the statute books. Taney was a slaveholder, but a most humane and generous master. His decision in the Dred Scott Case was not caused by want of human feeling, but was the natural result of his political principles, and few at this day doubt that he was thoroughly honest in his convictions.

Chief Justice Taney lived eight years after the decision in the Dred Scott Case was rendered. He died at Washington, in 1864, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, performing all the arduous duties of his high office to the last. He died poor, and one of his daughters was glad to earn her living by work in a Government office in Washington. Maryland, Taney's native state, recognizing the purity of his public and private life, and his exalted character as a judge, has placed his statue in bronze before the state-house, at Annapolis; and Baltimore, the city which first honored Washington in marble, has recently erected the figure of Taney in bronze in one of the most beautiful squares of the Monumental City.

When President Lincoln appointed Salmon P. Chase as the successor of Chief Justice Taney, the country was at first astonished and disappointed. Mr. Chase was a man of

commanding ability ; he had been a leader of a great political party, a distinguished senator, governor of a great state, a brilliant secretary of the Treasury, but, as a lawyer, he did not rank very high, and he had practically abandoned the practice of his profession for fifteen years, when he was suddenly raised to the highest judicial tribunal of the United States. But Chase was equal to the occasion, as he had always proved himself equal to any position to which he had been called. He went back to his law books, studied twelve hours a day, made himself master of the Supreme Court reports, familiarized himself with the duties of his new position and with the routine business of the court, so that when he took his place as its presiding judge, he was fully equipped. He was a man of commanding appearance, of great dignity, and stainless honor. He presided over the Supreme Court with a stately courtesy, and an impartiality which won universal respect.

Chief Justice Chase's valuable services on the bench were cut short by his untimely death in May, 1873, at the age of sixty-five. He sat in the Chief Justice's chair a little more than eight years, but he proved himself an able judge and a worthy successor of Marshall and Taney. His original and vigorous mind was shown in the opinions which he wrote, and they are distinguished by a singular clearness and felicity of language. He devoted much time and patience to the preparation of his opinions. He spent the whole month of January, 1870, in writing the opinion on the *Legal Tender Cases*, re-writing portions of it over and over again. He had the courage to declare the *Legal Tender Act*, of which he was the author, simply a war measure, and therefore void when peace was restored.

President Grant appointed Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, as the successor of Chief Justice Chase, in 1874. He was at the time fifty-eight years old, and had won an excellent reputation as a sound and solid lawyer. He sat on the bench a little more than thirteen years, and was much admired by his associates and members of the bar for his kind and courteous manners, his legal learning, and his clear expositions of the law. He was not called upon, like his predecessors, to de-

cide many important constitutional questions, but his opinions gave satisfaction.

The present Chief Justice, Melville W. Fuller, was appointed by President Cleveland, and commissioned July 20, 1888. It is the first important public office he has ever held ; but he was a lawyer of high standing at the bar of Chicago, and greatly esteemed for his personal and intellectual qualities. The Supreme Court now consists of a Chief Justice and eight associate justices. In 1869 a law was passed, allowing a justice who had served ten years, to retire with full pay. A seat on the Supreme Bench seems to insure a long life ; Marshall and Story each served thirty-four years ; Wayne and McLean, thirty-two ; Bushrod Washington, thirty-one ; Taney, twenty-eight ; Catron, twenty-eight ; and Nelson, twenty-seven. During the century of its existence, the Supreme Court has had only seven clerks, two of whom resigned after a very short service. D. W. Middleton, the last clerk before the present incumbent, was in the office fifty-five years, during seventeen of which he was the clerk.

No person can enter the Supreme Court, when it is in session without being impressed by the quiet dignity which pervades the apartment. The chamber is semi-circular in form, its ceiling a half-dome, through whose sky windows a subdued light falls on crimson curtains and hangings and on the gray tint of the walls. Upon the wall are busts of Jay, Marshall, Taney, Chase, and other Chief Justices. A large part of the floor is reserved for members of the bar ; outside of the railing are sofas for other persons. At noon, on any day when the court is in session, a dozen lawyers may be seen sitting within the bar, and a score of spectators occupying the crimson sofas, awaiting the opening of the court. Soon, a rustle of silks is heard, and there enters a procession of nine grave and dignified gentlemen wearing black silk gowns with wide sleeves. The Chief Justice heads the procession, followed by the associate justices in the order of their time of service. They stand before their chairs, bow to the bar ; the lawyers who are also standing, return the salute. The crier then announces that the Honorable Supreme Court of the United States is now sitting, and the business begins.

NATURE.

BY OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

O BOUNDLESS benefactor, Mother Earth!
Year after year the corn out-tassels tall,
The golden grain rears bearded head to fall
Before the reaper's hand; at springtime's birth
Thou mak'st the waste to blossom, wealth and worth
From never failing treasure house for all
Unfolding, with a power magical,
Giving new life and joy, O bounteous Earth.

Nor dost thou leave the soul of man unfed:
The violet blooms for prince and peasant's eye;
With ceaseless roll the wave breaks on the beach;
The cataract falls in foam; for all and each
A living beauty, breathing harmony
O'er field and forest, moor and mount, is shed.

EXPERIMENT STATIONS: WHAT IS AN INVESTIGATION?

BY PROFESSOR BYRON D. HALSTED, SC. D.

Of Rutgers College.

EACH year as it comes and goes we more nearly apply to our daily living the all important Biblical precept, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Some walks of life are more largely experimental than others; thus farming in all its branches, from the raising of a peck of clover seed to a million bushels of wheat, is largely the combining of certain forces and conditions with no more than a reasonable expectation that profit will ensue.

The soil varies, the seasons change, the seed is not always uniform, and a thousand other factors, many of which are almost unknown, enter into the problem and modify the results. The successful crop-grower therefore must make a study of the peculiar conditions with which he is surrounded; let one season's outcome serve as a partial guide to the next year's work. In other words, in his own way he must be an experimenter.

Other crafts and callings are not so experimental, because the conditions, laws, and principles are better understood. The shoemaker, after he has once learned the trade, can make shoes, so to speak, with his eyes

shut. In fact, shoes, like a vast multitude of other manufactured products, are in large part made by machinery, and what experimenting there is to be done nowadays is with new appliances. The business of the banker is established in large part by the government and the customs of the people, and in like manner a groove has been deeply worn for the baker and candlestick-maker.

The relation of agriculture to the prosperity of a nation is so intimate that any fostering of this mighty productive industry, upon which all other pursuits depend, works a beneficial influence over the people as a whole; and in view of this fact, so slowly to be recognized, and the other before mentioned, namely, that crop-growing and stock-raising are so largely experimental, it follows that the establishment under the state and government of stations for the special purpose of carrying out tests of various sorts, was a move in the right direction, and one that, not having been made centuries ago, is a matter of great surprise to all who now give any thought to the matter.

It is only forty years since the first government experimental station was estab-

lished, and this was a small affair in the village of Möckern, near Leipsic, in Germany. As an indication of the growth of the idea then put into shape it may be said that at the present time there are over a hundred experimental stations in Europe, and many of these are large institutions, and growing stronger and more useful each year.

In our own country the growth of the experimental station has been even more rapid, and the nation may well be proud of her work in this direction, if it is proper for her to be proud of doing her duty. In 1875 we had one station established by a state, now there is one or more in every state and under the direct support of the general government. Most of these are new, for Congress did not appropriate the fifteen thousand dollars for each state and territory for the establishment of stations of experimentation until 1887. These stations are located at the several agricultural colleges or the universities to which the agricultural colleges are attached, and form a part of the college or university, but for the special purpose of instituting lines of research that will lead to a better understanding of the laws which govern the growing of crops, feeding of live stock, and for answering an endless number of questions as to soils, seeds, fertilizers, fruits, etc., while the diseases of animals and plants enter in for their share of attention at the hands of the station workers.

The results of the investigators, whether in the field with growing crops, the stall with fattening cattle, the dairy with milk, the laboratory with diseases, or the analysis of fertilizers, etc., appear from time to time in pamphlets issued from the stations and known as bulletins. These bulletins are distributed free to all within their respective states, who wish and can make use of them, and at least four such publications are required from each station annually.

The corps of workers varies with the different stations, largely because the demands are not the same. Thus in the Eastern States the chemists are most needed to work upon commercial fertilizers, while in the West the stock interests are predominant, and the feeding of farm animals demands the attention of the stations. The work, for example, of the station in Maine is necessarily very different from that in Ohio, Florida, or Oregon.

In order to give the reader a better idea of

what an investigation is as prosecuted at an experimental station, the writer will call attention to some of his own work during the past season, simply because it is better known to him in its various details and, therefore, can be discussed more clearly.

In an investigation there are several factors which need to combine. It is self-evident that there must be the thing to be investigated and the investigator; besides these, there are the necessary conditions for the investigation, among which are the equipment of the investigator, his knowledge, books, and apparatus. In the instance that has been selected to illustrate the processes of an investigation it can be safely assumed that the reader knows little or nothing of the matter, for the subject is one about which almost nothing was even heard at the time the investigation opened.

Three years ago in a cranberry bog in the central part of New Jersey, it was observed that some of the vines in one portion of the bog were tinged a red color, and upon a closer inspection the stems and leaves were found to be dotted with minute outgrowths of a reddish color. A year passed, and the area exhibiting this gall structure increased and the crop was correspondingly diminished. Some of these infected plants fell into the hands of the President of the American Cranberry Growers' Association, who sent them to the entomological division of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington. A reply quickly followed stating that the trouble was due to a gall mite of the genus *Phytoptus*, and that it seemed to be something new. In a second letter it was stated that a long flooding of the bog would result in the destruction of a great number of the mites. This correspondence appeared in *Insect Life*, a publication of the United States Department of Agriculture. Six months later Dr. Fr. Thomas, of Germany, to whom in the meantime specimens of the cranberry galls had been sent, published in a brief article in *Insect Life* the statement that the galls were not produced by an insect, but were the work of a fungus—and here matters rested until early last summer, when the writer, having been placed upon the staff of the experimental station of New Jersey, took up the subject as one needing an investigation.

It was an easy matter to verify the determination of Dr. Thomas; and this leads me to say a word of explanation about fungi in

general for the benefit of those readers who may not be sufficiently familiar with that term. Good illustrations of the more conspicuous fungi are furnished by the toadstools, puff-balls, mushrooms, and other forms of that character. All of these fungi grow upon lifeless substance, as the dead bark or wood of old stumps, fallen trees, etc. But there is a greater number that are much smaller and prey upon living plants and are most frequently spoken of as rusts, mildews, molds, smuts, blights, and similar terms. These consist of fine threads which run in all directions through the plant preyed upon, and finally make their way to the surface and bear a multitude of minute bodies that are known as spores. These spores, although exceedingly small sized, and very simple in structure, perform the same office for the fungus that a seed does for the flowering plant. In short, the fungi which have been so briefly described, constitute one group of plant life of a very low order which makes up the larger division known as flowerless plants. To this latter assemblage belong the ferns, mosses, lichens, sea-weeds, and fungi.

After satisfying myself as to the nature of the trouble and finding that it was of a fungus nature and not due to insects, and therefore fell into my province and not that of the station entomologist, the bog was explored. During my first visit in early July the bog was found to be so badly infested that over scores of acres but few flowers or flower-buds could be found, and the owner was much exercised over the impending loss of his crops and the ruin of the bog as a source of profit. After satisfying myself as to the abundance of the gall fungus, attention was next paid to other plants upon the bog along its border. Before the day was over several other plants than the cranberry were found having their stems and leaves covered with galls of a similar character. It was also observed that only those plants that belong to the same family as the cranberry, and therefore closely related to it, were afflicted by the gall fungus. A thorough microscopic examination of the galls of these several plants led to the reasonable assumption that they were all of the same kind or species, although there were some striking variations. Another fact of observation was that the susceptible plants along the border of the bog were attacked only up to a height marked by

the drift-wood and dried leaves left by the water at the highest flood. If a shrub of azalea or huckleberry, for example, had its branches extending above this level, the galls might be abundant below the high water line, but none were above it. From this observation the inference was natural that there was some connection between the water and the gall fungus; in short, it seemed to indicate that the infection was carried by the water, and did not pass through the air and, therefore, unlike that which takes place with the great majority of the minute, invisible spores of all flowerless plants.

This view was strengthened by what was determined shortly after. Twenty-five or more years ago one corner of the bog was severed from the main body by a railroad filling several feet above high flood water line, with no passage-way between for the flow of water. In this small isolated bog the cranberry vines were entirely free from the galls, while only two or three rods to one side but beyond the railroad, the fungus had already ruined the bog. It will be seen that here was found corroborative evidence that the fungus is carried by the water. Negative evidence in a case like this is very strong, but of course, in itself, gives no clue as to the time of year when the water is impregnated with the germs. Evidence of this is furnished by the galls themselves, for they were found upon the shore-plants up to a height marked by the greatest flood and, therefore, the inoculation took place at that time, which was in early spring.

The stream that flows through the center of the bog is made up of water that comes from the brooks which join near the middle of the upper half of the bog. The letter Y roughly represents the position of the streams and their union into one within the area of the bog. An exploration of these streams brought out the fact that the gall fungus was along the borders of only one and extending up the other for only a few rods, or about as far as the water of one stream would mingle with the marsh water of the other. By continuing up the infested stream a point was reached above at which no galls could be found and it seemed safe to conclude that the primary point of infection had been determined. By means of a wide correspondence in all cranberry growing regions of the United States it was shown that the explored bog above mentioned is the only one known to be infested. We have, therefore, in the fungus in

hand a case of a destructive disease that in all the world is at present limited to a small area. Why it should be there and nowhere else is only a matter of conjecture; the question must be relegated to that large group of observed facts for an explanation of which nothing definite can be offered. The next point in the investigation was to prove the identity or otherwise of the galls found upon the various species of plants. Under the microscope they exhibited considerable variations in structure, but when the essential elements were considered, a remarkable similarity prevailed. Proof of identity rests very largely upon structure, but in this case, if doubt is entertained, there is a method to be employed of a most convincing sort. Thus, if the galls can be propagated from an infested plant to another species, it seems clear that the two, although differing in structure are of the same species. To illustrate, a branch of huckleberry bearing many galls could be taken to a cranberry bog before free from the galls, and should infection result from this, the relationship is established for the huckleberry and cranberry; and in like manner all the susceptible species could be tested. A consideration of the development of the germs that escape into the water in spring time and alight upon the new, soft parts of the plants bathed by the contaminated water, while very interesting as a part of the investigation, must from necessity be omitted here because it would need a series of engravings to make the subject clear, and it is not necessary for the purpose of this paper, which was simply to touch upon some of the points in an experimental station investigation.

The practical side of the question is, what

to do with the pest? This is the one that interests cranberry growers, as it is possible for the fungus to spread to other bogs and become ruinous. For example, the disease may be carried by birds, in mud adhering to their feet or feathers, and it is also possible for the winds to drift the infested fallen leaves of the shore plants over the snow-crust in winter to a neighboring bog several miles away, and should it get into the head waters of a stream feeding several bogs, it would then spread rapidly to them all.

It is quite certain from the nature of the trouble that it can not be drowned out as was first recommended when a mite was the supposed cause. It is a water-loving fungus and would thrive under such treatment. Any thing short of extermination is ill advised. This may be most thoroughly attained by a burning of all the infested area. To stop at the shore line of the bog would be but to half do the work, for the border plants, up as far as the high flood, must also be cut and burned not only on the edge of the bog, but along the water course below it. It may be said in closing that the importance of immediate and heroic treatment seems so imperative that the American Cranberry Growers' Association at its last meeting passed resolutions and appointed a special committee, looking to state legislation upon this matter. The gall-infested bog is not only a failure to its owner but a bed of infection that may spread and is sure to bring ruin wherever it goes.

Thus briefly and very incompletely it has been my purpose to illustrate in a popular way the nature of the work that is being done at the nearly fifty experiment stations now in active service in the United States.

THE PASSION PLAY IN 1890.*

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

IN the year 1633 that terrible scourge, the plague, raged in upper Bavaria. Young and old, rich and poor, alike, were stricken down by its dreadful ravages. The citizens of the larger towns dropped dead by hundreds in the streets. Many a man left his home in the morning, apparently in perfect health, who never returned. In vain his

loved ones waited and watched for his coming, or perhaps searched for days for traces of him, or for his unmarked grave, until they themselves, filled with grief and despair, fell victims to the foul disease. Death walked abroad and reaped his awful harvest on every side.

But in one spot, in the Bavarian highlands, in the beautiful valley of the Ammer, and under the shadow of the peak of the Kofel,

*An article describing the Passion Play of 1880 will be found in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for January, 1881.

nestled a little village, whose sun still rose and set in tranquillity. No sign of the dread messenger had yet disturbed the peace of these simple peasants, and with light hearts they went to their morning work in the fields or to their wood-carving; for the authorities had given strict orders that no stranger from the outside world should be allowed to enter the village until the danger was past.

The serpent found its way into this little paradise at last, however, for there was one man who considered of more importance his own plans and schemes, than the welfare of the community. He was a peasant, Caspar Schüchler by name, who had been at work in a neighboring town. Wishing to visit his wife and children, he did so stealthily, eluding the vigilance of the authorities. Sad were the consequences for the village of Ober-Ammergau, for he had already the germs of the disease in his system, and in two days was dead. In the course of a month the epidemic had spread with such fearful rapidity that eighty-four of the villagers were dead, and many more were affected.

Then it was that the purely religious character of the peasants and their unwavering trust in Divine mercy shone forth in the strongest light. In their distress and anxiety they met together, and with prayer and intercession offered up a vow. If God would deliver them from this fearful scourge they would perform the Passion Tragedy every ten years in token of their gratitude to Him; and from that time, so tradition says, all those who were ill, recovered, and death found no more victims in that place. In accordance with their vow, the first performance of the Passion Play took place in 1634, and the descendants of those who first made the vow have with few interruptions faithfully performed the drama every decade.

In the midst of the season of the Passion Play in 1870 the Franco-Prussian war broke out and put an end to the performances for that year, as forty men from the village, many of whom took prominent parts in the play, were called to fill the ranks of the Bavarian army. The late King Ludwig II., who had always shown a deep interest in the village and its religious drama, interfered in behalf of Josef Mayr, who was taking the part of the Christ, and had him appointed to clerical work in the War Office at Munich instead of the field duty of a common soldier. He was also allowed to retain his beard by

the special favor of the King, as otherwise, according to the army rules, he must have been close shaven, and thus incapacitated for this rôle for some years. After peace was declared the good villagers of Ober-Ammergau decided to give another celebration in 1871, as a token of gratitude to God for the blessings of peace and victory.

That these Scriptural plays existed before the year 1634, there is no reason to doubt; for soon after Germany embraced Christianity, the old plays, symbolic of the heathen rites and religion, were discontinued and sacred dramas were introduced. They were called Mysteries or Moralities, and were founded on the life and sufferings of Christ, or on the historical events of the Old Testament. But the leaders of the Reformation soon put an end to these plays, and they fell rapidly into disrepute among towns and cities, though holding their ground in all their original simplicity for some time among the smaller villages, shut away in retired valleys from the advancing spirit of the times.

The late King of Bavaria was a warm admirer of these peasants, and he gave them a substantial proof of the high estimation in which he held them and their work, after his visit to the Passion Play in 1871. In 1875 he presented them with a colossal marble group of the Crucifixion, by the sculptor Braun, of Munich. This beautiful monument looks down upon the village where Christ's name and His sufferings are held in such constant remembrance. The figures of Mary and John stand below Him, one on each side.

Another tragedy of more recent occurrence is connected with this statue. As the marble figures were in process of transportation from Munich, the wagon containing them was stopped at this spot to rest the horses. The wheels slipped and the figure of St. John was thrown from the back of the wagon upon the sculptor and his assistant who were walking just behind. Braun was killed instantly and the assistant died the following day.

Very extensive arrangements have been completed this year to make the play more successful than ever before. A new theater has been erected at a cost of 40,000 marks by Karl Lautenschläger, the head machinist at the Royal Theater in Munich, and an eminent expert in stage engineering, and all the scenic machinery is under his direction. The decoration and side-scenes are all new,

having been painted by Burkhard of Vienna. 14,000 marks, or about \$3,700 have been expended for new costumes, as the materials must be of the best quality, because the broad glare of daylight does not gloss over imperfections or give the effect of gold to tinsel imitation, as in artificially lighted theaters.

The new building, arranged in the form of an amphitheater, is 168 feet long and 118 feet wide, and will hold 5,000 people. Although only one-third of the seats are under cover, it is so well arranged that every spectator has a good view of the stage. The arrangement for securing seats for the play is a most unsatisfactory one, and to the practical and business-like American visitor the management seems very incomplete in this respect. As the villagers have a great desire that no money-making motive shall be imputed to them in the giving of this play, there are no tickets sold outside of the place, and no speculation is allowed.

The morning of the performance each landlord is given as many tickets as he has guests at his house. Consequently it is impossible to ascertain before you leave Munich, whether you can be sure of the best seats, even if you desire them, or whether it will fall to your lot to take four-mark seats without cover. That will depend entirely upon what your landlord happens to have when you arrive. It is, therefore, advisable to reach there a day or two before the performance. As the village is beautifully situated, the scenery charming, and the peasants interesting, the time spent there will not be lost.

The railway formerly extended only to Murnau, from which a seventeen-mile drive to Ober-Ammergau was necessary, the road in places being so steep that one was obliged to leave the conveyance and ascend part way on foot. But during the past year the railroad has been continued to Partenkirchen, though travelers for Ober-Ammergau alight at Obereau and drive about six miles farther.

We decided to reach Ober-Ammergau two days before the play, but I must say that we did so with some misgivings. Having heard so many rumors of extortion at the last representation ten years ago, and of the scarcity of food at that time, owing to the inability of the peasants to manage the provisioning of such immense crowds, we went provided with a basketful of edibles in order to guard against possible starvation. One harrowing tale was told us in Munich of a German baron

who came here in 1880 for two days, but returned to the latter city at one o'clock on the night of the play, and ringing up his landlady, begged her to take him in and give him something to eat. The crowd at Ober-Ammergau had been so enormous and the provisions so scarce, he had been unable to procure a mouthful of food since he left Munich the night before.

After a charming drive from the station at Obereau, surrounded by magnificent scenery, through wild valleys, at the foot of snow-tipped mountains, to the picturesque little village, we were welcomed most cordially, and given a room in the house of one of the peasants who took part in the play. Our windows looked out upon a small park or garden, around which four brothers have built their dwellings. The inclosure was laid out with flower beds, paths, and rose bowers, under which the breakfast and dinner were served. Our room evidently had been newly decorated and refurnished, and seemed quite elegant for a peasant home. The pleasant, cheery-faced hostess served our rolls and coffee in the morning with a porcelain service which would not be out of place in any American dining-room. The food was abundant and good, and the beds clean and comfortable.

Notwithstanding all these comforts of civilized life, the peasants themselves are extremely plain and unpretending in their manners. Strangers are cordially welcomed and waited upon by them, as visitors from another sphere where the habits and requirements are sources of much curiosity to them.

The men, as a rule, wear their beards long and their hair brushed straight back from the face and falling long upon the shoulders. The young dudes of the village wear short trousers, coming only to the knees, and low shoes without stockings. Curious leggings of thick, white, embroidered wool, tied with green ribbons, complete their attire. As these leggings are too short to meet either shoes or trousers, the ludicrous effect may be imagined. Every man and boy has a feather in his hat, usually placed at the back of the crown. The peasant women, when dressed in their best, wear a short, full skirt of gay colors, a bright, folded kerchief tucked into a velvet bodice, a soft felt hat just like the men, and row after row of silver chains wound close around the throat and on their wrists.

They are a kindly people, ever ready to do their best for the stranger who honors them by visiting their home. They lift the hat to all whom they meet and salute them with a "Gott grüss!" (God greet you), to which inborn courtesy will prompt a similar response. Their principal occupation is wood-carving, in which they excel. There is a school for this industry in the village, and nearly all the boys and men as well as some of the women learn this trade.

In the evening we called on Josef Mayr, the Christus of the play, and had a short, but interesting, interview with him. He is a tall, finely formed man, forty-seven years of age, with a very gentle but dignified bearing. His wife took us into his wood-carving shop at the side of the house, where she frankly informed us that her husband had done very little of the work we saw, as his time for the past two years had been so engrossed in the study of the play. But we bought several very well carved articles, which she said were finished under his own superintendence by the workmen in his shop.

The village was crowded to overflowing with strangers from all parts of the world, and I am sure there were no vacant beds in the place that night. There were to be at least twenty-five representations during the season, which lasts from May 26 to October 1, but the people poured into the place from Munich, Innsbruck, and the surrounding villages, as if it were their only opportunity. At nine o'clock of the evening preceding the play, the church bells were rung to call all those home to rest who were to take part in the drama. But the night was of short duration, for we were awakened at four o'clock by the village gun, which is fired as a signal that the play is to be given that day. From that time on there are masses held at the church for all who are to take part, and for any who wish before witnessing the drama to prepare their minds for it in a suitable manner. At 6 a. m. we attended the high mass, which is accompanied by fine vocal music and a large orchestra. And now the moment approaches when the great tragedy is about to commence.

We walked slowly down the village street among the thousands of every nationality who had come from far and near to this beautiful spot to witness the performance. There was no confusion. The arrangements were perfect. All found their places quietly, every

head in the audience was uncovered, and when the signal gun again gave forth its boom perfect stillness prevailed, and the chorus filed out from each side.

Before us in the center of the immense stage, in front of the inclosed and covered space, was a drop-curtain painted with colossal figures of Michael Angelo's Moses, Isaiah, and Jeremiah. Quite a large portion of the stage in front of this inclosed space is uncovered, and upon this the chorus, twenty-four in number, stand, while they sing a prologue for each act, and an explanation at the close. On each side are streets lined with houses, such as were seen in the city of Jerusalem; and at the extreme right and left are the houses of Pilate and Annas.

Nature lends her share of beauty to the scene, for beyond are the rugged mountains, towering high against the soft blue of the summer sky, and the tender green of the lower hills whose covering of fir trees waving gently in the breeze, forms a most appropriate background. Birds twittered about us, flying in and out of the open edifice, while one little swallow sat upon a beam just near us, and when the chorus began he chimed in, pouring from his tiny throat a melody which seemed to ascend as praise to Him, the representation of whose life and sacrifice we were about to witness.

It seemed as if the very first scene could not fail to jar upon our feelings, that there must be something to offend against our conception of what this play should be. But from the moment when the curtain rose upon the tableau of "Adam and Eve expelled from the Garden of Eden," symbolical of the Fall of Man, while the chorus sweetly chanted,

From Eden and its tree of knowledge bann'd,
See our first parents, sin-benighted, stand,

we knew that our day was to be one of unalloyed pleasure, and that our highest hopes of the Passion Play were to be realized.

The scenery of Paradise in the background, the angel standing with flaming sword at the gate, and the grouping of Adam and Eve in the most natural, and at the same time the most graceful attitudes, made a picture which, for beauty and artistic effect, I have never seen excelled.

There are eighteen acts to the drama, each of which is preceded by one or two tableaux from the Old Testament, typical of the representation about to follow. The tableau of

"Adam and Eve," or the Fall of Man, and the one following, of the "Adoration of the Cross," symbolical of Christianity, precede the scene of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. A sunny mountain landscape forms the background, and from the two side streets and down the slopes of Olivet in the center, approach the multitude, waving branches of palms and crying, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" while they sing the hymn beginning:

All hail! All hail! O David's Son!
Thy Father's throne is all Thine own.

And now the Christ appears, clad in a simple garment, with a crimson mantle over his shoulder. He rides on an ass, and is followed by the disciples. From the moment of his appearance, with bearing so dignified and gentle, so meek yet majestic, all sense of time and place disappears, and we lose ourselves in the joy of his presence. To say that the acting of Josef Mayr, who takes this part for the third time, is marvelous, does not do him justice. It is not acting; it is simply living the character. One can feel this from the time these men come first before us, from the Christ down to the lowliest of the disciples—the faithful young John and the loving old Peter. We live again with those holy men who followed their Master through good and ill report, and we suffer with them when He is taken away from them. These simple peasants, without the aid of artificial device, except in their costumes and the scenery, take their parts in such a true and life-like spirit, that the most finished actor could afford to sit at their feet and learn of them.

I have visited the best theaters and opera-houses in England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and America, and I am compelled to acknowledge that some of the best acting I have ever witnessed compares unfavorably and appears crude by the side of the performance of these peasants. The reason is, that when the different characters are allotted to them, by the vote of the villagers, they endeavor to the best of their ability to live up to the ideal. I understand that Josef Mayr's life must be at least outwardly blameless for the ten years preceding the performance of the Passion Play, for him to be allowed to take the part of the Christ.

From the moment the latter appears upon the scene, he makes us realize the holiness of the character he personates, and his superiority above all the others; and the very

manner in which he bears himself, with head erect, but with love and blessing beaming in his every glance, would seem to pronounce him to the scoffing and money-making throng, whom he presently turns out of the Temple, as the Holy One, far, far above any thing human or worldly.

In this first scene fully five hundred people take part, down to little children only three years of age; and the effect of the intermingling and great variety of the exquisitely soft shades and colorings of their costumes, is very beautiful. Caiaphas, whose character is superbly rendered by Bürgomaster Lang, here appears upon the scene, and with Annas the high priest, and the Pharisees, incites the people to rebel. Here the germs of the conspiracy appear, and the next typical tableau is most appropriate: the "Brothers of Joseph" conspiring to sell him, as he comes down to the plain of Dothan, clothed in his bright coat, the sign of his father's distinction. Here the chorus sing:

Thus, too, is the viper's brood
Thirsting for the righteous blood.

The peasant who takes the part of Judas, has formerly acted the more congenial rôle of the disciple John. He is no longer young enough for that, and it is said to be a severe trial to him to enact this disagreeable character. It is a well-known fact that so great is the detestation of the traitor to Christ that the peasants are almost inclined to vent their hatred upon the man who stands as His representative in the play, and even the little children of the village will pass by on the other side. Johann Zwick acts with power, the part of the false disciple. His conception of the character is perfect. His love of greed, his suspicions and abject fear of poverty, his standing aloof from the other disciples, and his betrayal of the Master for the paltry sum of thirty pieces of silver, are remarkably well represented. But when he realizes the full extent of his treachery, and remorse seizes upon him, so that he rushes to his tempters of the Sanhedrim, begging them to release him from his vow, and take back the price of blood, then his acting is marvelous. He hurls the money at their feet and, denouncing them as the cause of his ruin, rushes madly out, filled with despair. His soliloquy was heart-rending, and when he pathetically cried, "Why did I betray so good a man? He was ever kind to me!"

there were very few of the audience unmoved.

The trial in the Jewish Sanhedrim is extremely imposing. The scenery is fine and the costumes of the Council are rich and elegant. In the tableau of the "Rain of Manna in the Wilderness," preceding the celebration of the Passover, four hundred persons are grouped in the most artistic manner, and all this is done while the chorus are singing one verse. There is no delay between the scenes, and not one tedious wait from first to last. The harmonious blending of the colors must have been presided over by a master mind.

"The Last Supper" is an exact reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated painting in Milan, and is conducted with a simplicity and pathos which are affecting in the extreme. I saw strong men weeping at this scene. As the drama proceeds and we come to the trial, the scourging, and approach the final tragedy, one becomes lost in an agony of suspense.

And now arises the question which will present itself to every reverent mind. Is the final scene too awful, too sacred for human beings to portray? Ought we to witness the close of this sublime tragedy? This question every one must answer for himself. But when we take into consideration the deeply devotional spirit with which it is undertaken, and the hushed and breathless silence with which the weeping audience gaze upon these scenes so full of awe—can it do harm? Does that peasant whose lips are moving in prayer, while he raises his tearful eyes toward heaven, return to his home with a less or a greater realization of all that his Savior has borne for him, after he has witnessed this representation of His sufferings?

We may often gain inspiration from a painting of the Crucifixion by a master-hand; then why not as well when we take part in such a devotional religious service as this? Josef Mayr, is in his special vocation what Fra Angelico, the Florentine painter was, in the realm of art. As the latter considered his talent a sacred gift from God, which he consecrated to His service; and as he never commenced painting without earnest prayer and preparation for the work, so Josef Mayr enters upon this representation in an humble and devotional spirit, realizing his inability to stand in such a character, but praying for Divine assistance and consecrating his work to that Savior whose sublime

sacrifice he tries earnestly to shadow forth.

In the next scene the Christ appears bearing his heavy cross, and as he falls fainting under its weight, the two types of mankind appear; first the Wandering Jew, a hideous old man, who rushes out of his own door-way, and drives the weary one away from resting before his house; and secondly, Simon of Cyrene, who lifts the cross from the overburdened shoulders, and carries it on his own, for the devoted love he bears his master.

The tableau of the "Sacrifice of Isaac" comes next, and then the chorus appear clothed in black robes, sadly chanting with deep emotion, in a minor strain of music:

See! naked and with wounds all o'er,
He suffers on the cross for thee—
On Him the godless insult pour,
And gloat upon His misery;
And He who loves each one that lives
Is silent, suffers, and forgives.

Heavy hammer blows are heard behind the scenes; they are nailing Christ to the cross; and when the curtain rises, we behold a picture never to be forgotten. Neither artist's brush nor sculptor's chisel could ever portray this scene as we behold it here.

The two thieves are already suspended. One can see the ropes by which they are attached, and their arms are thrown back over the cross-pieces. But as the cross of the Christ is slowly raised into position, we see him, to all appearance, fastened only by the nails in the hands and feet, and suspended by them. His face portrays the agony of his suffering. After forgiving his enemies and blessing those that cursed him, he looks down lovingly on his sorrowful mother, commending her to the care of the beloved John, and crying out in a loud voice, he gives up the ghost. It seems as if we could bear no more, and when the soldier comes and pierces his side, and the blood flows forth, one feels as if it would be beyond the power of human fortitude to endure any thing further.

For twenty-five minutes Josef Mayr hangs suspended on the cross, while the soldiers divide the raiment among themselves, and the crowd disperse. The thieves whose knees have been broken, are already dead, and are taken away, and now he hangs alone. His mother and John, with a few faithful friends, remain below him, while Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus take his body lovingly down from the cross, to anoint and

bury it. This scene is taken from Ruben's "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp, and the "Entombment", from Raphael's world-renowned picture at Rome.

The audience are completely overcome, and weeping is heard on every side, while many are praying audibly. The "Resurrection" and "Ascension" are beautiful in the extreme, especially the latter, when the Savior, in shining garments, his face radiant with joy, ascends among the clouds, so slowly as to make one almost doubt if he is moving, until he gradually disappears out of sight, and with a long-drawn sigh of relief, the audience quietly disperse.

We went slowly homeward through the quiet lanes and by-paths of the little village, in silence. The setting sun cast its slanting rays upon the golden cross at the peak of the Kofel above us. The soft light of the highland after-glow began to shine upon the pine-fringed hills, surrounding this small hamlet; the birds were twittering in the branches overhead; the peasants dispersed in various directions across the hills; and silence fell upon the valley of the Ammer. Still we spoke not. The heart seemed too full for utterance. We felt as though we had been living in a far-distant land, in an age long passed away; as if we had been taken back in reality nearly two thousand years, and had actually witnessed those occurrences which took place in the streets of Jerusalem, in the garden of Gethsemane, or on the heights of Calvary.

The recollection of the Passion Play of 1890

will ever remain among my most treasured remembrances. I feel almost inclined to assert that the work of these peasants has something unnatural about it. Not only that these simple folk can conceive such a realization of the characters, but that they can carry out that conception in so masterly a manner, is a mystery impossible for us to fathom.

I will acknowledge that we went to this play with some misgiving as to whether such a representation could be made without a shock to one's deepest religious feelings. But from beginning to end there is not a single feature to offend the taste of the most scrupulous spectator. This play does not give one the impression of a theatrical performance. The most consecrated spirit pervades the very atmosphere, and one feels that one is taking part with the peasants themselves in a deeply devotional service, instituted because of a religious vow, and entered upon with prayer and communion, by which they all strive to prepare themselves for the proper observance of this custom.

I should be willing to travel hundreds of miles for the opportunity of witnessing this play, and should not grudge any amount of expense to accomplish the purpose. And were I only a poor peasant, I should do as many of those in the surrounding villages have done—save up every spare sou for two years beforehand and then go to the play with only standing room, and remain standing for eight hours rather than to miss this remarkable representation.

MODERN MAGIC AND ITS EXPLANATION.*

BY MARCUS BENJAMIN, PH. D.

A DISTINGUISHED American has written: "The imagination hath a stage within the brain, whereon he sets all scenery that lies between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and thus his players body forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows, and the tragic deeps of every life." In an article that deals with the effects of imagination—for

whenever we do not understand a phenomenon the imagination is at once appealed to—it may be well at the outset to show how susceptible the mental condition of an individual is to such influences. No stronger evidence of this fact can be shown than the following incident taken from a recent newspaper. It has reference to the effect of hypnotism. A physician handed a subject something which he told him was a pistol and ordered him to shoot himself through the heart. "With only slight hesitation, the young man put the pistol, as he supposed, over his heart and fired. He fell in a heap

* It is proper to say that in no sense is this article an original one. It is simply a compilation from various sources. Some of the data are taken from very recent publications, while other portions are from older authorities.—M. B.

on the floor. His condition was one of almost complete collapse, and we were greatly alarmed. It was a long time before we could revive him." The physician concludes with, "We never tried that experiment again." Thus the effects of imagination produced a collapse that almost resulted in death.

In the following paper—the object of which is to show that magic is simply a delusion of the senses—a number of well known tricks practiced by various prestidigitateurs, necromancers, magicians, or fakirs, will be explained and an effort made to show how the special desire of the expert is to mislead his audience by directing their imagination away from the correct solution of the phenomenon and toward the special supernatural explanation, which is the specific object of the trick. Thus, in the case of the automaton chess-player, originally introduced many years ago in Europe and which is doubtless the same as the more modern so-called mechanical automatons known variously as Ajeeb, Psycho, Zoe, Fanfare, and Astarte, an elaborate series of cogs and wheels is shown in order to confuse the judgment of the spectator. Wires are thrust entirely through the wheels and cogs on each side to prove that no one is concealed there. The deception is further heightened by an ostentatious winding of the machinery before the game begins. By this appearance the imagination of the spectator is almost forced into a belief that it is an automaton. In reality the original figure concealed a legless man.

The "Ajeeb" which has been exhibited for many months at the Eden Musée in New York City, is explained as follows: In this figure the man is concealed in this way: he sits on a seat arranged in the cushion on the top of which the figure rests. To heighten the deception the front is thrown down and a number of cogs and wheels are shown to occupy the entire front of the lower box, and they are arranged in such a manner that it is impossible to look through them. In the back of the box a drawer pulls out that is also a deception, for the back end of the drawer is arranged in such fashion that when it is shoved in, it falls down and the man sits on it. In the chest of the figure a small door is opened and more machinery is shown; and that is the crowning point of the ingenuity of the fraud, because at the touch of a spring these cogs and wheels sink out of sight and allow the hidden player to see through a

wire screen darkly painted. As it is gloomy where he is and bright outside, he, of course, cannot be seen behind the screen. The movement of the hand is likewise arranged so as to convey a false impression; for the thumb joint alone is movable, and the operator catches hold of a lever so that he can take up the chess-men and move them just in the same way as if he handled them with a pair of pinchers.

The ancients were not without their ingenious means of deceiving, and in most instances it was in temples that such exhibitions occurred. The perpetual lamps are exceedingly interesting. Plutarch mentions having seen these in the temple of Jupiter Ammon in Egypt, and in the temple of Venus. The latter, St. Augustine ascribed as due to the intervention of demons. The Arab Schiangia writes: "In Egypt there was a field where were ditches full of pitch and liquid bitumen. Philosophers who understood the force of nature, constructed canals which connected places like these with lamps hidden at the bottom of subterranean crypts. These lamps had wicks made of threads that could not burn (either of asbestos or gold wire). By this means the lamp once lighted burned eternally, because of the continuous influx of bitumen and the incombustibility of the wick." More commonly, however, the lamps were placed so as to communicate with a reservoir in an adjoining apartment in such a way that the level of the oil should remain constant.

There are cases on record, of lamps which have been found burning in tombs, and the evidence seems to indicate that they had been burning protected from the air for one thousand or more years, and that they had been extinguished when exposed to the air. It is probable that the case was directly the opposite, and that such lamps contained phosphides of sulphur or similar chemical substances, capable of igniting on contact with the air. A lamp of this character was found in a tomb attributed to Tullia, the daughter of Cicero.

A curious statue of Cybele is described as consisting of a hollow hemispherical dome supported by four columns and placed over the statue of the goddess of many breasts. To two of these columns were adapted movable brackets, at whose extremities there were fixed lamps. The hemisphere was hermetically closed underneath by a metal plate.

The small altar which supported the statue, and which was filled with milk, communicated with the interior of the statue by a tube reaching nearly to the bottom. The altar likewise communicated with the hollow dome by a tube having a double bend. At the moment of the sacrifice the two lamps were lighted and the brackets turned so that the flames should come in contact with and heat the bottom of the dome. The air contained in the latter being dilated, sought an exit through the hollow columns which connected with the altar and pressed on the milk contained therein, causing it to rise through the straight tube into the interior of the statue as high as the breasts. A series of small conduits into which the principal tube divided, carried the liquid to the breasts, whence it spurted out, to the great admiration of the spectators who wondered at the miracle. When the sacrifice was over, the lamps were extinguished and the milk ceased to flow.

The principle by which this wonder was accomplished had various modifications. It is related that there was at Sais a temple of Minerva in which there was "an altar on which Dionysus and Artemis (Bacchus and Diana) poured milk and wine, while a dragon hissed." The heat from the altar caused the air to expand, which forced out the two liquids from secret reservoirs inside the figures. There are numerous records of holy fire-places that kindled spontaneously. Thus there is an account of an altar in Lydia upon which there were ashes which, in color, resembled no other. "The priest puts wood upon the altar and invokes I know not what god, by harangues taken from a book written in a barbarous tongue unknown to the Greeks, when the wood soon lights of itself without fire and the flame from it is very clear." According to one of the Fathers of the Church (believed to have been St. Hippolytus) the altars on which this miracle took place contained, instead of ashes, calcined lime and a large quantity of incense reduced to powder, and it was only necessary to throw a little water upon the lime, with certain precautions, to develop a heat capable of setting fire to incense or any other material that is more readily combustible, such as sulphur and phosphorus.

Perhaps at this point a word or two about magical pitchers and drinking vessels may be introduced. Heron, who lived in the latter C-Sept.

part of the third century, describes a pitcher which a thin, horizontal, minutely perforated partition divides into two parts. The handle is hollow and air-tight, and at its upper part a small hole is drilled where the thumb or finger can readily cover it. If the lower part of the pitcher be filled with water and the upper with wine, the liquids will not mix as long as the small hole in the handle is closed; the wine can then be either drunk or poured out. If the hole be left open for some time, a mixture of both liquids will be discharged. "With a vessel of this kind," says an old writer, "you may welcome unbidden guests. Having the lower part already filled with water, call to your servant to fill your pot with wine; then you may drink to your guest, drinking up all the wine; when he takes the pitcher, thinking to pledge you in the same, and finding the contrary, he will happily stay away until he be invited, fearing that his next presumption might be more sharply rewarded."

Another old way of getting rid of an unwelcome visitor was by offering him wine in a cup having double sides and an air-tight cavity formed between them. When the vessel was filled, some of the liquid entered the cavity and compressed the air within; so that when the cup was inclined to the lips and partly emptied, the pressure being diminished, the air expanded and drove part of the contents into the face of the drinker. Another goblet was so contrived that no one could drink out of it unless he understood the art. The liquid was suspended in cavities and discharged by admitting or excluding air through several secret openings.

Burning is undoubtedly that kind of pain against which the organism most strongly revolts, and yet there is a series of tricks well known to the public which show a seemingly reckless familiarity with fire. Dipping the hand into molten metal has been practiced from remote antiquity. In lead-works, a workman will unhesitatingly put his hand into a bowl of melted lead, in order to take out a coin that a visitor has thrown into it; and in foundries workmen are often seen dividing with their hands a jet of melted lead or steel issuing from a crucible. The explanation is simple: the multitude of droplets of water that occupy the pores of the skin, coming suddenly into contact with a body whose temperature is exceedingly high, as molten iron for example, assume the

spheroidal state, interpose themselves between the iron and the surface of the skin, and form a protecting glove for it.

The history of those who have been able to resist the direct action of fire upon the body runs back to remote times. Sitah, a Hindoo divinity, in order to clear herself from injurious suspicion, walked barefooted upon a glowing fire. Greek and Roman writers tell us of extraordinary feats of this character and attribute them to divine intervention. Trial by fire was in vogue from the time of the Greeks until the Middle Ages. Harold, son of Magnus, King of Norway, proved his right to the throne by walking with impunity upon red-hot iron. At the beginning of the present century an Italian performer created much interest by his feats. He began by rubbing a bar of red-hot iron over his hair without burning the latter, and afterward passing the same over his arms and legs. He kicked a piece of white-hot iron several times with his toes and heels, placed a piece of red-hot iron between his teeth, drank boiling oil, dipped his fingers into molten lead and let drops of the latter fall on his tongue, and passed a red-hot iron over his tongue, without appearing to suffer in the least. He exposed his face to flaming oil or to the vapor disengaged from sulphuric, nitric, and hydrochloric acids poured upon glowing coal. A Neapolitan chemist resolved to ascertain the secret of his skill and found that after submitting himself to repeated friction with sulphurous acid he was enabled to apply a bar of red-hot iron to his skin without injury. Continuing his experiments he found that a solution of alum had the same property. Later, having accidentally rubbed soap upon the surface of a hand that had previously been impregnated with alum, he found that the hand was still further proof against fire. He then dared to put a red-hot iron upon his tongue. He even discovered that a layer of powdered sugar covered with soap sufficed to render his tongue insensible to heat. With regard to those who first ignite some combustible substance and then exhibit it flaming in their mouths, it is said that the majority of burning materials that are put into the mouth are extinguished as soon as the latter is closed, and that the nature of the gas exhaled from the lungs must still further hasten the extinction. Eaters of burning tow are satisfied to form a little ball of the material which they tightly com-

press and then light and allow to burn almost entirely up. Then, rolling this in new tow in order to guard the mucus membrane of the mouth against contact with the incandescent ball, they breathe gently, taking care while doing so to inhale only through the nose, and thus project smoke and sparks.

Ventriloquism is too well known to be alluded to, but some of the effects of the human voice, when produced from a distance, are indeed startling. The mysterious voice is the name given to sounds that are undoubtedly human, coming from a tin trumpet which is held in the mouth of a negro's head made of wood and suspended by a small brass chain from semicircles of iron supported by a wooden frame. The effect on spectators by this speaking head is one of astonishment, and the mystery is difficult of solution, except to the initiated, to whom naturally the illusion is simple. A person hidden behind the screens speaks into a tube, half an inch or so in diameter, which runs from that point to the wooden frame and through the hollow interior of the horizontal and upright pieces until it reaches an opening directly opposite the trumpet. The voice thus transmitted is reflected from the trumpet, which acts like a sounding-board, and the bewildered spectator is at loss to know whence comes the voice with which he is conversing, of course, at a convenient distance. Almost identical is the so-called "invisible girl," which consists of a suspended glass case from the extremity of which projects a speaking trumpet. The details of the apparatus are somewhat different from the preceding but the principle is analagous.

Of the multitude and variety of optical delusions there is no end. The prestidigitateur surprises his audience with one trick after another, and those which are the most wonderful are frequently the simplest. The enchanted cane, made to stand upright by resting against an almost invisible black thread attached to the trousers of the performer, forms the basis of one of Hermann's most marvelous feats. He holds a small rod in space by two long, very fine, black hairs attached to each extremity.

The so-called magic cabinet is one of the very common and yet always startling illusions. In a small cabinet where no one is allowed to enter, there is shown a slight three-legged table on which appears a large plate containing a human head. This head,

which is apparently that of a decapitated person, can move its eyes, make grimaces, and talk. Although the spectators believe that they see an empty space beneath the table, in reality the individual to whom the head belongs is seated there, his body being hidden by two vertical glass mirrors fitted between the legs of the table at an angle of forty-five degrees with the two side walls. The whole scene is so arranged that those two walls coincide with the visible portions of the wall in the rear of the cabinet. The three walls are painted with a homogeneous color and the illusion is enhanced by the feeble light employed. Within a year a similar trick was used as an advertisement by one of the museums in New York City to attract visitors, and the head was apparently swung in space in the show window facing the street. It is called the isolated bust, and is due to the effect of properly arranged mirrors in which advantage is taken of the law in optics that "an object reflected from a mirror appears to be behind the latter at a distance equal to that which separates it from it."

Usually this trick is shown in a cabinet and a large mirror extends from the line of the curtain to the top of the cabinet in a slanting direction. At about the center there is an aperture through which a properly costumed actor may pass the upper portion of his body, the edges of the aperture being hidden by the folds of the clothing. The mirror then divides the stage into two nearly equal parts, one of which, the front, is visible to the spectators, and the other, the back, invisible and containing the actor's body. The spectators are unaware of any such separation and think that they are looking directly at the floor and back of the stage, while in fact they see only a reflection of the ceiling in the mirror. Still another modification of this trick is the three-headed woman. In this case, the cabinet is protected by a sort of screen behind which is a curtain. When the latter separates there is distinctly seen a woman's body, the lower part of which is hidden by a basket of flowers. The body has three heads; one in the middle and two others grafted at the base of the neck of the first. These three heads move their eyes, stick out their tongues, answer questions, sing a few strains of a popular song and then the curtain closes. The explanation is simple. Where the spectator fancied he saw a phenomenal woman, is a mirror, slightly in-

clined toward the audience, and its edges hidden by drapery. On the stage is placed the basket of flowers from which the body is seen to issue. Then to the front on an inclined board a little above the ground, lie three young girls. One of these, in the center, is dressed in a brilliant costume, and it is she who in the exhibition makes the trunk, arms, and middle head. The lower portion of her body is covered with a black fabric, and she is supported with a cushion so as to permit the other girls to place their necks closely against hers. The bodies of these two girls at the sides are completely covered with material of a dead black color.

Similar effects of reflection are used in theaters to cause the apparition alongside of a living person, either of undecided forms or of bodies not resting on the ground. Aphrodite, the swimming girl, is still another modification of this trick. The reflected figure appearing to the audience is in swimming costume and seems to be cleaving the water with ease and grace. The girl lies on a mirror which is arranged on rollers on a circular table. As the rollers turn the mirror, the girl appears by motions of her arms to be swimming around in a circle. When she makes the dive to disappear from sight the assistant simply turns the table around to where he stands, catches hold of her hands and quickly pulls her off. A background of water and scenery is painted and placed below the glass table. This is moved backward and forward to give a panoramic effect. Of course it is almost unnecessary to add that in every instance the stage effects and descriptions by the attendant or lecturer have much to do with the success of the exhibition.

A common trick which is exhibited to show the power of hypnotism is to take a young girl, and before the audience, make a few passes until she apparently becomes unconscious, when she is suspended in mid-air and held there by simply resting her arm on an upright post. In reality a stout piece of iron is fastened to the belt and arm of the girl and attached to a peculiarly made corset. In this aerial suspension only two motions are possible. The girl is gently lifted by the feet until she assumes a position of reclining upon her elbow on a single pole. This trick has recently been considerably improved, and as now shown the girl stands at the back of the stage which is covered with a curtain

of dark material, and then is raised gently in the air. Behind this curtain is a stout iron frame, and from the center of it projects an iron arm that can be pushed forward and to the right and left, slits in the curtain being made to accommodate the movements. The pole is fastened to the girl's belt and the belt is made of stout iron grooved and ringed to admit the end of the arm which is supplied with a ball, so when the end of the iron arm is slipped into the wider opening at the back and locked, she can turn in any direction but forward without hindrance. The draping of her waist is arranged so that no matter what the position the silk will fall over and conceal the belt. To further heighten the deception, Kellar had the girl jump through a rapidly revolving hoop while in the air. The hoop passed the iron at the back by opening, its two open ends being concealed by numerous ribbons with which it was loosely wrapped.

The electric boy when first introduced was considered a remarkable phenomenon. It is based on a simple application of the principles of electricity. A carpet dampened with water is placed on the floor leading to where the boy stands and on which the spectators rest while waiting their turn to shake hands with him. During their brief wait the soles of their shoes become thoroughly moistened. Beneath the carpet on which the boy stands, behind a railing, as well as beneath that on which the visitor stands, are copper plates which are connected with a hidden battery. When any one shakes hands with the electrical boy the connection is made and the shock is received with more or less intensity.

From the foregoing, sufficient evidence has been produced to demonstrate that so-called magic can be very readily explained, but by clever appeals to the imagination the expert deludes his audiences into a belief that the trick is a genuine phenomenon.

JAPANESE ART.

BY T. DE WYZEWA.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

TWENTY years ago Japanese art was almost unknown. Japan had welcomed, in the sixteenth century, Portuguese missionaries, and a century later, Dutch merchants. But the Portuguese missionaries do not seem to have formed any idea of the artistic originality of the barbarians whom they had come to convert; and the Dutch merchants never knew, save in a very imperfect manner, Japanese art properly so called. Up to the latter half of the nineteenth century the majority of the great public remained in ignorance of the fact that there was in Japan a national art quite independent of Chinese art,—an art having, as that of Italy or of the Netherlands, its history, its monuments, its great schools, and great masters.

In 1868 the gates of Japan were abruptly thrown open by a revolution which seemed wholly political, but which, like the French Revolution of 1789, proved the point of departure for the complete overturning of custom and of society. The ruin of a great number of princely families threw into the hands of unlettered tradesmen works which

for ages had been religiously concealed. At the same time the Japanese were seized with a fever for novelty; they tried to imitate the Europeans in every thing; they assumed their costumes and their manners, and admired only those things which were foreign to their own land. With a readiness which they afterwards repented, they yielded up the ancient treasures of their race. The occasion was a rare one; and French merchants did not fail to profit by it. In twenty years they drained Japan, taking away all that they found, and sending the treasures, pell-mell, to Paris, to Hamburg, to London, or to New York.

It was in these foreign store-houses that the productions of Japanese art were first revealed; and Europeans formed the same idea of them, that a Japanese, entirely ignorant of our civilization, would form on seeing heaped up in a bazaar in Tokio, a million European objects exported at hazard. We were surprised at the variety and richness of their invention, at their skill; even their faults in perspective and model enchanted us as a protestation against the too rigid rules exacted

in our art. But, with all its richness and its variety, the artistic invention of the Japanese seemed of a low order; it left the impression of an anonymous and impersonal art in which there were neither differences of epoch nor of talent. Gradually we came to look upon it with a slightly scornful favor. It was readily conceded that it excelled in decorative excellence; but that Japan had had a complete and connected artistic development, that at certain periods of her history she had produced works in which were lacking none of the elements of a great art, this would have been difficult even for those to admit, who took the most pleasure in furnishing their homes with Japanese lacquer-work, bronzes, and tapestries.

Unfortunately, the several able writers upon this subject have not succeeded in greatly modifying the established opinion. They err most in not having shown with sufficient clearness the bonds which join the art of Japan to the race which produced it. They have neglected to point out the characteristic traits in the Japanese mind. What psychological reasons make Japanese art to differ from Chinese art? from the art of the Western world? What has been the nature of the life of Japanese artists?

An exhaustive study of Japanese manners leads to the conclusion that the spirit of this people has always been the spirit of a child. That appearance of childishness in their faces with which all foreigners are impressed, is found also in their ways of living, in their thoughts, and in their feelings. They never reach a clear idea of their own personality, nor, indeed, of any reality. They seek only to be entertained, and they find in the smallest things which surround them, endless sources of diversion. The German traveler, Rein, calls attention to their credulity, their taste for novelty, their relish for all sorts of childish plays, and the ease with which they can be amused; are not all of these, traits which they have in common with children? And is it not in accordance with this infantile spirit that they can be at once loyal and full of malice, careless of life, capricious, eager for present enjoyment, indolent, and passionate? Does not this also explain why they are both superstitious and irreligious, exactly carrying out the exterior practices of two faiths, Shintoism and Buddhism, without troubling themselves as to the truth of either?

It is also to their child-like dispositions that they owe their deep love of nature. Having no clear consciousness of their personality they do not know how to distinguish themselves from their surroundings, they dreamily lose themselves, charmed by the details which delight their eyes. The sight of the beautiful world plunges them into a sort of perpetual intoxication. Every year the blooming of the fruit trees is celebrated by a national *fête*; all classes of the people betake themselves to the country to admire this glorious miracle of nature. For them nature is a marvelous painting which is constantly changing. Their souls concentrate themselves in their eyes which acquire a remarkable delicacy, and which preserve as graven images the impressions of form and color. At the same time the higher qualities of their intelligence become enfeebled. The mind grows incapable of seizing upon any thing which is not presented as a precise and colored image. They are unequal to the least efforts at abstract generalization.

From a race thus endowed it is useless to expect great philosophers or great writers. But, as if in compensation, no race is better fitted for the production of painters. And it is certain that the purely visual qualities of this art, clearness of sight, force of expression, passion for form and color, are found in as high a degree among the humblest artists of Japan as among the ablest masters of European painting.

But painting is an art which requires of those who practice it something more than visual qualities. No artist can be great who has not an esthetic theory, a particular conception of art and life. Lacking an intelligence capable of abstracting and reasoning, Japanese painters have followed arbitrary theories which they adopted without seeking to comprehend them. Very early in their history certain traditions were formulated among them, derived chiefly from China; each young artist took them in turn from his master and followed them scrupulously; he developed his personal talent only within the limits imposed by them.

To understand Japanese painting, then, it is necessary to imagine the painter as an obedient child to whom many things have been forbidden, but a child marvelously gifted and possessing a passion for his art. Inside of his barriers he employs all of his genius with a rapture, a fervor, a variety, which

is extraordinary. Perhaps the very absence of superior intellectual strength has contributed to endow him with a special gift of sweetness and serenity. To comprehend the world is to run the risk of finding it less beautiful and less good; this misfortune is always spared to the Japanese; their souls remain tranquil to the end of life, and their works are but the reflection of their innocent simplicity.

Let us picture to ourselves the happy career of a Japanese artist of the eighteenth century. As a child he is the pride of his home, treated by his parents as a little god. After a short stay at school where he learns to read, to write, and to recite the mere outlines of history, he enters in his fifteenth year the shop of a painter. His master teaches him very soon the ten styles of design, and the special processes for each; for they do not paint after the same fashion the *kakemono*—the long narrow wall picture which is mounted on rollers,—the *makimono*—the roll picture, or scroll, intended to be examined in the hand,—the movable partitions, screens, fans, the leaves of albums, etc.

While instructing him in a thousand details, the master also teaches him to love his art, and to find material for it in the study of nature. After having taught him to copy designs and then the famous works of the past, he demands him to paint from memory, it may be a bamboo, a bird, a face; then to produce with a suitable expression a legendary hero or a fanciful landscape.

At twenty years of age the young painter buys his own work-shop and fits it up with great care. His neighbors now give him orders to fill, and he works assiduously. Little by little the orders multiply. The young artist becomes widely known. He himself receives scholars. He marries, and his life remains always tranquil and sweet. His renown still spreads, but neither glory nor fortune can alter his mode of life. He continues to live in his little house, to make his sketches, and, when work is not pressing, to wander into the country and enjoy nature, or to visit other cities. He remains always a child.

In 1882 a Japanese amateur carried to Paris and there exhibited a *kakemono* by the most ancient of the painters of his land, Kanaoka. The picture bore the date of the second half of the ninth century. It represented Dzijo, the god of benevolence, seated and having a lotus flower at his feet. The worthy man who brought it from Yeddo hoped to secure its

admission to the Louvre; and although it might not have appeared to good advantage in that great museum, it is to be regretted that it was not placed there. It was a work of art manifestly primitive, but in that motionless figure with half-shut eyes there were displayed nobility of form, serene purity of countenance, and a vigorous harmony of tones.

An art so remarkable could not have grown suddenly. In the second century of our era, according to the legends, but in any case before the fifth, Korean artists established themselves in Japan and introduced there the knowledge of ancient Chinese art. In the ninth century the temples and palaces were filled with renowned pictures, both by natives and Chinese. The young Kanaoka spent long years in studying them. He devoted himself chiefly to religious subjects, but among his works are to be found also many portraits, figures of animals, and landscapes. Very few of all his works, however, have been saved; that secular enemy of Japan temples, fire, has destroyed nearly all of them.

Not much more is known of the work of his successors. Just as in Italy ancient religious painting, before giving place to the realistic art of the successors of Masaccio, had incarnated in the work of Fra Angelico its mystical and ideal tendencies, so in Japan it embodied in the pictures of the painter-poet, Cho-Densu, its ancient ideal of pure and native beauty. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Fenollosa, who have seen his works in Japan, place him in the first rank of Japanese artists. His designs, it is true, are not correct, but the breadth of his composition, the firmness of his brush, the harmony of his colors, and the grandeur of his sentiments—all suffice to justify the admiration of his critics.

In 1050 a noble of the court, Motomitsou, founded a national school of painting, the *Yamato*, which abandoned religious subjects and pretended to separate Japanese art from all foreign influences. Two hundred years later this school became important enough to be substituted in the place of the old Imperial Academy; and under the name of *Tosa*, it held the monopoly of official artistic instruction until the Renaissance of the fifteenth century. Beyond that time and even to the first years of our century, it maintained its independence and its traditions.

It is impossible for foreigners to appreciate

the true artistic value of the school of *Tosa*; alone among all the Japanese schools it is very imperfectly represented in European collections. Its master-pieces of the first three centuries are, for the most part, kept in the palaces of Japan. Judging, however, from occasional specimens, the importance of the school seems to have been of short duration. Up to the eighteenth century its painters remained the only colorists of Japan, but their colors were always brilliant and artificial. They knew nothing of the science of anatomy or of perspective. It is outside of this school that the monuments of true artistic grandeur must be sought.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century, a priest named Josetsou founded a new school, destined very soon to surpass the former in renown and merit. In the studio of Josetsou there were trained three eminent artists, Shiouboun, Sesshiu, and Kano Masanobou; and as each of these taught celebrated scholars, there existed in a few years, as rivals of the school of *Tosa*, three distinct schools named after these famous teachers. But if the three chiefs differed from one another in the nature of their genius, they had adopted the same manner, the same subjects, the same general principles; so that they soon became blended into one school—the school of *Kano*, the second of the great national academies.

The common principle of all its artists is the superstitious respect paid to Chinese art and to China in general; and upon this point its enemies have not failed to reproach it. But the fact is, that their adoration of China did not prevent the scholars of Josetsou from creating an art purely Japanese. One of them, Sesshiu, went to China; full of zeal he sought a teacher among their most renowned artists. But his biography tells how, disgusted with the instruction received, he resolved to take lessons only of the mountains, rivers, and trees. It is especially in mountains, rivers, and trees that his contemporaries and successors followed his lead. Their minds, incapable of deduction, had need to give a name to their ideal and to fortify themselves with a code of precise rules; so they gave to the ideal the name of China, and to Chinese art they went for rules. It was thus that China became for these painters the pretext of their own idealization of art.

The subjects preferred are the portraits of legendary personages, romantic landscapes *soi disant* Chinese, and animals and plants

always used by them as symbols or emblems. The principles of the school are, the constant subordination of color to design, of exactness to exterior effect, of movement to expression. The three best representatives of Japanese art up to their time were members of this school: the vigorous designer, Motonobou; the impressionist, Tanyu (1601–1674); and his brother, Naonobou (1607–1651), one of the most individual and delicate of all the artists of that race.

It was not until the close of the seventeenth century that other schools began to be formed by students who broke away from the traditionary teachings of the followers of *Tosa* and of *Kano*. The founder of one of them, Korin, by his individuality, made himself and his school the admiration of both European and Japanese critics. There was about him no trace of arbitrary traditions or rules. Whatever he imagined he produced immediately without troubling himself regarding its *vraisemblance* or the justness of effects. His figures, however, lack expression, and his colors are not harmonious. He deserves to be classed in the list of those eccentric geniuses who by the very excess of their personality fail to put at its full value their real talent.

Another school not less famous, the naturalistic school, named *Shijo*, was established about 1750 by Okio. Of a radical mind, and a stickler for truth, Okio separated himself from the school of *Kano*, and resolved to paint directly from nature without trying to embellish his works. He and his school left a great number of works in which realism was pushed to its utmost. His figures possess a charming delicacy, a gracious ease, a naturalness of attitude; but they are painted in a superficial manner; neither he nor any of his school were ever able to represent the inner life, or the profound character of the subjects they attempted.

The more we study Japanese art the more are we struck with the resemblance which its evolutions bear to those of the art of Europe. As in the latter country so in the former, primitive art was a religious art; in both, the fifteenth century was an era of *renaissance*, and of a *renaissance* in which its authors created a new style, while thinking they were imitating classic models. In the seventeenth century the glorious epoch of Genroku in Japan, corresponded to the age of Louis XIV.; while in the eighteenth century

the classical ideal was followed by the realistic tendency in both Japan and Europe.

Matahei who lived in the early part of the seventeenth century was the first who ever tried to represent subjects which his predecessors deemed unworthy of art, the scenes of every-day life; and his attempts, soon followed by those of others, gave rise to the founding of the common school of painting. This, however, was not fully established until one hundred years later, and then, under the influence of two men of genius, Moronobou and Itcho, who adopted the principles of Matahei, and made themselves famous by their *genre* paintings.

Their successors embrace all those masters whom the process of engraving has rendered familiar to all. To name them would be impossible. Each one has some distinguishing trait. Their works, painted or engraved, charm at first sight by the variety of subjects and attitudes which can be found in the productions of no other schools. Many among them have created truly beautiful types, whether they painted sweet young girls with round and laughing faces, as did Soukénobou, or elegant beauties in stately apparel, as Harounobou, or tall figures of an undulating grace, as the admirable Outamaro. Others have been remarkable colorists, among whom are Torii, Kiyonaga, and Shunsho. But even the talent of these men cannot prevent the merited criticism pronounced against the common school. Its work as a whole lacks correctness of observation and depth of expression.

The greatest merit of this school is its having produced Hokousai (1760-1849). All the good qualities of all his great predecessors in all of the schools seem to have been concentrated in his fertile genius. The *Mangwa*, a collection of sketches in fourteen volumes, and the "One Hundred Views of Fouji-Yama" which have made his name popular in Europe, fail to give a complete idea of his genius. They bear witness to his extraordinary sense of the beauty of form, of the elegance of lines, of the harmony of colors; but nothing in them all can equal the sovereign charm of his paintings, numerous enough in the collections of Paris, especially those which represent the human form and the tranquil scenes of popular life.

Yes, Hokousai is a master. Nothing is lacking in him, he possesses ability and

science, invention and sentiment. Like all masters, he always had a profound love of nature and of his art; like them he was always dissatisfied with his own earlier works. He wrote at the age of seventy-five years, "Toward the age of fifty I had made an infinite number of designs; but I am disgusted with all produced before my seventieth year. It was only at the age of seventy-three that I understood the form and the true nature of birds, fishes, plants," etc. Let us add that this man of an artless and tender heart had a remarkable intelligence, that he understood better than any other the idea of vague symbols and the relations which unite movement to thought.

That which prevents and for a long time will prevent Hokousai from occupying in European estimation the high place which he deserves, is the present confused knowledge regarding Japanese art. To-day the general prejudice concerning it is very strong. We are charmed, excited, over these pictures, but we refuse to see in them the results of a superior art.

The works of the scholars of Hokousai, Hokkei, and Kiosai bear witness to his singularity of genius. These gifted workmen seem to have followed him exactly as regards subjects and manner, and, as far as execution goes, to equal him. But they fail in that mysterious creative power which made the works of their master seem alive.

It would be unjust to pass by without mention two other eminent artists, whose works are only slightly overshadowed by those of Hokousai,—they are Hiroshigé, one of the most popular masters in the common school, and Josai, the painter, historian, and poet.

To-day Japanese painting has ceased to be an art. It is necessary to keep children in leading-strings; and all the constraint of rules and traditions has been required to make the Japanese mind produce the artistic beauty of which it was capable. Now these rules and traditions have lost all their value. The people have found in Europe a new China, and, as formerly they imitated that land, so now they dream of imitating European art. Their national quality of obedience to the lessons of masters will necessitate their remaining for some time unproductive in the exercise of an art which requires above all else science and liberty.

A LITTLE THING.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

IN the Alp stillness, on a wild
 Sky-crag, up-piled,
The target for the blazing of the suns,
The monster, snow, lies in a million tons,
Like a white, steadfast creature fast asleep
 Above vales green and deep.

What thing can wake it there,
 In the blue air?
Must it abide the glacier's beckoning flow,
And tarry laggard while the ages go,
Waiting yet icy æons to be free
 At last in the great sea?

Or, quicker fate, shall soon,
 Some blinding noon,
With tinkle of the harness bell, a muleteer
Up toward some difficult rugged pass appear,
His burdened beasts in patient, climbing line,
 Mere shadows in the shine?

And shall that bell from far
 Make just the jar,
The keen vibration with its metal tongue,
To steal, like dreams of meadow-grass among
Its dormant, unstirred particles, till, lo,
 This monster creature, snow,

Rouses, and sheer uplifts
 Its rooted cliffs,
While rocks are powdered, granite bases craunched,
As from the verge th' awakened thing is launched,
With down-turned bow of rime and keel of glaze,
 Like ship upon its ways?

What tempest had not done,
 Nor the great sun,
The mule-bell, with its still, small chime could do,
Piercing with vibrant music through and through,
Till the whole peak of everlasting snow
 Leaped to the vale below!

Now, while the glacier's tread
 Walks its fixed bed,
With centuries for the drum-beats of its march,
Out under tropic skies, that glow and arch,
Our snow runs in the rivers of the plains,
 Or falls in soft, sweet rains.

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THE AVERAGE AMERICAN COOK.

BY MARION HARLAND.



THE French woman dresses herself with a view to pleasing the cultivated eye. She consults her complexion, height, figure, and carriage, in color, make, and trimming. Her apparel partakes of her individuality.

The American woman wears her clothes as clothing, and has them made up of certain materials and in various ways, because dressmakers and fashion-plates prescribe what are this season's "styles."

Dissimilarities as marked prevail in the cookery of the two nations. Daintiness and flavor take rank of other considerations with the French cook; with the American *fillingness*! I can use no substitute for the word, that will convey the right idea.

The human machine (of American manufacture) must be greased regularly and plied with fuel or it will not go. And "go" is the genius of American institutions. Cookery with us is a means to an end; therefore, as much a matter of economy of time and toil as building a road. Almost every cottage has specimens of fine art on the walls in the shape of pictures "done" by Jane or Eliza, or embroidery upon lambrequin, *portière*, or tidy. It occurs to Jane and Eliza as seldom as to their foremothers, that cooking is an art in itself, that may be "fine" to exquisiteness. In their eyes, it is an ugly necessity, to be got over as expeditiously as "the men-folks" will allow, their coarser natures demanding more and richer filling than women's. It follows that dishes which require premeditation and deft manipulation, are unpopular. The scorn with which our middle-class woman regards soups, jellies, salads, and *entrées* is based upon prejudice that has become national. Recipes marked—"Time from three to four hours," are a feature of English cook-books. We American writers of household manuals are too conversant with Jane and Eliza's principles to imperil their sale by what will be considered danger-signals. This same desire to dispatch a disagreeable task increases in said manuals

the number of "Quick Biscuit," "Minute Muffins," and "Hasty Pudding" recipes.

It avails little to enter into computations of actual gain, in the long run, of time and labor, by the adoption of more refined methods of cookery and the introduction of novel and inexpensive delicacies into the every-day menu. Represent to the notable housewife who is scrupulous in saving minutes, candle-ends, and soap-grease, that a few pounds of cracked bones, a carrot, a turnip, an onion, and a bunch of sweet herbs, covered deep with cold water, and set at one side of the range on washing-day, to simmer into soup-stock, wastes neither time nor fuel and will be the base of more than one or two nourishing dinners; prove, by mathematical demonstration, that a mold of delicious blanc-mange, or Spanish cream, or simpler junket, costs less and can be made in one-tenth of the time required for the leathery-skinned, sour, or faint-hearted pie, without which "father'n the boys wouldn't relish their dinner"; that an egg and lettuce salad, with mayonnaise-dressing, is so much more toothsome and digestible than chipped beef as a "tea-relish," as to repay her for the few additional minutes spent in preparing it—and her skeptical stare means disdain of your interference, and complacent determination to follow her own way.

"Finical notions and fancy dishes do well enough for rich people. Poor and plain folks don't take to them," is the incontrovertible argument that puts down your efforts at reform. She has heard that "country-people in furren parts a'most live upon slops and grass and eggs and frogs, and supposes that's the reason Frenchmen are so small and dark-complected." She thanks goodness she was born in America, "where there's plenty to eat, and to spare," she adds, piously, as she puts the chunk of salt pork on to boil with the white beans, or the brisket of salt beef over the fire with the cabbage, before mixing a batch of molasses-cake with buttermilk and plenty of soda.

The corner-stone of her culinary operations might have been cut from the pillar into

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which another conservative woman with a will of her own, was changed. It is solid salt. Salt pork, salt beef, salt fish, relieve one another in an endless chain upon her board. She averts scurvy by means of cabbage and potatoes. I know well-to-do farmers' wives who do not cook what they call "butcher's meat," three times a month, or poultry above twice a year. Dried and salt meat and fish replenish what an Irish cook once described to me as "the *meat corner* of the stomach."

"Half-a-dozen eggs wouldn't half fill it, mem"; she protested, in defence of the quantity of steak and roast devoured daily below-stairs.

Our native housewife does not make the effort to crowd this cavity with the product of her poultry-yard. Eggs of all ages are marketable and her pride in the limited number she uses in filling up her household is comic, yet pathetic. Cream is the chrysalis of butter at thirty cents a pound; to work so much as a table-spoonful into dishes for daily consumption would be akin to the sinful enormity of lighting a fire with dollar bills. She sends her freshly-churned, golden rolls to "the store" in exchange for groceries, including *cooking butter* to be used in the manufacture of cake and pastry.

These she *must* have. Appetites depraved by fats,—liquid, solid, and fried,—crave the assuasives of sweets and acids. "Hunky" bread-puddings, and eggless, faintly-sweetened rice puddings, and pies of various kinds represent desserts. Huge pickles still smacking of the brine that "firmed" them, are offered in lieu of fresher acids. Yet she sneers at salads, and would not touch sorrel-soup to save a Frenchman's soul. For beverages she stews into rank herbiness, cheap tea by the quart, and Rio coffee, weak and turbid, with plenty of sugar in both. Occasionally, the coffee is cleared (!) with a bit of salt fish skin. I was told by one who always saved the outside skin of codfish, after soaking it for fish balls, for clearing her coffee, that "it gives a kind of *bright* taste to it; takes off the flatness-like, don't you know?" We raise more vegetables and in greater variety than any other people; have better and cheaper fruits than can be procured in any other market upon the globe; our waters teem with fish (unsalted) that may be had for the catching. Yet our national *cuisine*—take it from East to West and from North to South—is the narrowest as to range, the worst as to preparation, and the least wholesome of any country that claims an enlightened civilization.

COMPETITION BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



OMEN'S advance into all manners of professions, trades, and occupations heretofore pursued only by men, is a subject of too great importance to be fairly discussed, pro and con, in the space to which

this article must be limited. But, nevertheless, I may be able to express the nature of my opinions upon the question, and to explain the causes which led me to form these views. Every question has its two sides.

When I see an ambitious, brainy, and hard working woman tied to an indolent, idle, and easy-going husband, whose only achievement is in being the father of an ever increasing family which he cannot clothe or educate, I find it difficult to object if the wife takes the reins of business into her own hands.

I have in mind several such cases. One woman suffered absolute poverty and need for long years, with a miserly and unambitious husband, who refused an invalid daughter the comforts of life even during her last pain-burdened days. It was this which spurred the wife and mother to final action; and she left her home and husband in the care of relatives, went out into an active business life among men, and to-day has retired from business with an independent fortune.

It would be absurd to say that such a woman should have been satisfied with her domestic life, and that she did wrong to leave her home and children in the care of others while she sought for a career.

There are innumerable individual cases of this kind which can but win our admiring respect. But so far as I am concerned, it is a respect mingled with sympathy.

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It is not in the natural order of things that the woman should be the burden bearer and money maker of the family. To educate her for a money maker, and to give her ambitions for business or professions, seems wholly unnatural and shocking to me. Yet I have but to look about me to find the unforeseen and sudden necessities which arise for scores of happy mothers, wives and daughters, in the sudden stroke of misfortunes which send them forth unprepared to fight the battle of life alone.

"Oh, if only I had been taught to do something practical!" these women cry, as they look about them, frightened, helpless, and inefficient. The advanced and the progressive woman of the day will point to these examples, and tell you that the only way out of such difficulties is to educate all our girls for business careers. But I am not of her opinion. In spite of the marked progress of woman in all departments of business during the last fifteen years, in spite of the brilliant proofs she is more and more giving us of her ability to do and to achieve, I am confident that there is a better and more universal method of aiding society, and providing for unforeseen necessities, than in educating girls to compete with men in business.

"I am going to prepare my girls for adversity," said a mother of two daughters to me one day. "I want them to be able to earn a living independent of their husbands, should they marry." I was visiting in their home at the time, and I noticed that the mother made herself a servant to her daughters, waiting upon them in the smallest matters, "in order to give them a chance to study," she said. But this very treatment was rendering the young ladies inefficient, shiftless, characterless. With no idea of thrift, of money saving, of practical economy of time or forces, with a disdain of small duties pertaining to the home life inculcated by the mother's mistaken treatment of them, they were being educated for thriftless, unsuccessful wives and wasteful housekeepers.

I would have every mother in the land begin at the cradle to teach her daughters self-respect, self-denial, and thoroughness in small things. I would have wee tots who grow easily blasé with an embarrassment of toys, taught to deny themselves playthings for the benefit of poorer children. I would have their young minds early instilled with

the beauty of self-sacrifice; and instead of importing costumes for their dolls, I would have them taught to cut, and sew, and make whole outfits for their dolls, and I would bestow prizes and rewards for neat and successful work. In all such early matters would I train the childish mind to a pride in practical achievement. I would have them taught to mend, darn, and fold clothing nicely; and above and beyond any praise for great progress in music, drawing, or elocution, I would give them praise, medals, and public honors for keeping their rooms, their clothes-presses, their bureau drawers, and their personal effects in perfect order; and I would permit no servant to do for them what they could do for themselves. Constantly would I keep before them the need of self-denial in small matters, the necessity of doing things which were distasteful and doing them well, if they would possess character and stamina to meet the inevitable hardships which life presents to every soul.

Let any woman who has been reared in this manner be suddenly thrown from the lap of luxury into poverty and she will show herself capable of self-support, without any previous "business training," or any preconceived idea or preparation for a career. But instead of this, the idea of the day seems to be to teach girls to despise small duties—to leave their stockings to be darned, and their rooms for servants to keep tidy while they study for the stage, for the lecture field, for some profession or some business sphere.

"To earn money" seems to be the ambitious girl's craze now, not to save money by thrift and efficiency in the use of it. That the whole system is utterly wrong and its influence upon society detrimental, I grow every day more certain. While there are here and there to be found in each generation, a few specially gifted women who are called by higher powers to follow some career, as Florence Nightingale, Charlotte Cushman, Rosa Bonheur, Maria Mitchell, and others have been called to follow theirs, it is a fact beyond controversy that woman was meant by nature to be wife, mother, and housekeeper; and any system which tends to separate her interests from that triple sphere, is an unnatural and unhealthy system for the sex in the aggregate, and for society at large, however beneficial it may be for a few individuals.

(To be concluded.)

FASHIONS FOR THOSE NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY MARY S. TORREY.



WHEN in these days there is a general inclination to ameliorate all the conditions of life, and to make things pleasant for everybody, it seems strange that one class of people has been persistently overlooked. I mean middle-aged and really old women; and they suffer ridicule, some willingly, and others under protest, because of this neglect. Milliners take no note of them, and to the makers of fashions they simply do not exist. So it is high time for some one to advocate their cause; for the middle-aged woman, unless her digestion and liver be sadly out of order, takes a lively, sometimes far too lively, interest in her bonnet and gowns. Nowhere in the shop windows can be seen bonnets suitable for one who is fifty and looks it,—nothing but beautiful combinations, *poems*, enthusiasts call them, and very short ones, too, for young people. It is by persistent effort alone that one can induce that potentate, the milliner, to get up something suitable for gray hairs. In her eyes a customer is invested with perpetual youth, and some, from lack of constructive ability, are forced to give up entirely to her. These unfortunates weakly don a scrap of ribbon and lace, or a tower of roses, whichever their tyrant may choose. But it is when a woman can neither be called young nor be relegated to the old people that she is apt to commit the greatest follies in dress. Then is the time to see that the bonnet has always a facing of as dark velvet as will harmonize with the rest, black being, *par excellence*, the best whenever it can be rightly used. If white flowers are chosen they should never be of the blue or dead white tint, but of a creamy shade, with a generous yellow center, and if even then they are unbecoming, a facing of black velvet will invariably remedy the difficulty. Above all, when forty, and you wish to appear younger, do not mount a toque without strings—unless you are fortunate enough to possess short, curly hair. These hot days, when we look upon each additional thread as the fatal last straw, this will be regarded as a hard saying, but only

a fresh young face should wear the stringless toque, and a woman of forty, no matter how round her cheeks, needs something tied under her chin, or at the side. As to large hats, the law can be very distinctly and unmistakably laid down. In cities and towns they should not be worn by any one who looks thirty, and yet I am sorry to say that I have seen gray hair surmounted by a large lace hat, crowned with roses. Of course a large hat is allowable for all ages at a garden party, and for country wear and mountain rambles, a hat as broad brimmed as Nell Gwynne's is just what we want.

In the matter of dresses the older contingent is not so badly off, for though an elderly woman never appears in a fashion plate, there are plenty of models, thanks to the present style of tailor-made garments, that by selecting a suitable color, will be just the thing. And it is not necessary either, to go into mourning for one's departed youth; there are so many pretty medium and dark cheviots, such beautiful shades of heliotropes, plum, and gray, that one can well afford young people the monopoly of the very light ones.

In the selection of evening dresses there is a good deal of latitude, but, in my opinion, pale shades of blue and pink should not be chosen. Maize and all shades of yellow are very popular, and combine prettily with the time-honored black lace, either as underskirt or trimmings. Gray silk is effectively made up with gold or yellow and white brocade, and this combination is greatly fancied by Parisians. A pretty lavender, with panels and waist trimmings of plain or brocaded violet of a harmonizing shade, or a lace net of delicate violets with pendants of a deeper shade, is also very becoming, and a pretty fan for such a costume is a large pansy combining in its petals the shades of the gown and trimmings. If the indispensable black lace has a second waist with low or V shaped lining, a sober street costume, can, at fifteen minutes' notice, be transformed into quite a dressy toilet. Some have two sets of bows ready made for the waist and sleeves, and two sets of pendants in different styles and colors sewed into belts. The fashionable laces are

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very light and gauzy; and if the neck is too thin for even a veiled exhibition, an evening waist can be made cool and dressy by having the lining cut out in front, and then wide Chantilly or other lace put on full from the shoulder to the bust, and then folded flat to the points of the bodice; making the edges of the lace meet at the open part. The collar can be of jet, or gold *passementerie*, or it may have ribbon to correspond, with bows, but it must be high and finished with a tiny black ruffle. Of course every woman is anxious to look young as long as possible, but few recognize the fact that there is an essential difference between what is suitable for girlish, and for mature beauty, and that to deck one in the trappings of the other is incongruous and disastrous.

When women have reached the time when their faces are furrowed with wrinkles, and they feel their age, then they can exemplify the Chinese adage, that woman's life is a continued term of obedience; in childhood she obeys her parents, on marrying she obeys her husband, and when old she obeys her children. Our daughters, if we have brought them up properly, will see that the dear, white-haired mother has the finest and softest

Henriettas for winter wear, the prettiest China silk and crêpe for summer, and plenty of breakfast and dress caps.

Some years ago there was a picture at the Academy called "A Study in Black and White," representing an old lady seated in front of an open grate fire, so that the last rays of the setting sun lit up, or rather glorified, her silvery hair, the soft gray of her dress, and rested on the listless hands. Through the half-open *portières* you catch a glimpse of a bright faced girl who is keeping some little one quiet, because grandma has gone to sleep. You feel sure she has folded the snowy lace at the neck and selected the cap that frames in the sweet old face. Of course every woman is, naturally enough, anxious to preserve her youth, or the appearance of it, as long as possible, and it is just when she is losing the freshness that the trial is the hardest. Later on we become accustomed to and accept the unwelcome advent of wrinkles and crow's feet; that is, if we possess common sense. If people only could see that there is a beauty of age as well as of youth, and that any attempt to combine the two is as incongruous as it is disastrous, they would then grow old gracefully.

A TOYNBEE HALL EXPERIMENT IN CHICAGO.

BY EVA H. BRODLIQUE.



THIRTY-FIVE years ago a wealthy citizen of Chicago, named Hull, built for himself a spacious residence on South Halsted Street. At that time Mr. Hull, no doubt, considered that Halsted Street was destined to become the favorite residence avenue of the city. Alas, for his expectations! The fashionable people, and lovers of quiet, drifted toward the lake shore, and Halsted Street soon became the rendezvous of the lower classes. Mr. Hull and his family fled; and the old house was rented and gradually sank into ignominy and disrepair.

A year ago two young ladies, Miss Jane Addams and Miss Ellen Starr, leased the great, decaying residence, had it restored at large expense, and took up their abode therein. The two ladies possessed wealth, posi-

tion, and culture. What could they possibly mean by making their home among the Halsted Street slums?

Just this: they had studied the workings of the Toynbee Hall experiment abroad, and the College Settlement in New York, and felt the need of an equivalent in Chicago. The Misses Addams and Starr believed most emphatically in comfort, and in luxury even, but they also believed that it should be shared. So beauty was evolved out of the chaos of disrepair in the old house. Floors were polished and spread with Oriental rugs. Walls were tinted in ivory and gold, and hung with choice etchings and water-colors. Flowers, books, and music came in abundance, and pieces of choice statuary gleamed from recesses and niches. In short, it was an ideal home set down on the desert of a squalid and insalubrious neighborhood.

And here these two gentle, high-bred women abide precisely in the same manner

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as they would on the most fashionable of avenues. They live a social life among their neighbors. These neighbors, be they ignorant or cultivated, native or foreign, are asked courteously and kindly, to share the entertainment, the intellectual and artistic pleasures, which the two ladies themselves enjoy.

The aims and the objects of the womanly occupants of "Hull House" would make the little busy bee blush for its own indolence. They find things for the pleasure and advantage of the children. There is a daily kindergarten, from nine o'clock to twelve, where the waifs and wanderers of the prolific neighborhood (chiefly Italians) are taught their letters and sweet songs. The kindergarten directress, Miss Low, gives her services gratuitously. Two of her assistants are paid by individual members of the Kindergarten Association, and one is doing the volunteer work included in the course of training.

There is, besides, a systematic program for each day. Three times a week there is a girls' cooking class in the kitchen. Three nights in every week are given up to social receptions, one each to the French, German, and Italian nationalities. On those occasions only the language of the particular company entertained is spoken. There are national songs, speeches, and recitations. The German evening usually includes half an hour's reading of German history; the French prefer an occasional lecture on historical subjects; and the Italians enjoy frequent comediettas given by members of the "Circolo Salvini" dramatic club. National dances are indulged in, and an effort is made to render these informal gatherings enjoyable to all. They come—oh, how they come! The irreproachable dress of the high-class foreigner brushes friendlily against the coarse garb of the peasant. There is no false delicacy about being "out." They make their debut with no uneasiness, for tiny toddlers and babies in arms come and clap their hands and crow at the unwonted jollity. But it is jollity tempered and refined by the sweet serenity of the women who preside and give their guests such an unfeigned welcome to their pretty home.

Monday afternoons are devoted to Italian girls and children. The elder girls are taught to sew, while some instructive book is read aloud to them in their own language. The younger children and the boys play games and are instructed in work for the

training of the fingers, such as modeling in clay and basket weaving.

Tuesday afternoons are given over to the school-boys' club. The little street Arabs spend a bright hour among books and pastimes. The working-boys' evening class is a cross between a night school and a literary society. Some ambitious members have gone so far as to start a Shaksperian class, others devote themselves to a late study of the "three R's"; and all listen while a physician comes in and gives sensible talks upon "What to do in emergencies."

The Wednesday evening Social Science Club is one of the Misses Addams and Starr's pet classes. All working people are cordially invited, and each evening a competent speaker leads off a discussion on a pertinent subject. To give an idea of the discussions, it is only necessary to review a few of the subjects which already have been handled: "The Eight Hour Movement," "Rights of Children," "Strikes," "Nationalism," "Profit Sharing," and "Domestic Labor." The members all draw from the well-stocked library.

On Thursday afternoons, a lady physician gives talks to women on physiology and hygiene.

Friday evening is reserved for the Working Girls' Club, which is a delightful little affair, largely literary in its tendency.

Besides all these clubs and classes, there has come with the month of June the "College-Extension Course." It is on the plan of the University-Extension Course in England, and is taught by college graduates in the evenings. The nominal fee of one dollar is paid for each term of ten weeks. History, languages, political economy, mathematics, physiology, and physics are embraced. The projectors look very hopefully for results from this last and most ambitious venture. It will give those a chance, who have hitherto had a desire, but no opportunity, to rise.

Nor is the inculcating of habits of cleanliness overlooked. Two extra bath-rooms have been added to the roomy old house, and small and swarthy youngsters are urged to try the experiment of soap and water. The kindergarten children are treated to frequent "tubbings," much to the astonishment of the Italian urchins. Stationary wash-tubs are also placed at the disposal of the neighbors. This is indeed being neighborly, and a wise and generous provision which none but a woman would have thought of making.

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CHILDREN'S WIT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

(Concluded.)



FIVE-YEAR-OLD relative of mine, to whom I was much in the habit of telling twilight stories, came to me one Sunday evening with his usual request:

"Auntie, I want you to tell me a story."

"I have told you so many," I replied, "that I think it quite time you should tell me one. Let the Sunday one come from you. Tell me about the good boy Joseph, or the baby Moses, or the little children who hooted at the bald man —"

"Oh, no, no," he interrupted, impatiently, "you know those stories by heart; but I will tell you one that maybe you don't know," and he began very gravely:

"There was a rich planter once who raised such great crops of wheat and corn and tobacco that he didn't know what to do with them, for his barns were not big enough to hold them. There were heaps of poor folks about him, poor white folks that didn't have any crops of their own, but he didn't give any thing to them; he kept all he raised for himself. So he determined that he'd pull down his little barns and tobacco houses and build great big ones; for the Bible says he wanted to store all his goods, and his plantation was as big as Uncle Will's."

"He must have been an unkind, selfish man," I interposed, "not to be willing to help his poor neighbors. What became of him in the end?"

Without a moment's hesitation, the little fellow with eager briskness replied, "Why—*he was run over by a railroad train and killed!*"

The incongruity and anachronism of the instantaneous reply, together with the child's sense of poetic justice, were very amusing.

Many a childish imagination gives expression to thoughts that would do credit to a poet. A little friend only two years and a half old, seeing for the first time a bed of pansies all fresh and bright with the early dew, and sparkling in the golden sunlight, rushed with wild delight to his mother, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, you just must come

and see de fowers in de garden; they'se laughing wif all their might—they'se laughing fit to kill 'emselves!"

Somewhat similar was the expression of a little cousin of my own, who, one day, as a very violent storm came on, cried, "Oh, auntie, I do believe God's hydrant's broke loose!" One of the most distinguished clergymen of his day heard the child's expression, and was delighted with its realism; for, being a city child, the little fellow had seen the bursting of a hydrant and the consequent flooding of house and yard.

The simplicity of the little daughter of a friend, proved, on one occasion, to be very "upsetting." Extensive preparations had been made for an elegant high tea. The toilets of mother and daughter were fully finished, and they were awaiting the first arrival, when the former, somewhat tired out with the burden of preparation, drew a long breath and said:

"When it's all over, I shall feel like clapping my hands and dancing a jig!"

When the five-year-old assistant went the rounds of her mother's guests, she was overheard saying to almost all of them, as they shook hands with her, or kissed her:

"Mamma says, when you all have gone, she will be so glad that she will clap her hands and dance a jig!"

It may well be supposed that the child's announcement had rather a depressing effect upon the high tea!

During the war I was cognizant daily of the way in which the imagination of a bright-minded child yielded itself up to the actuality of things around him. He occupied much of his black mammy's time in cutting out thousands of paper soldiers, and would arrange them in battle array, from one end of the long nursery to the other. When the generals, colonels, captains, surgeons, were all properly placed, and the word of command given for the onset, he would rush upon his lines and tear and destroy until every thing was devastated. After this he would carefully gather up all the soldiers that had lost legs, arms, or heads, and counting them to know which side gained the day, he would lay them in his little ambulances very

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tenderly. His older sister entered the nursery and picked up one of the ottomans which he had turned upside down as a field hospital, and seated herself upon it, unaware of the boy's excited imaginings. As the paper soldiers fell out, the boy burst into an agony of tears and shrieked, "Oh, Ibbie, those are all wounded men!"

The only way to stop his passionate weeping was to get the mucilage bottle, paste on the dismembered limbs, and lay them carefully back in his field-hospital, his tears all the time streaming at what he supposed their unspeakable agony.

A little brother of this child, at the age of three, developed a remarkable talent for oratory, and also a passion for poetry. His dramatic rendering of many poems and ballads was sometimes very effective. One day he was reciting, with great animation, the "Burial of Sir John Moore." Before he had completed it he burst into a violent fit of weeping and sobbed out, "Oh, mamma, I'm so sorry for Mr. John Moore!"

Did ever an actor throw himself with truer stress of imagination into his theme?

A friend furnishes me an amusing instance of a wholly unconscious play upon words. To a new boy who had just entered his Sunday-school class, he put the question, "What is the chief end of man?" The boy looked puzzled, hesitated for a little while, then replied eagerly, as if he was sure the right solution had struck him, "Why, I

reckon, sir, it's the end what wears the hat!"

A young mother told me of being called down stairs before she had had her evening prayer with her children, and returning found them engaged in their evening service. She paused outside the door. Little Dimple had chosen one of the longest chapters in Chronicles, and patiently was stumbling her way among the Zechariahs and Zedekiahs. At the conclusion of the reading, she and her little brother kneeled and she offered up quite a touching and lengthy prayer. The moment the "Amen" was uttered, little Harry sprang up, and swinging her round by the waist, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Well, Dimple, that *was* a daisy of a prayer!"

Another child belonging to this same family, who had not numbered more than four years, was reading his Bible lesson at his mother's side one Sunday morning. The chapter happened to be the one beginning, "And as Jesus passed by, He saw a man who had been blind from his birth."

"What does that mean?" asked the little fellow captiously.

His mother explained.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say that God let him be born so when He could have made him see just as well? That isn't any God for me!"

Here was one of the most puzzling problems with which the human mind has ever perplexed itself, tormenting the brain of this little reader.

DELSARTE FOR WOMEN.

BY MRS. EMILY M. BISHOP.



AMERICA is woman's country, says every foreigner who visits this land. Every vocation in life that woman cares to enter, she enters. Unquestionably, it is true that this age, this country, and these opportunities are on woman's side to-day as never before.

But is woman on woman's side? Great responsibilities are born of great privileges; high position demands correspondingly high powers of performance. Is woman qualifying herself to meet her present and prospective opportunities? The answer H-Sept.

must be, in a moral and intellectual sense—yes. Woman's heart always beats in unison with the highest moral movements, and already her intellectual achievements have proved that brain-tissue is sexless.

If woman shall fail to keep pace with the world's progression, the failure will be a physical one. The condition of thousands of our women verifies the text, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." Better bodies and better control of them are woman's greatest need. The "House-maid Treatment" is recommended by some as being all-sufficient exercise for woman's physical betterment. This view seems prejudiced and unscientific.

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Housework is not infrequently an injury instead of a benefit to woman, not because of the work itself but because of the way the work is done. Being uneducated in physical economy she needlessly exhausts body and brain; like the locomotive, she utilizes only one-fourth of the power she expends. She worries over the innumerable things that "ought to be done this minute," and she hurries in the doing of them. Worry and hurry are physical sins. Housework and manual labor in general increase, rather than diminish, the necessity for rational physical education.

Nor will any training which aims at physical development only, be adequate to woman's present needs. Woman wants power; but that kind of power which she can utilize; she does not desire enlarged biceps, or phenomenal muscular development of any kind. Muscle and mustaches she concedes to be exclusively masculine glories. But the woman of to-day does want good health; she does want to retain the elasticity, flexibility, suppleness of youth; she does want graciousness of mien as well as of heart and mind; she does want dignity, gracefulness, self-control, self-possession; she wants all that shall add to her womanliness, worth, and wisdom.

The physical education which shall achieve all these desiderata must be such as first to emancipate woman from the bondage of wrong habits and from the influence of heredity, of environment, and of one-sided education; it must teach the easy, natural use of her nerve and muscle machine. Not only must the muscles be disciplined, but through that discipline the nerve-force must, and can, be exercised and controlled, the will become the governor-valve for shutting off as well as putting on steam in this human machine. Moreover, this training must penetrate to, and react upon, the inner being. Woman in her three-fold nature—physical, mental, spiritual—can thus be freed and strengthened.

Such results does the Delsarte System of bodily culture seek. And how?

Chief among the fetters which enslave woman is her nerveless condition. This condition is due to the constant drain upon her vital capital stock. With many, nerve-tension is a chronic state, repose a lost art. Few women realize what an unnecessary amount of nerve-force they squander daily, hourly. They are unconscious of the little motions which they constantly make: tapping the feet, hitching the shoulders, jerking the head,

drumming the fingers, pursing the lips, contracting or elevating the eye-brows—more and worse, a nervous tension of the whole body.

The first tenet in the Delsarte doctrine is, LET GO. Herein this system differs from all other systems of physical culture; it begins with an undoing process instead of an up-building one. It seeks first to stop the prodigal expenditure of "that which is more precious than great riches," namely, vital energy. To accomplish this result are given the emancipating exercises. These free every muscle from abnormal nerve-tension; the nerve-force thus released from the exterior muscles is conserved and reserved at the nerve-centers, and overwrought nerves and brains are thus re-inforced. Delsarte's law, "Strength at the center, freedom at the surface," is exemplified.

When the nerve-tension can be removed at will and the muscles reduced to their natural plastic, free condition, physical regeneration is well begun; then, indeed, do we "become as little children." As one has said, "the Delsarte training begins by getting 'the old Adam' out of the system as religion would get him out of the soul." The close contact and parallelism of this physical re-generation with spiritual regeneration is evidence of the truth of the Delsarte philosophy.

The emancipating exercises having freed us from the domination of physical sins, we are ready for the re-forming process. All the up-building exercises of this system follow Delsarte's laws of succession and economy. Such exercises are easy, rhythmical movements, slow or rapid, gentle or vigorous, but never hurried or violent, as the nerve-force is controlled and husbanded. Every muscle is called into healthful action, none is unduly taxed. Circulation, respiration, digestion, are given nature's stimulus. In all cases, the maximum of result is sought by the minimum expenditure of force.

Repetition makes habit: ultimately, nerve-conserving movements become automatic, habitual, second-nature. Then by the added influence of the reflex action of the physical upon the psychical nature, does self-possession supplant self-consciousness; natural expression, artificial repression; suppleness, stiffness; elasticity, supposed old age; buoyancy, languor; gracefulness, awkwardness; self-control, nervousness; repose, restlessness; strength, weakness.

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FIELD FLOWERS IN OUR HOMES.

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.



OME years ago I had the pleasure of entering a delightful Nantucket home so decorated with wild flowers that it has remained in memory as a bower of beauty.

Along the high mantel was a bank of the island's many flowering grasses. In the corners, in windows, everywhere, were masses of them, artistically arranged. There were the wild flowers of the season,—to-day the golden-rod, to-morrow the purple asters, or the snowy daisies. The secret of the great profusion of the grasses and their perpetual freshness puzzled me until it was explained how the "wild-flower artists" had utilized the numbers of sea shells and sponges that had been brought home to them from "beyond sea."

The wide-mouthed conch and the giant clam shells afford excellent receptacles for flowers, to which their varied shapes and tints impart an added beauty. Into these shells had been placed the sponges, and into the little orifices of these had been sown the seeds of the native flowering grasses. A little charcoal under the sponges kept them sweet, the only labor being that of saturating them with fresh water once or twice a day.

We have since found that sponges may be effectively utilized by being placed in window gardens or in jars and dishes which will soon be almost hidden by the rich growth of ferns and grasses, and are much less troublesome than pots of earth.

Green should be the prevailing tone in floral decorations as it is in nature, and with it may be combined either small flowers of a great variety of tints, so blended that prominence shall be given to no one of them, or larger flowers of one color. At some seasons, the quantity of flowers may be such that we can attempt richly variegated effects, like those of an India shawl pattern; at another there may be but few varieties and then great care must be exercised in the arrangement. The fragile beauty of flowers like the columbine, the fringed gentian, or the aster, combines

best with the flowering grasses, producing soft, feathery effects like bits of waving meadow; while the more showy flowers look best against a background of ferns, brakes, or large leaves, like those of the oak.

Vines, like the Virginia creeper, are very effective for decorative purposes and may be made to last for some time by putting the stem ends into large bottles of water in which is a little charcoal. When the bottles have been skillfully hidden behind picture frames or furniture, the vine can be caught to curtains by pins, or to wood-work by matting tacks. It is said that a hop vine will grow luxuriantly all winter in this way. A vine that will look well for a long time without water is the virgin's bower, or clematis, which should be cut when it begins to "feather." The bright scarlet and yellow berries of the bitter-sweet combine well with the clematis, or with prince's-pine or laurel leaves, and will endure the entire winter.

One of the most effective and lasting of the wild flowers of early summer is the mountain-laurel. Its quaintly shaped flowers of delicate pink, and its odd little buds, looking like fluted and pointed pink caps, contrasted with its own rich, glossy foliage, should decorate every room during its season. It shows best in very large and low jars where it can be seen in masses.

Of all our wild flowers, none is more modestly beautiful or faithful than the daisy. From early June to late September its cheerful face is lifted to greet us in the field, and when taken into the house it endures well the new conditions. Ferns and daisies make a charming combination.

The greatest art in the arrangement of floral decorations, whether the flowers be wild or cultivated, is the distribution of color. This should not be left to accident but is a matter for as careful study as the composition of a picture. In a country church we once saw the pulpit and chancel rail nearly hidden by masses of daisies and ferns, which were spotted at irregular intervals with bunches of scarlet columbine and purple iris. Each was beautiful in itself,

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but the result of the combination was as far from attractive as that of any association of nature's own darlings can be. Had only the daisies and ferns been used, the effect would have been charming in its simplicity. Had large clusters of the stately iris been placed in the center and at the ends of the chancel, the whole would have gained in dignity and elegance; or the columbine might have taken the place of the iris with less of state if more of grace; but the mingling of inharmonious colors spoiled all.

Most of the wild flowers that lend themselves kindly to decorative purposes are those of late summer. The golden fox-glove; the myriad asters, white, pale pink, and delicate purple; the orange-red lily with dark maroon freckles on its cheek and always standing as erect as an Indian; the more modestly drooping yellow lily of the sandy pastures; the Turk's cap, or superb lily—truly superb!—growing to a height of from three to six feet in its rich, moist lowlands, and showing sometimes as many as twenty golden bells growing now in spikes and now in crown-like circles; the cone-flower, the bright yel-

low marigold of the marshes; the brilliant red or blue spikes of the lobelias; the flat yellow clusters of the pansy; and the rich brown or tawny clubs of the cat-tails are only a few of the many July and August flowers that are suitable for our purpose. Among the most effective of all are the large common thistle, either in its purple bloom, or when its silky seed-down has feathered ready for flight; the pretty yellow stars of the villainous pest known to farmers as hard-hack, and the long, full-blooming plumes of the goldenrod.

Not until September, comes the deep sapphire of the fringed gentian, or the fluffy silk of the milk-weed's bursting pods, or the rich red of the sumach leaves and berries; while the scarlet barberries, the bright fruit and leaves of the wahoo, or—well named!—burning bush, the dark purple of the fox-grape, the flaming red berries of the mountain-ash come later still. With all these berries nothing harmonizes more beautifully than the glossy changing oak leaves and acorns; and decorations made of them all will last well, and add a warm, autumnal glow to our homes in the Northern winter.

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HOW OTHER WOMEN CAN HELP THEM.

BY LILLIE B. CHACE WYMAN.



F any woman would help the colored women of the South she should first cultivate appreciation of the fact that they share with her all the fundamental qualities and needs of human nature. The movement of her sympathy must not be checked by any unkind prejudices of race or aristocratic fancies. In this respect the preparation for useful work among negro women is exactly the same as that necessary to perform any charitable, any friendly, any moral or educational service to any other class of people. The fraternal spirit solves all practical questions as to the best methods of work.

In the remote and agricultural regions, the experiences of slavery imposed upon a savage race, have left numbers of the negroes in a condition of adult childhood. They are impressionable and easily excited to good impulses. They generally seem glad to be

told about elementary morals and sensible ways of managing affairs, if the instruction is given in a kindly manner. Two ladies acting in this spirit, for two winters held weekly gatherings of women and children, in some villages lying about an inland town in Georgia. A little religious teaching was given; prayers were said and hymns were sung; classes in reading were formed; an hour was given to sewing on simple garments; sheets of paper on which were written words and phrases, were distributed once a week, to be copied at home and returned for inspection; temperance principles were inculcated and pledges and badges were circulated among the children. Sometimes the older women were grouped apart from the rest, and some one talked with them privately about the duty of observing the marriage tie,—a tie which had had so little significance in their youth, that they could not be expected to understand it so well, without

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especial instruction, as to be able to impress its importance upon their sons and daughters.

Any resident or visitor in the South can do great good by visiting the colored schools. On a stroll among the negro huts picture books carried, attract the children, and, acquaintance once made, small sewing schools can be started without difficulty. Cooking classes are needed. Small libraries can be put into the hands of the more responsible ministers or teachers.

So far as I know, few colored women in the country districts carry on any home manufactures, but baskets are made by the men on the South Carolina islands, and it seems as if the women might be trained in that and similar industries. One colored man, a year or two ago, traveled about in Georgia urging the negro women to undertake poultry raising and such farm work as need not interfere with their home life, rather than to labor in the fields, as they now often do.

White Southern housekeepers could avert much harm if they would take an interest in their young servant girls. In the South, domestics usually go to their own homes each night. Consequently they are frequently obliged to walk long distances through the streets in the evening and are exposed to so many temptations and dangers that it is not strange that they often fall victims to some form of wrong. Other women could here find the noblest opportunity in trying to form such friendly relations with the mothers and the daughters as might help not only to save the girls themselves, but to prevent the spread of an evil which threatens to destroy other homes than those of the endangered colored women.

I found negro women acting as "doctors" in one far Southern village. Their function is largely that of the midwife; their medicines, a stock of herbs. An intimate acquaintance with the rustic negroes might be necessary to reach these women, yet it seems possible that some training could be given to negro women like that bestowed on the French peasant midwives, which would render them fit to perform their medical labors.

I am familiar with one district where nearly all the nurses are colored women, many of whom were once slaves. Ordinarily,

they cannot read nor write and are liable to make mistakes in following oral directions. They receive some instruction as to their duties from the physicians under whom they work; but they need more education in matters of hygiene and physiology. It would not be well at present to attempt to create among them a class of hospital-trained, high-priced nurses, but any lady who has received a hospital training or has taken an Emergency Course could impart her knowledge to such colored women in the South as wish to act as nurses or are trying to "doctor" their own children, in order to save medical fees.

Many influences are too intellectual to benefit large masses of the negro women, but nothing is too good to be of use in their elevation. If good music and good pictures could be brought under their consideration, it would be well. According to the opinion of a New England student, the general presence of copies of the Sistine Madonna in New England homes has not only created there an ideal of womanhood, but has caused its embodiment in many a sweet and serious life. The colored people need to have presented to them similar ideals of beauty and goodness. They are imaginative and emotional and as well fitted as a half uncivilized race can be, to perceive and to be affected by such ideals. The only nourishment which they now have for their fervid imaginations is supplied by the crude religious exhortations of their preachers, most of whom are illiterate, many of whom are undisciplined, morally and mentally,—blind leaders of the blind. "The purification," to use the Aristotelean phrase, of the emotional nature of the negroes, by means of music, art, and literature, would be a task strangely exciting and interesting to any one able to attempt it on a broad scale and according to a deeply pondered plan. Something might be done in this line, by any persons who cared to make an effort in the direction of diffusing throughout the South some of the finer influence of civilization.

Let these things be seriously thought upon by whomever would help colored women to a better life, but let the fact be especially kept in mind, that the first great service that can be rendered to these women is to teach them to know beyond the possibility of doubt that other women are their friends.

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A TEN O'CLOCK CLUB.

BY FELECIA HILLEL.



IN September the girls usually come home from their summer outings. Last year they returned tired. They were bronzed and full of enthusiasm. They had had "glorious," "gorgeous," "fine," "perfectly lovely" times—according to the superlative adjective in vogue where they had been. Nevertheless the first three or four days at home were spent mostly in sleep. They had been so busy enjoying themselves that they had not had time to sleep, they said.

When school opened, the girls took up their duties with all the earnestness they had shown at their sports. They were bound to excel. I soon discovered that they were working too hard; that they were taking as little sleep as they could compel their healthy young bodies to get along with. Some of them were hard to get up in the morning, though two or three I suspected got up before daylight. They were always stupid after lunch and complained that for an hour they felt drowsy. Occasionally one of them said that it took her as long to "get down" to her lesson as it did to get it out. When the signs were so positive that I felt sure that I was not wrong, I coaxed the girls to try for a month "A Ten O'clock Club," a club which bound its members to go to bed at 10 p. m. and stay there until 6 a. m. at least, unless under extraordinary circumstances. At the end of the trial period they were to be released if they could not get their lessons. When the first week closed I found that the girls had ceased entirely to be sleepy after lunch. At the end of the second, they were able to get up promptly at the ringing of the rising bell. At the end of the third, they all declared that they could begin to study attentively when they opened their books, and at the end of the fourth, they voted the luxuries of having plenty of sleep and of not having to drive themselves to work, so great that they could not think of giving up the club. So it continued through the year, and the girls write me they have been practicing it, with occasional breaks, through the past summer. I expect them to

come home not only browner and happier than when they went away, but what has not happened before, fresh and rested.

There are abundant reasons why the club succeeded. There is no such despoiler of beauty as lack of sleep, and my girls were sharp enough to see this. Too little sleep is certain to bring wrinkles, and every girl ought to detest wrinkles so much that, like Beau Brummel, she will not allow them to be mentioned in her presence, and that she will take every precaution to keep her health perfect and her mind serene in order to avoid them. The eye soon loses its soft glow, its power of quick expression, if sleep is scanty. The complexion fades. No real beauty is possible long unless one enjoys unbroken, dreamless slumber as long as she wants.

Worse than the ravages on beauty are the inroads lack of sleep makes on good nature. What is more incongruous than a pretty, bright girl showing irritability and pettishness; yet the nervous condition caused by too little sleep shows itself in frowns and pouts, unreasonable tears and discontent. The ignorant victim of her own sin may declare that she doesn't know what ails her, that she can't help being cross, etc., but if she will try sleeping regularly, keeping accurate note meantime of her temper in the two periods, she will soon be obliged to confess that she certainly is more agreeable when she takes eight than five hours' rest.

One reason that the club worked so well with my girls was that they found that continuous vigorous work was out of the question on half sleep. When they began to experiment they soon discovered that they could do in two hours when fresh, what took three when fagged. They were too full of life to have any patience with sleepy, dragging work, and were prompt to act when convinced that the extra hour or two which they took from the night was paid for the next day by a lower grade of work and less buoyancy of spirits. I think their experience is universal among young people who study how to do the *best* rather than the *most* work. An example of interest is that of the girl who has won the famous victory for her sex this year

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at Cambridge, Miss Fawcett, the senior wrangler. She is said to go to bed regularly at 11 and to rise at 8, which means 9 hours of sleep.

Besides the gain in beauty, temper, and power of spirited action, I feel sure, too, that girls who practice these habits of sleeping will never suffer from insomnia. Wordsworth had some very ingenious methods of inducing sleep:

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water and pure sky,

were all thought of by him as he lay sleepless. I have heard of a man who when he could not sleep, opens his eyelids wide in attempt to force them to shut; of another who drinks a pint of hot water (think of it!) before every meal and the last thing at night; of another who diets; of another who counts up into the thousands; of another who takes hot foot-baths, and of another who takes cold foot-baths; of one who sits before the fire long; and of another who reads a night-cap author, but I believe a Ten O'clock Club is a surer cure than any of them.

THE ISOLATED AND PERMANENT HOME.

BY MRS. HESTER M. POOLE.



WITHOUT antagonism to any of those popular movements comprised under the terms, Nationalism, Co-operation, and Socialism, it may be asserted that only the isolated family life and the permanent home accords with the spirit of our republic.

Co-operative industries and profit-sharing will find a grand field of operation within the next few years. All hail to every application of the principle of fraternity!

But communities and partnerships belong to the application of mechanical forces, not to the sanctities of affection. That they will absorb much of the work now done in separate kitchens and laundries, no thoughtful observer can doubt. It seems as if by no other means could women be relieved of over-weighted domestic service.

But it is hardly likely that they will ever go further than this. Dear to the infolding, indwelling heart of woman are the four walls of her home. Here are born her babes, here they grow to maturity, here they leave her for life's duties, and here the Angel of Death summons her loved ones or herself to a heavenly home. A community's baby biting the public coral, rocked in the public cradle, and fed from the public pap, is a pitiful thing.

It is alleged that the isolated home tends to selfishness. Not so under a generous nurture. Home should be a living fountain fed by unfailing springs, not a sealed well of self-interest. Its overflowing waters make of

social life an oasis even in desert places. Here come the homeless who are hungry and athirst, to learn how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

Yet in its center, home ought to be fixed, isolated, inviolate. All beginnings of life are sealed in silence and mystery. In the still, small voice, God speaks to each alone and there must be isolation and space for the response of the soul. There must also be room for whatever individuality is breathed into it from its Creator. Even the birds rear their fledgelings apart from their fellows.

In regard to permanence, home justifies the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Permanence is an adjunct of civilization. It began when primitive man kindled the household fire by rubbing together two dry sticks, or by sparks struck from flint.

With the establishment of the fireside and the possessions naturally clustering about it, permanence becomes a necessity; agriculture, science, and the arts flourish, and society rapidly grows.

In reverting to the nomadic type, the inmates of the modern hotel and boarding-house lose much that makes life significant and beautiful. Finery, travel, social entertainments, in place of satisfying the soul, waken only an intolerable restless sadness. That delicate reserve which ought to infold each household and individualize it from all others, is dissipated. Public places are social hot-beds, cultivators of artificial growths.

The excitements of fast living to which youths in hotels and boarding-houses are ex-

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posed, produce an eager thirst for gain to satisfy luxurious tastes. Girls and boys reared upon piazzas and in corridors are victims of those baleful magnetic influences which are just beginning to be understood. Prematurely old, socially dissipated, pining for new sensations, they know no home but a caravansary. The daughter determines to go upon the stage, the son wishes to rival Jesse James. In the words of Longfellow, they "touch and go, and sip the foam of many lives," and sip only foam till quaffed are the dregs tinged with bitterest rue.

There is but one preventive for dreary worldliness and lack of poesy and of that delicate, misty veil of innocence which ought to inclose the heart of youth, and that is the influence of a permanent home. Let John and Julia, long before they have reached their teens, each have a plot of earth for roses and radishes, too, if they will. In tending roots and shrubs they will learn, as in no other way, the canons of both beauty and botany. While thus engaged, no cosmetic will the girl need, no gymnasium the boy. Exercise in the fresh air, the love of nature, the classification of flowers, minerals, and stars, will impart mental tone as well as physical vigor. Like Carlyle, they will learn to value "real things and not the shows of things."

Then, too, the permanent home fosters friendships that will continue during this life and beyond it, good citizenship, a sense of responsibility, and neighborhood kindness. Without it there can be little development in all that gives charm, individuality, and local atmosphere.

To wrench the tap-root of affection from the soil in which it thrives, not even the communist raises a hand. It is his desire that all shall have part in its allotment.

In conclusion let me urge that the wife and mother be made, if a home can be had, its inalienable owner.

Begin with a three-room cottage if must be, not in the city, but beneath sheltering trees and the broad blue sky. Husband, save the dollar you would spend in foolish indulgence, to go toward making it free from debt. Work with her to secure the roof over your heads and the soil under your feet. With the venerable Whittier you will then agree, "It is a great thing to own a little bit of the Lord's earth up to the heavens." A man feels the better for it.

Help your chosen one to realize the full dignity of a house-holder, not a pensioner. Though she bring you only a brave heart and willing hands, yet, if she be a true helpmeet, she deserves to own the inalienable home.

WOMEN IN THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

BY COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.



ART schools as yet have accomplished but little in the education of women in the industrial arts, a field which hitherto has been entirely usurped by the male sex. Although owing an intimate kinship to high art, they are in many respects distinct branches of study, involving many technicalities and intricacies not included within the realm of art in its arbitrary sense.

The possibilities are so little understood, that even teachers of long experience appear to have but a vague comprehension of the term Industrial Arts. It may be interpreted as art applied to manufacturing purposes. This includes the designing of patterns for wall-paper, oil cloth, carpets, silks, cottons, table linens, book covers, etc., etc.

The rudimentary principles of high art and industrial are almost identical, a knowledge of free hand drawing being necessary for the illustration of both. The application is, however, totally different, a purely theoretical acquaintance with the rules of art not being sufficient to enable a person to make working designs which can be woven or printed. In order to accomplish this, the student must become familiar with the requirements and limitations of machinery; otherwise her designs, no matter how artistic, are worthless.

In no branch of art or industry is the necessity of a special training so apparent, as is demonstrated by the bitter disappointments encountered by women who believed themselves thoroughly competent to earn a livelihood by the exercise of their talents. Hitherto there has been too much generalization, too little concentration in the methods

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of art schools, whose supposed aim is to prepare a woman to be a bread-winner.

A few years since, a woman who had discerned the fallacy of the so-called industrial art training, determined to discover, if possible, some method by which she could receive instruction of a thoroughly practical nature. After many rebuffs she finally succeeded, and was generously accorded a course of lessons by a carpet designer in a large manufactory. After perfecting herself, she found that there were many other women eager to be taught, and she finally decided to establish a school of her own, where they could be qualified to learn the art in its true sense. For this purpose, the "School of Industrial Art and Technical Designs for Women" was founded by Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Cory, the pioneer in this kind of instruction.

The institution is now in its third year, and during that period, pupils from all over the country have been graduated and have either prepared themselves for teachers, or to become designers and colorists in carpet and wall-paper factories, at salaries which they could not readily command in the well-trodden fields of decorative and high art.

As a rule the pupils do not come from the working classes, but are the children of parents in reduced circumstances, or clergymen's daughters, or public school teachers. The pupils have received much commendation and encouragement at the hands of prominent manufacturers, the Minetto Shade Cloth Company having distributed \$175 in prizes, among them, last term, besides purchasing other designs of merit. Designs have been accepted by manufacturers in this country, in Canada, and in Great Britain.

One of Mrs. Cory's pupils instructs a free class at the Young Woman's Christian Union.

Another institution where industrial arts are taught, is Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, excellent facilities for the attainment of practical knowledge being provided. There are departments in free-hand and mechanical drawing, in technical and decorative designing, in clay modeling, wood carving, etc. The classes are mixed, women being eligible for admission to any of them.

There is, besides, a department of Domestic Science, in which is included millinery and dressmaking. Here also the students must take one lesson a week in free-hand drawing, in order to enable them to sketch drapery and make designs for hats and bonnets.

More girls than boys were taught wood-carving during the past year, some of the girls even taking a course of light carpentry, thereby learning to saw their own wood and join the different portions of a piece of furniture. As an example of what a woman can do, a bench is exhibited which was designed, sawed, joined, carved, and polished by a girl student, without assistance.

An altogether commendable departure is that of architectural drawing, six women having worked side by side with the male students during the last term. The teachings are eminently practical, and after a course of text-book study the embryo architect is required to take measurements of actual buildings. The girls hold their own with the boys, being in nowise behind them in their aptitude to imbibe instruction.

There is a branch in wall-paper designing, rug patterns, tiles, textiles, and almost everything within the domain of industrial art, being taught.

The normal art course embraces two years, and at the expiration of that time the pupil is presumably able to teach the branches she has learned.

Although the rooms of the associated artists may in nowise be classed as a school, the work executed therein demonstrates the feasibility of women's pursuing decorative and industrial art as a means of support. Interior decoration is the business of the firm, but Mrs. Candace Wheeler and her daughter make designs for textiles, wall-paper, etc. They not only make their own designs, but Mrs. Wheeler has also a distinctive method of weaving, originated by herself. The skill of the artists is evidenced by some lovely specimens of the loom, appropriately called "shadow silks," the outlines being so sketchy and unsubstantial in appearance, as to seem as if fading into the pale tinted background. The effect is inexpressibly beautiful and artistic in every sense.

Stained glass and tiles are also designed here, and entire dwellings are decorated and furnished from garret to cellar in a most charming fashion. The labor is executed entirely by women, and the results achieved are more than satisfactory.

It will thus be seen that women are having new avenues opened to them day by day, and it now remains with them to perfect themselves in the various branches that come within the scope of the industrial arts.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

FOR nearly four years the vessels of the United States, acting under official orders, have been capturing British sealing vessels in Behring Sea. The grounds on which they have done this were that Behring Sea belonged to us, that we had bought it from Russia with Alaska, and that nobody had a right there unless we invited them to come. The ground on which Great Britain allowed her subjects to take seal in these waters was supposed to be her unwillingness to recognize our claim to complete control, and it was backed up by the statement that before we bought Alaska we denied to Russia what we claimed now, and that of course we could not hold any rights which we did not recognize as her possession. The matter has been the subject of a long correspondence between the English and American foreign offices, which recently has been made public. This correspondence adds some new light to the matter. Mr. Blaine shows quite conclusively that the rights which we denied Russia in 1821 had no reference to any thing north of the 55° of latitude, but that they referred to Russia's attempt to extend her authority southward, and to obtain more of the coast of the continent. We are asking nothing then that we denied Russia. Russia already had what we now claim.

Another point brought out clearly by correspondence is that the United States does not claim Behring Sea to be a closed sea, but that our jurisdiction extends one hundred miles from the coast; that this latter point can be sustained, however, is doubtful. International law says that a nation can control the waters of an open sea for only three miles out. Behring Sea is of a size which certainly it is reasonable to call an open sea. Mr. Blaine does not base the right of the United States to seize British sealing vessels on the one hundred mile limit. He makes his strongest point in the correspondence in demanding that the British in taking seals are doing a thing which is *contra bonos mores*. Another way of saying that they are engaged in a sort of piracy.

The sealing grounds in Behring Sea are the only ones left in the world. All others

have been destroyed by wanton capture of the seals. If these islands are retained for the use of the world it must be by careful restrictions. There are only certain periods of the year when the seal can be captured with safety to the herd. Then they must be taken on the islands—not in the seas as they go toward the islands; only a limited number also can be safely taken. If our Government permits anybody to take seal, in any place and in any way, the inevitable result will be that large numbers will be killed which are not fit to use, many will be killed which will not be secured, and eventually the same fate will come to the sealing grounds in Behring Sea as has in other parts of the world: they will be ruined. Mr. Blaine is correct certainly in claiming that so long as these sealing grounds are ours it is our business to protect the seals as they journey there. He asks the pertinent question, Would Great Britain tolerate a method of taking fish outside of the three mile limit off the Newfoundland fishing grounds, which would inevitably ruin the fishery interests there? Certainly not; and she would be right in saying that such action would be *contra bonos mores*. If any nation should attempt to invade the pearl fisheries off the north coast of Ceylon, what would Great Britain do? She regulates the fisheries there far outside of the three mile limit. Interference would meet with a prompt check, it is safe to assert.

Until a satisfactory agreement can be made between Great Britain and the United States both nations ought to avoid offense. While regulations are pending, is no time for irritating actions. The seal must be protected. It is as much to Great Britain's interests as ours to preserve the industry, since she dresses nearly all the skins. How they shall be protected can be determined peaceably, and should be; and while such negotiations are pending, bluster and swagger about preserving our national dignity, and getting all we asked for, and compelling Great Britain to give in, etc., have nothing to do with the case. The real questions to decide are what rights can the United States claim justly in Behring Sea, and what international agreement can be made for protecting the seal.

CHAUTAUQUA CATHOLICITY.

At this writing six Sabbaths of the Chautauqua season have been observed. The sermons on these days have been preached by ministers of as many denominations. On July 6, Dr. Geo. W. Miller, a Methodist spoke; on July 13, Dr. Wm. McRobbie, a clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland; on July 20, Dr. Emory J. Haynes, a Baptist, the pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston; the morning of July 27, Bishop N. S. Rulison, of Pennsylvania, a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in the evening, Dr. S. G. Smith, the pastor of an Independent Church in St. Paul, Minn.; and on August 3, Dr. Alexander McKenzie, of the Congregational Church. The audiences which listened to these speakers represented a still greater variety of denominations; how varied, it is of course impossible to tell, but the number of denominational prayer meetings, always as many as twelve, held each week at Chautauqua, gives an idea. The denominational headquarters are an index of the permanent hold of these various churches. The Presbyterians are erecting a brick building for headquarters, which will cost \$12,000; the Methodists have put \$8,000 into their quarters; the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, the United Presbyterians, the Baptists all have their places of meeting. This union of people of different creeds to listen each week to a sermon from one who differs in opinion from the vast majority of his hearers, is not attended by any remonstrance or criticism. The audience is a willing one and the speaker seldom fails to find himself in sympathy with it. This sort of denominational catholicity is not common; indeed in the past and in many parts of the world to-day it has been and is considered impracticable, if not weak and compromising. But has anybody been hurt by large denominational liberality at Chautauqua? On the contrary, a thoughtful observer of the Chautauqua audience over a period of years, will see that pronounced educative effects have been wrought by this catholicity of spirit.

It has demonstrated to those who felt wary about listening to A's theology, which they had heard all their lives savored of heresy, that A has simply been looking at religion from another standpoint from theirs. That essentially he is in harmony with them. It has convinced them that religion is so much broader than men's minds that men will see

things differently and that the only mistake is in attempting to bring religion down to the caliber of any man's mind. Instead of undermining faith, this broader view has strengthened it. It has added tolerance to belief, and breadth of view to fidelity to individual preference. Christian union has been cemented by the contact of the different denominations. Wherever this Chautauqua Catholicity exercises its influence we see men willing to unite for general Christian work, Christians of all denominations joining in the Evangelical Alliance work, in philanthropical and educational undertakings, in every thing that pertains to the general good.

The disposition to regard science, art, music, all beautiful and good things, as the handmaids of religion, and to use them more freely in carrying on the Christian church increases with denominational liberality. There comes a more general appreciation of the value to religion of beauty, of the tonic to religion in strong scientific thought, of the inspiration in beautiful music. A feeling that all things are religion's is the natural conclusion of a mind which has discovered the oneness of the various branches of Christ's church and has begun to comprehend the idea of the brotherhood of man.

The Catholicity of Chautauqua means much more than the fact that its mixed audiences welcome any man who speaks the truth to them. It means that these audiences are centers from which large and liberal influences are going through the whole church.

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.

Is the public conscience decaying? We are told so repeatedly. Certain periodicals present their readers in every issue with well proved examples of public rottenness; betrayals of public trust; bribes; abuse of official power; wrongful use of public monies; an appalling show of corruption and greed. Is there any truth in the picture? Beyond question there is a large class in public life who believe that the ten commandments have nothing to do with politics and only enough to do with business to keep one out of the penitentiary. Their political sentiments were voiced by a United States Senator recently:

The decalogue and golden rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose.

Commercially the sentiment has a large following. There are newspapers which literally have no opinions but those which will sell. Almost any kind of a paragraph can be placed in their editorial columns if a large enough space is paid for in the advertising columns. There are publishing houses which live like parasites off English brains, and the public is so calloused or so ignorant that it sees no harm in the practice. Hundred of good people undoubtedly will buy this season the edition of the Britannica Encyclopædia, which is offered at \$36.60, and be proud of the bargain, unconscious that they are partners to an act the Bible forbids in one of its ten commandments, viz., steal. The venal bump of the public head is large and well developed. It is little wonder that those who dwell on these facts feel that the world can be had for the buying.

But it is unjust to call the public conscience altogether bad,—it is not. On the contrary, at many points it is true and tender. There is a general desire that all men be justly treated, and have opportunity to provide all the comforts of life for themselves, and to grow intellectually as high as they are capable of growing. The poor, the weak, the sick, the degraded, even the criminals, are considered as public cares. The brotherhood of man is more than a sentiment, it is becoming a practical principle of society. Cruelty, polygamy, licentiousness, intemperance, are persistently warred against. There is a quick conscience on these lines, and public men, the press and parties, claim public favor because of their activity in furthering these causes. It is on the line of common honesty that the public conscience is apathetic. Misappropriation of public money, the buying of votes, the passage of bills by federal or state governments, which have for their objects only the benefit of corporations or individuals,—none of these things stir the general resentment and protest which comes from acts of cruelty or of oppression. We need a society to reinstate the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," to collect facts and spread them with the zeal of temperance reformers and eight-hour agitators. Already, to be sure, there has been much done toward quickening the public conscience. Ballot reform is in the interest of honesty, so is civil service reform. But the public conscience lacks that rigid sense of honor which forbids any man from taking

by any method that which he has not earned by natural and legitimate methods.

THE CLASS OF '94.

THE present growing point of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is the Class of '94. All Chautauquans are watching with interest the opening bud. Its size and strength are variously estimated. At nearly twenty assemblies at this writing organizations of the new class have been completed. At over twenty more they will be completed before the September issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN reaches its readers. The assemblies are doing well for the new class. By their Round Tables, their class meetings, their public explanation of the C. L. S. C., their cordial invitations to all to come in, and their encouraging appeals to the timid to try it, they have given a rousing impetus to '94. They have done their part. But the assemblies, large as they are, are not the greatest part of Chautauqua. The greatest part is the constituency scattered over the world, which never has been at an assembly, but which, nevertheless, has accepted the Chautauqua idea and is loyally trying to prove its might. This at-home constituency ought to be doing something for '94. Individual responsibility is an essential in the Chautauqua plan. The work has been brought to its present magnitude largely by the enthusiastic representation of persons who had caught its spirit and recognized that it was for all men, but if it was to be opened to all men, every soul that knew of it and believed in it must help carry it. Any thing which is for the people must be spread abroad by the people. Education has been for the few, through the past ages, because the few considered themselves chosen, and wrapped themselves in their shell and inspired nobody to work with them. Chautauqua declares knowledge is for the many, and she declares with equal emphasis that every one that has found a way to knowledge ought to *take some one along*.

The individual Chautauquan has a responsibility in regard to this work. There is not a member of the C. L. S. C. undoubtedly but what could, if he would, persuade some one that self-culture is a good and a possibility through the Chautauqua system. But will each one do it?

The local circles many of them have an eye

on '94. They need new material to supply the places of laggards. They need new blood to quicken their ambition and interest. They need work in expanding the movement in order to keep in touch with the progressive spirit of Chautauqua. September is the month for local circle agitation. By a generous and wise use of the circulars which can be obtained in quantities free by simply addressing the General Office, persons can be acquainted with the plan, who could be reached in no other way. By using the columns of the local press, a new audience is

reached. Social gatherings, to which are invited the persons whom a circle is especially anxious to secure, are often effective. If a local circle has made itself a really desirable organization to join, there will be little trouble in securing new members. The ways and methods, however, will suggest themselves when the circle is convinced that it has a duty in extending the knowledge of the work. The Class of '94 will be filled only by the assemblies, the local circles, and the individual Chautauquans taking a strong pull together.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE lottery in Louisiana has shown itself so strong that Congress has concluded to take a hand in the struggle. A bill has been proposed which will give the Post-office Department power to exclude lottery matter from the mails. Postmaster Wanamaker says that notwithstanding the declaration that no letters and circulars concerning lotteries shall be carried in the mails, every railway, postal car, star route, money order, and registry office is in active daily use by the Louisiana Lottery Company. The business is terribly demoralizing to the postal service because letters to the Company are supposed to contain money and as there is little danger of investigation of losses of letters carried contrary to law, theft can be committed without much risk. It is important that Congress pass stringent enough laws to cripple the lottery in the mails if it should succeed in renewing its charter, which seems probable now.

In order that every one of our readers who is interested in having a clean, business-like management of public affairs in the town in which he lives, may have a model platform from which to work, we print the following. It is the set of principles on which the new People's Municipal League in New York City is to operate :

- (1) Municipal government is business, not politics.
- (2) Municipal elections should be divorced from state and national politics.
- (3) Municipal officers should be chosen solely for business ability and personal integrity.
- (4) Municipal officers should be independent of political parties, halls, bosses, and factions.
- (5) The care of city property, the management of city franchises, the collection and expenditure of city revenues

the development of systems of rapid transit, and the impartial and vigorous enforcement of labor legislation and of measures for the improvement of the homes of the industrial classes, can safely be intrusted only to officers chosen under the operation of these principles.

THE women of Wyoming have the question of woman's suffrage in their own hands. Wyoming is now a state. It is the first state to allow women to vote on equal terms with men. If they prove that their voices in public affairs work for good sense, for morality, for caution, and for progress, other states will not be long in saying that they too must have the help of women's votes. If the experiment is a failure, the cause will be retarded. It is a serious responsibility, but we do not doubt that the women will prove themselves worthy to carry it.

TORIES in England are having much to make them sore. At the present session of Parliament the government introduced three measures: the Irish Land bill, the Welsh Tithes bill, and the License Compensation bill. All three have had to be abandoned. To add to this the pet regiment, the Grenadier Guards, mutinied and had to be sent out of the country, and the London police and letter carriers have struck for higher wages. Lord Salisbury's brilliant foreign policy has diverted the public somewhat. Securing Zanzibar and a good sized empire in Africa and at the same time keeping Germany contented, ought to atone for some unpleasantnesses at home.

THE Argentine Republic has been acting like a reckless young fellow to whom sudden riches have fallen and who dreams of becoming a "Napoleon of Wall Street."

Twenty-five years ago the country began to prosper extraordinarily. The currency was inflated, railroads were built rapidly, foreign capital was urged to come in. Counting on land values great loans were taken. Speculation, of course, was high. Suddenly the people realized that their prosperity was largely fictitious. At the same time the larger states had worked themselves into political discontent because the president of the republic came from a small province. The result was a revolution and a three days' fight in Buenos Ayres between the insurgents and government. At this writing, order has not been restored. It is not an easy situation to recover from without a financial panic.

ON July 1 the people of Japan held their first parliamentary election and committed themselves to representative government. In November, parliament will assemble. From present reports there will be no lack of parties to make its session interesting. There is the Progressive party, the Radical, the Patriotic, the Combination, the Conservative, all having platforms more or less definite. Every member elected is expected at least to be present. If he does not attend the session within a week of its opening, he is to be expelled. No member may absent himself from the sittings without the president's leave, and that leave cannot be for more than a week. The House may by vote extend the leave, but not for an indefinite period. Any violation of this rule will render the member liable to expulsion.

IN a country where warfare is as much of a farce as it is said to be in Central America, and where revolutions flourish like the vegetation, a squabble between two states would be beneath the *Note-Book's* attention were it not for attendant circumstances. The rupture between Guatemala and San Salvador comes just as there was a promise of a union of the states of Central America. Of course it is postponed indefinitely now. It must not be supposed that this war is a case for the arbitration treaty recently signed at the Pan-American Conference. It is a result of an internal struggle between the union and anti-union parties of San Salvador, and Guatemala is in it because she was bound to support the former.

A RECENT pamphlet on the "Colored People of Maryland Since the War," gives some interesting data concerning the indus-

trial development of the race in that state. In Baltimore, which contains one-third of the colored population of the state, there is supposed to be between three and four million dollars held. Twenty individuals own a half million, in sums varying from \$8,000 to \$75,000 each; \$4,000,000 would not be a large amount for 80,000 white people to hold, but for the blacks, with the circumstances under which it has been accumulated considered, it is a large amount, and it argues loudly that the race can and will overcome the industrial degradation which keeps it down.

JUST indignation has been expressed by many journals that the Senate Committee on Finance should restore the tariff on art, but few practical illustrations of its workings have been given. Here is one, however, from one of our exchanges, which, we think, shows admirably how unjust and narrow the tariff is. It was suggested by the purchase by the British government of three fine works of art, part of the price being paid by private subscriptions, the rest by the government. Suppose that in the United States private generosity had, as in this case, contributed \$150,000 for foreign works of art for public use, the government would tax the donors \$45,000 on their gift. Suppose that the donors had paid the whole amount which the pictures bought by the British government cost, \$265,000, they would be obliged to pay \$79,500 more for bringing their gift into the country.

THE long sitting of the Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels, is over. All the Powers which took part in the conference, without doubt will stand by its recommendations. They provide that the nations represented in Africa act in concert in suppressing the trade, and that slave-trading and dealing be treated as penal offenses. An office will be established in Zanzibar from which the business of suppressing the trade will be conducted. Slave catchers will not be sold firearms, and slaves escaping to a European war-ship will be freed. There is a determination among a few of the Powers to sustain these recommendations, which authorizes one to believe that the conference will not be in vain.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK, who died in July, was a high type of the Christian gentleman and citizen. A brevet major-general because of his services in the War, and the possessor of large wealth, he spent his life in active philanthropy. The negro and the

Indian causes were both helped by his energy and good sense. He was a prominent member of the Third party and one of its most charitable members toward those of different temperance opinions. In his church, the Methodist Episcopal, he actively supported the cause of missions. Chautauqua had a warm friend in him, and the Chautauqua periodicals, to which he always kept up his subscription five years in advance, were often warmly commended by him. His name appears on the Chautauqua program for this year, and it will henceforth be one of the names to be remembered with tenderness on Memorial Sunday.

A PICTURESQUE passage in American history is brought to mind by the death of General John C. Frémont, in July. The region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific was first explored by him in 1842, his discoveries winning him the name of "Pathfinder." California was opened to the Union, largely by his energy. So great an influence had his daring adventures upon the popular mind that he was nominated as the first Republican candidate for president, though defeated by Buchanan. General Frémont was a leader in the anti-slavery movement, and he served a short time in the War.

THE SHAW BOTANICAL GARDEN of St. Louis offers six scholarships for garden pupils, its object being to train competent and skillful gardeners. The course extends over six years. This excellent undertaking is sadly needed. Too many of our American gardens resemble those which Arthur Young describes as prevailing in France one hundred years ago:

An object to make a man stare at the efforts to which folly can arrive. In the space of an acre, there are hills of genuine earth, mountains of pasteboard, rocks of canvas; abbés, cows, sheep, and shepherdesses in lead; monkeys and peasants, asses, and altars in stone; fine ladies and blacksmiths, parrots, and lovers, in wood; windmills and cottages, shops and villages, nothing excluded except nature.

If the Shaw garden will turn out a race of gardeners who will regard nature as favorably at least as they do art, it will confer a blessing upon the country.

THE many severe tornadoes of the present summer have made the public look on these visitations with more terror than ever. It is quite certain, however, that the tornado, bad

as it is, has never done the harm credited to it in the public prints. H. A. Hazen has been collecting the most trustworthy accounts of losses in various storms, and he finds that a very liberal estimate of the loss caused by the 2,221 tornadoes between 1873 and 1888 is about \$32,000,000. A "popular" list makes the loss \$941,000,000; so much for imagination. Compared with fire loss that by tornado stands 1 to 14.

STATISTICS assure us of the truth of the uncomfortable fact that cancer is increasing in all civilized countries. A surgeon in an English cancer hospital finds a reason for this increase in the greater nervous pressure of the last twenty-five years. The struggle for life and position has been more intense than ever, and attended by higher nervous excitement. Now in very many cases, cancer is caused by mental distress, indeed it is laid down as an axiom that where there is no mechanical exciting cause, there has been a neurotic, hence with increased nervous pressure cancer must increase; and the writer adds, "until society emerges into some calmer sea—or until the conditions under which men and women now commence their voyage are materially improved—a progressive increase in the prevalence of cancer duly proportionate to the growing severity of the struggle for existence, may be predicted as a matter of course." This is one of the best reasons for taking things easier which has been advanced lately.

THE more the chemists discover concerning the adulteration of food, the more alarming the case becomes. One investigator declares that 40 per cent of tea is adulteration; 80 per cent of cider vinegar, 44 per cent of baking powder; another that 320,000 of every 600,000 pounds of lard is lard compound; another that 255 articles out of 376 in daily household use are adulterated. Probably there is no one who is not resigned to eating his peck of dirt before he dies, but, as Lord Chesterfield said, "no one should be obliged to eat it all at one meal." It is the business of Congress to save us from such a fate.

THE history of food shows some peculiar superstitions and prejudices, but none more pronounced than the popular condemnation of the cucumber. The general opinion of that vegetable resembles Mark Twain's comment on Dr. James' "Dictionary of Medicine," that "if it had been sent against the

Pretender's troops there probably wouldn't have been a survivor." The *London Hospital* is trying to correct this idea, declaring that the cucumber is very digestible, if eaten properly, that is in thin slices and masticated thoroughly.

As evidence that class distinctions are weakening among the Hindoos, there has been cited recently in England a dinner at which three young Hindoos sat with Christians. But it has turned out that the severest penalties have been imposed upon the young men for polluting themselves. In this age, even in India, punishments for disobeying orders which have not the merit of common sense, work in two ways: they intimidate, as it is intended, many of those who are at the point of disobedience, but they arouse some to appeal to reason for justification in disobedience. This dinner party marks a significant stage in the relations of Hindoo and Englishman.

THE new version of the German Bible is to be printed soon. The comparative time spent by the English and Germans in preparing the new versions is a good example of the slower and more cautious methods of German scholars. Though they began work before the English, the revision has been completed only this year, while the new English version was published in 1885. The changes are said to be few, and it is prophesied that the new version will precede Luther's Bible in popular favor but that it will be of less help to critical students than was hoped; the case is the reverse so far with the new English version. The critical prefer it; but the people still cling to the King James Version.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union has secured laws in all but eleven states requiring scientific temperance instruction in public schools. It is now striving earnestly to persuade teachers to take up the White Cross, social purity, movement. Miss Frances E. Willard made a brilliant speech before the National Educational Association, in July, on the question. She does not advise the direct instruction which is used in the case of alcoholic drinks and tobacco, but a course of physical training which shall keep the pupil's

eye fixed on a pure physical life. Unquestionably such training is practicable if begun early and followed out with tact.

THOSE who love fine porcelain will be interested in the announcement that the famous Sèvres works are to be sold by the French government. Since 1756 the French nation has carried on the factory at Sèvres producing some of the finest pottery in the world, but its quality and decoration have been sacrificed of late to quantity. Students of government enterprises will be interested especially in the state of things at Sèvres. The factory costs the government \$150,000 per year, but returns only about \$20,000. It is believed that a national school of ceramics would be a more worthy channel for the money, and such an institution will probably succeed the factory when it passes from state control.

THE number of writers who are substituting dictation for writing has come to be considerable, and it has been intimated that if the practice became common it would have a deteriorating effect upon literature. Oscar Wilde, however, declares that "writing has done much harm to writers," and he advances the ingenious fancy that perhaps Homer was an "artistic myth" intended to teach us that the true poet makes his verse by repeating the lines over and over till they become perfectly melodious. To sustain his theory he cites Milton, whose later poems he claims owe much of their "majestic movement and sonorous splendor" to the fact that being blind he was obliged to compose them with the voice. The value of the phonograph to the poet is settled if this theory can be sustained.

THE third of Dr. Thorpe's studies on "Chautauqua in History" is published in this issue. The material for these articles has been secured by Dr. Thorpe from old records mainly, and at a cost of much time and money. They will form, we believe, when completed, one of the finest examples of local historical study which has been produced in the United States. They are of interest not alone to residents of the Chautauqua Country, but to all readers of American history.

OUTING PROGRAMS. FOR SEPTEMBER.

A GOLDENROD PARTY.
Can it be the rod enchanted,
Midas used in days of old?

A FORMAL invitation should be sent for an entertainment of this character. On large plain cards should be engraved or written:

Mr. and Mrs. _____
request the pleasure of

Mr. and Mrs. _____'s company
on _____ evening, September _____, at _____ o'clock.
The favor of an answer is requested.

Another form of invitation is the following:

Mrs. _____

At Home

_____ evening, September _____, at _____ o'clock.

In the costumes of the hostess and those whom she invites to help her, a profusion of goldenrod blossoms and fine leaves or trailing vines should be used. Gauzy yellow material would be very effective as dresses.

The next point for the hostess to settle is that of the decoration of the house. An arch wound with goldenrod branches could easily be erected over the door or doors leading from the hall to the drawing-room. Over the grates, in the corners, in windows, and wherever suitable, the goldenrod should be put in masses; vases for mantels and tables should be filled with it; and it should be hung in festoons from chandeliers and over doors, etc. Great care must be taken with the dining-room and the table. From the chandeliers over the table, festoons of trailing vines and the yellow sprays are to be drawn toward the four corners of the room, and fastened to the ceiling at points just over the ends of the table. An open-work table-cloth over a yellow lining would give a very pretty effect, as would also, in place of this, a large mat of yellow velvet laid in the center of the table over the damask table-cloth. On the mat place a mirror leaving only a border of the yellow to show, and entirely conceal the frame of the mirror with leaves and goldenrod blossoms. On the glass place an *épergne* or a large, high vase—a silver one would be best—filled with the yellow blossoms and vines tastefully arranged so as to droop over for the sake of the reflection. Near each corner of the table is to

be placed a high glass or silver dish filled with fruits and bonbons. For the favors, which are to be laid at each place, Japanese fans would be most suitable, as their variety and richness of color would give tone to the prevailing yellow.

On going back to the drawing-room after supper, the following game may be introduced:

AN IMPROMPTU ACROSTIC SONNET.

Fourteen players are needed for this game, unless some are willing to write more than one line. The leader distributes in the order in which the players are seated, slips of paper on which are written the first letter and the last word of the line required. These first letters should spell "To the goldenrod," and the last words may be taken from any sonnet furnishing words not too foreign to the subject. Wordsworth's sonnet "To Sleep," gives the following:

T	by
O	bees
T	seas
H	sky
E	ile
G	melodies
O	trees
L	cry
D	lay
E	stealth
N	away
R	wealth
O	day
D	health

When these have been passed, the one holding the first, writes at the top of a sheet of paper a line meeting the requirements of beginning with *T* and ending with *by*, and gives the paper to the next, who writes line number two, beginning with *O*, and ending with *bees*. When the fourteen lines are written in this way, the leader is to read the composite production.

After this there is to be a general discussion on the respective claims of the goldenrod and the trailing arbutus to be adopted as the national flower, these two being chosen, as standing the highest in popular favor. To start the discussion readily, cards prepared beforehand are to be distributed to all. Four of these cards should be marked No. 1.; four, No. 2., etc., there being as many groups of four as are required by the company. Two cards out of each group should read:

DISCUSSION.

Resolved: That the Goldenrod should be adopted as the National Flower.

In the other two the word arbutus is to be substituted for goldenrod. They are to be so

arranged that in distributing, a lady and a gentleman in each group will be called upon as the advocates of each flower. When the groups of four are formed, at a given signal the discussion is to begin, and to continue only ten minutes, the aim being to advance as many points as possible in favor of each flower. At its close the two selections to be found in *The Library Table*, "Goldenrod," and "The Mayflowers," are to be given as recitations. After this, the host is to put the question to vote. Music and a general social time will close the evening.

THE CHAUTAUQUA CORNER.

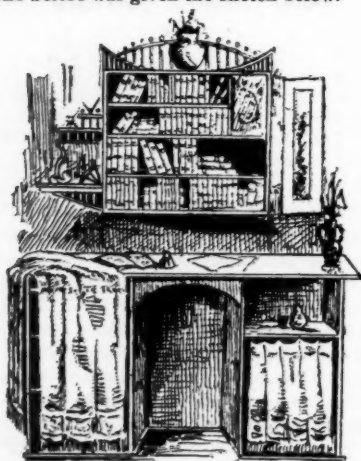
WHEN the Scribe came home from his outing he went at once to see the Occupant. He found that busy person in a brown study *before*, not *in* the Corner. After a hearty greeting, he asked:

"What are you puzzling over, Occupant? Something, I know, from your face."

The Occupant again gazed on the Corner.

"If I am going to do my work alone another year, I am going to have a more convenient Corner. What do you think of this?"

The Scribe was given the sketch below.



"I am having that desk and case made. It costs six dollars. Now I am studying conveniences. I have fixed up five different scrap books. See here," and the Occupant brought forth an armful of what were once government reports. Over the titles on the backs had been pasted strips of red morocco, on which had been printed neatly, "Scraps, Vol. I., II.," etc. About one-half of the leaves had been removed to allow room for the insertions, and an index neatly lettered had been pasted into the back of each.

"What are you going to do with your scraps while collecting let them lie around?"

The Occupant displayed a letter file and said,

"File them in this according to subject; it cost twenty-five cents. Now look here."

From a box came forth an assortment of articles. There were the scissors hung to a long ribbon which was to be tacked to the desk so that it would not wander. There were paper weights made from shot, from pieces of polished native wood, and from handsome granite blocks. There were various articles to be adapted for receptacles for stray pens, pins, rubber bands, and other desk conveniences. There were hooks to be fastened to the end of the desk for holding papers. There were any number of varieties of pens and pen holders, of pen-wipers and ink bottles. "I am completely carried away with the fun of devising these conveniences."

"So I see," said the Scribe, rather dryly.

"I am rejoiced to find you are going to have such a convenient and cosy Corner. It ought to be the most charming place in the house after the hearth-stone. But it strikes me that you are in danger of a very distressing malady."

The Occupant looked alarmed.

"You remember Jane? Well, Jane is a bright girl, but two years ago she became interested in furnishing her literary den, and she has been so busy devising conveniences ever since that she has neither read nor written. Every time I go there she displays new kinds of pencils, new blotters, new methods of collecting scraps, new systems of keeping notes. I counted twelve sizes of pen-holders on her desk the other day. Some of them were wrapped in rubber or muslin, to prevent slipping others, were *in puris naturalibus*. She has inks of as many colors as there are in the spectrum. She has blotters of wood-pulp, of a peculiar cloth, of all colors, and from as many insurance companies as there are agents in town. She showed me her collection of recipes for separating postage stamps which stuck together. There was something like seventeen of them. I asked her if she had tried any of them. She said no, that she had had no stamps which adhered since she began her collection. Now, Occupant, beware. Conveniences are excellent servants but poor masters. Do not get so interested in discovering whether a raw potato or a piece of chamois skin is the better pen cleaner, that you have nothing to say with the pen. You remember Coleridge's friend who spoke fourteen languages and could not say a word of sense in any of them. There is such a thing as possessing so many methods of doing a thing that no time or ambition is left for the thing."

The Occupant nodded, "Much obliged. The Corner shall live for the work, and not the work for the Corner."

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1893.

CLASS OF 1890.—"THE PIERIANS." "Redeeming the Time."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. D. A. McClenahan, Allegheny, Pa.
Vice Presidents—John Lee Draper, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Leroy Stevens, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Charles E. Weller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Dr. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.; Miss Amy L. Sanderson, Toronto, Canada; Geo. H. Iott, Chicago, Ill.; A. T. Freye, Crestline, Ohio; Miss Helen Chenault, Ft. Scott, Kan.; S. M. Delano, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sarah Young, Danville, Ky.; Mr. Seymour Dean, French Creek, N. Y.

Eastern Secretary—Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Western Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, Griggsville, Ill.

Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Wood, 252 General Taylor Street, New Orleans, La.

Class Trustee—Dr. J. T. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.

Items for this column should be sent to Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—THE TUBEROSE.

THE Class of '90 will be the first to celebrate Recognition Day at two new assemblies. One in the Black Hills, South Dakota, the other at Lake Tahoe, in Nevada. At both of these assemblies Chancellor Vincent will be present and award the diplomas.

THE '90's are well represented also at the older assemblies. At Acton Park, Bay View, Lake Bluff, Lakeside, Rocky Mountain, Waseca, and Monona Lake Assemblies the number of graduates is considerably in advance of last year's class.

OUR three classmates in Micronesia, in the Pacific Ocean, who receive but one mail in a year, have sent a representative whom we hope to welcome at Chautauqua this year if her health will permit the anticipated visit. She writes of their C. L. S. C. work: "We had so very little time for reading of any sort and were subjected to so many interruptions that it was impossible for us to keep to the forty minute system. If I could give you any adequate idea of our life in Kusaie you could better understand how difficult we found it to get the time for this reading, and yet we were so hungry for it. We have absolutely no outside helps here. No society outside of the half dozen who compose the mission force, no stores, no churches, no roads, no any thing but the beautiful green mountains of our island and the boundless ocean around us. But when people want any thing very much they generally manage to get it, and so we at the end of the year generally found ourselves tired out

but victorious, the reading all accomplished, or so nearly so that we could see the end, and by the time that our boxes had been brought up from the missionary ship *Morning Star* (the one sure link between us and the outside world) and our books unpacked, we were ready to begin again. . . . The Chautauqua course, grand as it is for the multitudes who are taking it up in the home land, is doubly appreciated by those who are isolated and so far away from their 'ain countrie.' It gives us a broader outlook, and mentally we clasp hands with the strong and noble writers, and are strengthened and uplifted out of ourselves and our surroundings into a more bracing atmosphere."

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 33 Oak St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas.

Secretary—Mrs. L. L. Rankin, Room 3, Wesley Block, Columbus, Ohio.

Treasurer—Miss Julia J. Ketcham, Plainfield, N. J.

Building Committee—Mr. Dodds; Mr. Rankin.

Assembly Treasurer and Trustee for the Union Class Building—Mr. George E. Vincent.

EMBLEM—THE ACORN.

THE Class of '93 still receives most interesting reports from its prison fraternity, and the class columns are always gladly devoted to the recognition of this work in which all Chautauquans of whatever class, can but feel the deepest interest.

THE Lincoln Penitentiary Chautauquans, though disappointed for the time in the hoped for visit from Chancellor Vincent (as his engagements made it impossible for him to visit the Crete Assembly) were fortunate in securing the presence of Frank Beard, who not only delighted and instructed his audience, but was himself deeply impressed by his visit. A correspondent writes: "He called them his children and promised to come and see them again next year."

THE Chautauquans at the Stillwater Prison, Minnesota, will not soon forget the Chancellor's visit which occurred on the 22d of June. The *Prison Mirror* gives us the following interesting account:

According to appointment, Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, addressed the inmates of this institution on the 22d inst.

The inmates came in from work at 10 o'clock that they might have time to "shine up." At 11 o'clock they were assembled in the chapel where they had to wait but a few minutes, when the Bishop entered, accompanied by a number of visitors from the city.

A hymn was sung by the prison choir, after which Warden Randall introduced the Bishop, who delivered one of the most impressive discourses ever heard in the chapel. The speaker was listened to with the profoundest attention.

When it was learned that we were to be favored by a visit from the founder of the C. L. S. C., our local circle began the preparation of an address of welcome and a suitable token to be presented to him on the occasion. It was decided to have every thing as near as possible of home manufacture. So it was agreed that the token should be a cushion made by a member of the circle, and that the address should be drawn up by a committee of the members. And it was also decided that as Chaplain J. H. Albert was an honorary member of the class, he should present the address. The cushion was presented by a member of the circle; the Bishop expressed his gratification at the unexpected tokens of appreciation in words and looks full of feeling.

It is impossible to give an accurate description of the cushion. It was about two feet square; the top was blue plush and the under side was old-gold satin. In the center of the top was a fanciful variation of a shield and this was of plush the color of old gold; on the shield was worked with various colored silk thread these words:

M. S. P., Stillwater, Minn., July 22, 1890. Presented to John H. Vincent, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor C. L. S. C., by the members of Pierian Circle.

Around the edge was a heavy silk cord and at the corners were small silken tassels. The cord and tassels were also old-gold color.

The address was written on bristol-board and placed in a handsome oak frame with an inside gilt rope border.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE new English course for 1890-91 is given below. Graduates will notice that there are two volumes of Ward's "English Poets" required; this is necessitated by the fact that neither the second nor the third volume covers just the period under consideration. The whole of each volume will not, however, be required; only such selec-

tions as are indicated by Professor McClintock. At the end of the three years' course graduates will be in possession of the entire set of four volumes, which will prove a very important and valuable addition to their Chautauqua libraries.

Second Year's Course of the Three Years' Graduate Course in English History and Literature. The required books for 1890-91 are as follows:

HISTORY:

1. Green's "Short History of the English People." \$1.38. (This book is used for the entire three years' course.)
2. Seebohm's "Era of the Protestant Revolution." (Epoch Series) 85 cents.
3. Gardiner's "Puritan Revolution." (Epoch Series.) 85 cents.

LITERATURE:

1. Ward's "English Poets," Vols. II. and III. Selections. \$1.00 each.
2. "Typical Selections from English Prose Writers." Vol. II. (Clarendon Press.) 90 cents.
3. Introduction to Minto's "Manual of English Prose Literature." 15 cents. (This is the same book used last year.)
4. George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss." 50 cents.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN, containing special required articles. \$2.00.

THE "Pioneers" believe in keeping the Chautauqua fire burning. At the recent Recognition Day at the Canadian Chautauqua there were more members of the Class of '82 in the procession than of any other class except '90.

THE hatchets for the Class of '82 will be ready for the Chautauqua meeting this year. The design is very handsome. The pin is of solid silver with the figures '82 on the blade of the hatchet. The hatchet will be sold to members of the class at a trifle above cost, probably for thirty-five or forty cents.

THE members of the Class of '84 never forget the class cottage at Chautauqua, which many gifts have come to, in the past from far away members. This year an addition to its cabinet has come from South Africa, Miss Theresa M. Campbell, who organized the first Chautauqua circle in that country, sending a fine herbarium of native ferns. There are twenty-two varieties in the collection, with eleven genera being represented. The collection is a delight not only to the Irrepressibles but to all their friends.

THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

FOR 1890.

CLARION, AMONG the youngest daughters of Chautauqua is Clarion District Assembly, situated among the hills and picturesque beauty of Clarion County, Pa., only three years old, large for her age, a precocious child, and gives promise of a very bright future. Steadily she has emerged from debt and embarrassment, until to-day she stands squarely on her feet. This Assembly, patterned largely after Chautauqua, is taking on a permanent form, and is destined to do great good. Among the leading features of the session were the Chautauqua Normal Union Sunday-School Course, the Children's Department, the Itinerants' Club, the C. L. S. C. work, Music Department, New Testament Greek, and Carrier Seminary Summer School. These were conducted in the order named, by the Rev. C. C. Hunt, a man of superior ability both as an artist and as a Sunday-school instructor; Mrs. A. M. Rice, an old Chautauquan; the Rev. F. H. Beck; the Rev. W. H. Bunce; Prof. J. G. Dailey, an experienced musician and chorus conductor; the Rev. Levi Beers, A. M., and his wife.

The present year remarkable improvements were made upon the grounds: a large and well arranged auditorium, ninety-five feet square, was built, capable of accommodating 1,500 persons; a large tent for the C. N. U. and children's classes; a C. L. S. C. headquarters, and several neat cottages.

The program for this session was varied, interesting, and successfully carried out. Grand Army Day, Temperance Day, Missionary Day, and C. L. S. C. Recognition Day were appropriately observed. Able speakers were greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. Of the speakers we take space to mention Dr. A. B. Leonard, of New York, Missionary Secretary of the M. E. Church; Dr. Ketler, President of Grove City College; Dr. H. H. Moore, of St. Petersburg, Pa.; the Hon. W. P. Jenks, of Brookville, Pa.; the Rev. Wm. Branfield of Millerstown, Pa.; the Rev. J. B. Neff, of Kane, Pa.

The C. L. S. C. department was conducted by the Rev. W. H. Bunce. The Round Table talks were well attended. C. L. S. C. Recognition Day was the great day of the Assembly. The Camp-Fire and Vesper Services were highly appreciated by all. A large number were enrolled in the Class of '94. The president of the Assembly, Dr. D. Latshaw, has secured a beautiful

portion of the grounds to be set apart as a C. L. S. C. park, and there expects to build, before the next Assembly meeting, a Hall of Philosophy and a school building. A Palestine Park will be laid out.

The outlook for this Assembly is indeed bright, and it is proper to say that much of its success thus far is due to Dr. Latshaw. The session closed July 15.

COLFAX, Iowa Chautauqua Assembly concluded its second annual session of eleven days at Colfax, Iowa, on July 4. The attendance was fair. The program was unanimously conceded to be of a high order of merit.

The Normal classes were successfully conducted by Dr. J. C. W. Coxe, and were well attended. Prof. M. L. Bartlett and wife made the Chorus Classes a fine success. Three concerts were given in which the chorus was assisted by Miss Geneveve Shafer, soloist, Mr. G. A. Preston, soloist, Miss Grace Frisbie, violinist, The Young Ladies Quartet, of Iowa College, and a colored quartet from Hotel Colfax. Miss Orie Brown delighted the audiences with her readings.

The special lecturers were Dr. W. D. Middleton, on Physicians' Day; General W. H. Gibson, on G. A. R. Day; the Hon. Geo. W. Bain, on Temperance Day; the Rev. J. L. Hill, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Bain, on Young People's Day; the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., on Recognition Day. Presidents, J. T. McFarland, Geo. A. Gates, and Chancellor G. T. Carpenter on Teachers' Day; the Rev. P. S. Henson and the Rev. Sam Small, on Patriots' Day. Sermons were delivered by the Rev. James L. Hill, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, and Dr. J. C. W. Coxe, also lectures by the Rev. F. M. Bristol and the Rev. Geo. C. Henry.

Classes in Physical Culture were successfully conducted by Mr. A. K. Jones. A District Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of great interest was held on the grounds, also a meeting of the Epworth League for state organization. The C. L. S. C. department was handled finely. Besides lectures on topics of special interest, there were Daily Round Tables conducted by Dr. Hurlbut and other prominent Chautauquans; Vesper Services; a Chautauqua office, where the publications of the Chautauqua-Century Press were kept, and a headquarters for Chautauqua interests and information, and the *Iowa Chautauqua Herald*. Dr. Hurlbut added greatly to

the interest of the occasion, and at a meeting of the Trustees on July 3d was elected Superintendent of Instruction.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND THE second session of this Assembly.

OMAHA, IOWA. session of this Assembly began July 1, and closed July 18. From the opening exercises until the final platform meeting every thing was as delightful as its enthusiastic leaders had hoped. The crowds were large, the weather fine, and the program as rich as lavish expenditure could make it.

The attractions announced for July 4 brought together ten thousand people. The Declaration of Independence was read by Prof. Charles E. Underhill, who is a great favorite at Council Bluffs. A lecture by Prof. J. C. Freeman followed, his subject being Yellowstone Park. Jahu DeWitt Miller was the orator of the afternoon, and the evening was given to a grand concert in which encores and double encores were matters of frequent recurrence.

Among the long list of entertainments furnished in the nineteen days were the following: concerts by Rogers' Band, the Schubert and Orpheus Quartets, Miss Neally Stevens, Mrs. J. G. Wadsworth, Mr. I. M. Treynor, and Prof. C. C. Case; readings and recitations by Prof. C. E. Underhill; lectures by Dr. A. H. Gillet, President William M. Brooks, Leon H. Vincent, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Mrs. M. J. Aldrich, the Rev. J. W. Geiger, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. J. B. DeMotte, Mrs. E. N. Slocum, the Rev. W. J. Harsha, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, the Rev. P. N. Reale, the Hon. R. G. Horr, and Dr. Stephen Phelps. It was estimated that fifteen thousand people were present on the day of Dr. Talmage's lecture.

On Recognition Day the interior of the Tabernacle underwent a transformation; arches twined with flowers and evergreens were erected upon the chorus platform and a golden gate was constructed at the entrance to the speaker's platform; a profusion of flags, bunting, and flowers added gayety to the scene. The Class of '90 had fifteen representatives. Dr. DeMotte delivered the oration, and the diplomas were presented to the graduates by Dr. A. H. Gillet.

The special exercises on the morning of Children's Day were conducted by the Rev. J. W. Geiger, and in the afternoon an instructive lecture was given the young folks on "How to Use our Eyes and Ears." A grand concert in the evening closed the program.

Daily Round Tables were held and many new members were secured for the Class of '94. All the departments of work were well attended. Dean A. A. Wright conducted the School of the English Bible and New Testament Greek. The

Normal class was divided into three grades and taught by Mrs. M. M. Bailey, Dr. S. Phelps, and Dr. A. H. Gillet, respectively. Prof. Underhill had charge of the elocution, and Prof. Case drilled the grand chorus.

LEXINGTON, THE fourth annual session of KENTUCKY. the Kentucky Chautauqua Assembly was held in Woodland Park, Lexington, July 1-10, 1890. Woodland Park is a portion of Ashland, Henry Clay's estate; a beautiful Kentucky woodland, of forest trees and blue-grass.

The Kentucky Assembly is a fully organized normal assembly. It is especially right and healthy in its business foundation. Its board of managers is entirely independent of stockholders, and is concerned in no land scheme of any sort. The plan on which it raises its money is a model.

Prof. W. McClintock, Superintendent of Instruction, is an old Chautauquan, and determined from the first to make the Assembly true to the best conceptions worked out in assembly experience.

The popular success of the Assembly is assured. It has the city of Lexington, of 26,000 inhabitants; sixteen towns of 4,000 people each within two hours' ride; and the thickly settled and wealthy Blue-grass Region to draw from. Workers are all impressed with the cultivated and well-to-do audiences. The social element of the Kentucky nature emphasizes this feature of the Assembly crowds.

The following departments were organized and running:

Sunday-School Normal; Assembly Bible Studies; Secular Teachers' Normal; W. C. T. U. School of Methods; Music; Lectures; and Entertainments.

One thing the Kentucky Assembly has made a success of, is the systematic presentation of the modern institutions which assist the church and the school. In the list are, Y. M. C. A. work, Sabbath observances, C. L. S. C., College Associations.

The Assembly gives separate days to these, with conferences for workers, and special speakers. This cultivates the habit of looking to the assembly as the best field for the greater reformatory movements of our time. What can be done to cultivate the college interests is shown in the meeting on our grounds of these associations: Kentucky College Associations, made up of professors of Kentucky colleges; Southern Wellesley Association, for students and graduates of Wellesley, who live in the South; Hamilton College Alumnae Association; Kentucky Association of Western Female Seminary students

and graduates. An Oratorical Contest, for college students is held.

The study of the Bible was good in the Sunday-school Normal Classes; Dean Wright's scientific Bible studies, and lectures from Prof. J. N. McGarvey, Prof. T. M. Hawes, and Dr. J. M. Buckley excellent. The experience of Lexington shows the great interest in English Bible work, and that here is the line for development.

The C. L. S. C. is gaining rapidly in Kentucky, and the Assembly is its home and rallying ground. The work was under charge of Prof. Williamson, State Secretary. A new feature was the establishment on the grounds of a systematized C. L. S. C. office, with a paid secretary, plenty of Chautauqua published matter, C. L. S. C. books, etc. This was a great success. The office was tastefully decorated, a pleasant place to sit, well conducted. This plan should be continued and developed.

The Chautauqua spirit—banners, processions, badges, golden-gate—develops slowly in the South; but a quiet, dignified, successful Recognition Day was held, with seven graduates, and a good address. The Rev. George Dorsie made a spirited speech on "A Broader Outlook." This graduation at the assemblies is an excellent method of propagating the C. L. S. C. ideas.

The conclusions from the history of Lexington which have a bearing upon the Chautauqua movement as a whole, are these:

- (1) An assembly must have a healthy, righteous business management—clear of all speculations in property.
- (2) It must be located not according to some town's interest, but where there are enough people near to support it easily.
- (3) It must be planned and run for the highest religious and educational purposes.
- (4) The school and teaching ideas of Chautauqua—normal, Bible, C. L. S. C., and educational lectures—are the most permanent elements.
- (5) Every good assembly increases Chautauqua's popularity and sends people in increasing numbers to the mother of them all.

NEW ENGLAND, THERE was no lit-
SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, the justifiable ex-
MASSACHUSETTS. ultation among the
South Framingham Assembly goes that the first session of its second decade was so successful. The ten days, July 15-25, had been carefully planned for, and, with Dr. Hurlbut as director, every thing went off happily.

The lecture platform has eschewed largely the idea of merely popular lectures, and for several seasons has been offering courses. This season Framingham enjoyed one of the finest series which has been delivered this year at any as-

sembly, Prof. John Fiske on Early American History. Prof. Fiske is a profound scholar with a faculty for putting his knowledge simply and directly. His presentation of the work of the Pre-Columbian discoveries, of Columbus, Cortez, Balboa, and Las Casas delighted his audiences. Mr. Leon Vincent gave a course on English authors which was full of merit. Dr. Dickerman, Jahu De Witt Miller, the Rev. L. A. Banks, Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and Dr. H. S. Gumbart were among the other lecturers.

Framingham has a few good features peculiar to herself. Thus there is a daily temperance hour at which some prominent and capable organizer or speaker is always present, and at which much sensible and practical work is done. The Children's Day is another delightful institution. On that day three hundred fifty children formed in line, and headed by a score of eminent people and a *bagpipe*, marched to the Amphitheater where an entertainment of music, recitation, and speeches was provided.

The C. L. S. C. work received special personal attention from Principal Hurlbut. The new Alumni Hall was up and almost out of debt. It afforded a much needed and much appreciated headquarters. At the dedication of the new building Dr. Hurlbut said: "In all my experience in Chautauqua work I have never been called upon to speak on just such an occasion. This is a new thing. I scarcely dare tell the other assemblies what you have done here, for they will all want to do the same. What is the building for? It represents the Chautauqua Literary and 'Social' Circle. The classes will here have a home. I congratulate you on the work that has been done here."

On Recognition day the customary services were held. One hundred twenty graduates received diplomas, one of them a man of 78 years of age, who 52 years ago took a diploma at Amherst College. President Dwight, of Yale, delivered the oration. At night black minstrels and white caps entertained the crowds.

The music was fine throughout the Assembly, being under the direction of Prof. A. H. Schauffler, a leader of large experience and skill. The Ruggles Street Choir, Miss Parks, the cornetist, and others, assisted the chorus. The Assembly had an opportunity to test the new musical instrument, the vocalion. One small boy remarked, "They have the piano, the organ, and the volcano at our assembly."

All the usual work was carried on successfully. The Normal Classes, the out-of-door sports, the Round Tables were provided for and were largely patronized.

OTTAWA, THE intellectual "spread" of the **KANSAS**. Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly is over, and by the time this reaches your readers the crumbs will be brushed away, but the "feast of reason" will certainly not be well digested and assimilated before the Assembly of 1891.

Never have the affairs of the Assembly moved more calmly and peacefully than at the last session, June 17 to 27. The weather was pleasant, albeit rather warm, and the average daily attendance on the grounds was larger than ever before, and this without any "special" attractions, if we except ex-President Hayes.

The tone of the various lectures was especially good, the standard high, and they were remarkably well attended. The successive assemblies seem to have cultivated the taste of the surrounding community and raised its standards, a fact appreciated by the stockholders of the Assembly, one of whom remarked that large audiences had this year listened with interest and appreciation to a series of lectures of such a high grade of thought that had they been given here a few years ago they would have been very sparsely attended.

The various classes of Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Dean A. A. Wright, Mrs. M. G. Kennedy, and Prof. H. S. Jacoby, were better attended than heretofore.

Dr. H. R. Palmer had a large and enthusiastic chorus in charge and they did excellent work.

Prof. W. D. McClintock's critical and analytical lectures on Hamlet and the English romantic poets were so highly regarded that at the close of the session his large Literature Class presented him with a handsome copy of "The Marble Faun."

In the main, the Round Table was conducted as a sort of experience meeting. A pronunciation exercise was an entertaining feature of one session. At other sessions were able addresses on Browning from Prof. McClintock, Dr. Hurlbut, and the Rev. G. C. Lorimer, and an address on C. L. S. C. work by the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, who proposed that each person, at a subsequent Round Table, give the name and author of one or more of the books found the most helpful in reading outside the C. L. S. C. course, during the last year; this suggestion was adopted, with pleasure and profit.

Recognition Day passed off with a great deal of enthusiasm. A class of forty-five received their diplomas, three of which were adorned with nine seals. The address to the graduates, a most able one, was delivered by the Rev. G. C. Lorimer, of Chicago. It was suggested that in the future the diplomas and address be given as heretofore, but that the march of the C. L. S. C. and the passing of the

arches take place in the evening by torch-light.

The enrollment for the Class of '94 was not large, but was marked by the accession of the names of a number of persons of high standing and social influence who will spread the work in their several communities.

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA. The assembly at Pacific Grove, California, opened according to program, July 3, and closed July 17. There was a large attendance and much enthusiasm. The weather was delightful and the beautiful Assembly Hall was filled at least twice a day with appreciative audiences. The morning sessions were not so well attended as classes of various sorts occupied many of the people so much that they could not make time for all the exercises. The classes in botany, zoology, drawing and painting, elocution and Delsarte, photography, cooking, and Sunday-school Normal work, were all largely patronized. A juvenile Sunday-school normal was successfully organized and carried on by Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster and graduated a dozen fine little scholars. Twenty-six were present to graduate on Recognition Day. Over three hundred Chautauquans marched in the procession. All the exercises were impressive and excellent.

The lecturers were the Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, the Rev. Dr. R. C. Hirst, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Matthew, the Rev. Dr. T. C. Easton, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Ormiston, the Rev. Selah Brown, Col. Geo. W. Bain, Col. C. E. Bolton, Prof. Virgil Pinckley, the Hon. J. E. Richards, the Hon. Wm. Armstrong, the Rev. R. Harcourt, D. D., Mrs. Florence Williams, Miss Helen S. Wright, Edward A. Berwick, Esq., Mrs. M. H. Field, and Miss Anna Wallberg.

Dr. Gunsaulus took the Assembly captive with his eloquence; Mrs. Williams was notably the historian of the occasion; and Miss Wallberg was charming in her Scandinavian sketches.

The music was partly from the Orion Club of Ohio. The chorus was under Prof. J. J. Morris.

The Round Tables were delightful. Chautauqua has laid hold of California in the strongest and most enduring fashion. She will soon have three or four assemblies, as she ought to have, with her area. There are 1,300 regularly registered C. L. S. C. members this year.

WARSAW, INDIANA. The Spring Fountain Park Assembly closed its first session on Monday evening, July 28, with the performance of every item on the program as published, which certainly is creditable to the management of a thirteen days' meeting at its first session. The attendance was equal to the best assemblies in the country, with perhaps two exceptions.

Such well-known lecturers as Joseph Cook, Dr. A. A. Willetts, Dr. Henson, and J. De Witt Miller were present and at their best. Entertaining lectures on foreign travel were given by Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, illustrated by lantern views. The quartet and chorus were under the direction of Prof. Cleppinger, and won the applause of everybody, and the band of twenty pieces was highly appreciated. The various schools were patronized better than is usual at the first session of assemblies. The Ministerial Institute was a decided success, fifty-three ministers of various denominations being in attendance. The schools of Physical Culture, Philosophy, Fine Arts, Normal work, and other branches were well attended.

The park is one of the prettiest in the country, and the management have expended already about one hundred thousand dollars in improvements, which with Eagle Lake, mineral waters, oak groves, and main line of railroads, will certainly make this a leading Chautauqua.

Dr. Woolpert, pastor of the Methodist Church at Warsaw, within whose charge Spring Fountain Park is located, is President and Superintendent of Instruction, and largely to his efficient, wise, and honorable management is the success of the present year attributable.

WILLIAMS GROVE, CENTRAL and southern Pennsylvania. In Pennsylvania and western Maryland were well represented at the session of 1890 of the Williams Grove Assembly, continuing seven days, from July 21 to 28. The management had provided an excellent program which was successfully carried out. The Normal Classes were under the direction of the local talent of Harrisburg, Lancaster, and vicinity. The Children's Hour, with illustrated talks and primary instruction, was in charge of the Rev. R. H. Gilbert and Mrs. Ella C. Logan. Prof. J. H. Kurzenknak was musical director. The exercises were made up of concerts, lectures, Round Table exercises, etc. Dr. W. L. Davidson's illustrated lectures on "Tramps Through Switzerland" and "In and About Shakspeare's Home," were greatly appreciated. President Reed, of Dickinson College, lectured on "Qualities that Win"; Dr. Justin D. Fulton, on "How Shall Roman Catholics Be Reached and Saved?"; Dr. Willis J. Beecher, "History as Recorded in the Old Testament"; the Hon. Thomas Murray, "Heroism of St. Paul"; the Rev. George B. Stewart, "The Churches and the Working Man"; the Hon. James M. Tanner, "Soldier Life, Grave and Gay"; and others of equal merit. The Lebanon Valley Glee Club and the Steelton Choral Union gave entertainments.

Recognition Day was a great occasion. The C. L. S. C. cause is a leading factor in the work of the Assembly. The attendance from the various circles in the vicinity was much larger than in former years. The procession, badges, flower girls, responsive readings, and class poem were not wanting. Letters were read from Dr. Lyman Abbott, Counselor Wilkinson, and Miss Kate F. Kimball. Corporal Tanner, Will Lindsey, President Reed, and the Rev. H. C. Pardoe made addresses, the latter gentleman presenting the diplomas to the nine graduates. Several of the diplomas were adorned with seals. Much interest was shown by the people in the movement; much good literature circulated, and many persons signified their intention of joining the Class of 1894.

WINFIELD. On the morning of June 24 the **KANSAS.** addresses were made which ushered in the fourth session of the Winfield Chautauqua Assembly. The special classes began with a goodly attendance, the Rev. B. T. Vincent being in charge of the Normal work, Prof. W. W. Carnes of the elocution, and Prof. Geo. F. Brierly of the music. A Ministers' Institute was held during the session.

Among the lecturers were the following assembly favorites: the Rev. George W. Miller, who spoke of "Our Country and Some of its Problems," and "Eyes, or the Art of Seeing"; Robert McIntyre, who described "Thirty Hours in a Sunless World" and "The Sunny Side of a Soldier's Life," and discussed what he calls "Buttoned-up People"; the Rev. P. S. Henson, who talked about "Backbone," and gave some very unique ideas on the subject of "Money"; A. Miner Griswold, who told of "A Tour Around the World"; the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who debated whether the world is growing better or worse; General Alger, who was one of the attractions on Grand Army Day; and many others who added strength and interest to the program. There was an abundance of good music, which with the dramatic, humorous, and dialect readings of Prof. Carnes supplied the lighter vein.

At the daily Round Tables much good work was done for the cause of the C. L. S. C. The Winfield Society of the Hall in the Grove is an outgrowth of these meetings. The Class of '94 gained several recruits, and all attending from other classes received new enthusiasm.

Recognition Day had the usual accompaniments of decorations, arches, a procession, and the C. L. S. C. Recognition Service. Dr. B. T. Vincent addressed the graduating class.

Editors' Day, Farmers' Day, and Grand Army Day had appropriate programs, and brought together large numbers of congenial spirits.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

THE TORTURES OF A SCULPTOR.

THERE are three kinds of subjects for a portrait. One is composed of the sedate old gentleman or lady who is famous either for the invention of some coffee-machine, or for having been the host or the hostess of some great man. The people who belong in this category pose, accepting the situation as a sacrifice for the benefit of future generations, and they generally go to sleep after a few seconds. Another kind is composed of young married people; they always come together into the studio, ending by forgetting altogether that there is any one else there, and gratifying each other with all sorts of loving expressions and fond caresses. If the wife is rich, it is the husband who gives you the commission for the bust, and vice versa. These people pose, talking, laughing, smoking. While you are trying to catch a line, a characteristic point of your subject, the other element of this type of connubial happiness asks you point blank, this simple question: "Say, Mr. Sculptor, did you ever see such a beautiful nose?" And you must answer, of course, that the nose in question is the most perfect of all the noses, past, present, and future. The model then feels entitled to a good, hearty laugh; and if it is a man, blushes; if it is a woman, does not. The third kind is composed of handsome children, whom you must chase all around the house to be able to see what kind of a head they have. So the best subject for a sculptor to work from is the photograph of a dear dead one, you would say; but it is not so, because all the relatives of the dear dead one, and the friends, too, will come to criticise your bust, and will be good enough to give you hints and suggestions. I made last winter the bust of a very rich baker, from the photographs given to me by two of his sons, who had inherited his artistic taste as well as his business. Those two sons have been for me like two dozens of sons. One would come one day, look at the bust, twist up his mouth, and say, "Yes, it is pretty good, but I think that the mouth is a little too small."

"Well, I will make it larger, if you think so."

"Yes, please make it larger; and then excuse me, I imagine you want me to say just exactly what I think, don't you?"

"Of course, naturally your suggestions will be valuable to me."

"Well, then, from the back, I do not see much likeness."

"Neither do I. Have you a photograph of your worthy parent's back?"

"No, but they say that I look like him, somewhat, and you could perhaps work it up in that way."

"I see, now. Turn your back again, so; thank you, that is enough."

The same day the other brother comes in. When he is in presence of the bust, he takes a red and yellow handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes his eyes and blows his nose, saying:

"Just like him; poor dear father. It needs only to talk to be just like him."

"So you like it?"

"Ever so much. Only I think that his mouth is a little too large. Could you not make it just a little bit smaller?"

"I could, but your respectable brother a little while ago found it too small."

"Oh, my brother is a donkey, you know."

"So you want me to make it smaller?"

"Yes, don't mind what my brother says."

Next day the donkey, the other brother, comes, and I tell him that his respected brother has found the mouth of the bust too large.

"You must not mind what my brother says. He is a fool, he does not understand anything."

In that very moment the fool comes in, and they have together the most fearful row.

"It is small!"

"It is large!"

"You are a donkey!"

"You are a fool!"

"Sirs, do not forget that you are gentlemen," I say, and so they go away to continue their discussion on the street.

I satisfied both of them, and each of them offered me something extra, in their simple way. I left the bust as it was, telling each of them that I had followed his advice. When they went to take the bust, with what a comical, triumphant look the donkey and the fool glanced at each other!*—*Theodoro Serrao*.

THE NOTCH: THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE unpracticed eye is so utterly confounded by the immensity of this awful chasm of the Notch, yawning in all its extent and all its grandeur far down beneath that, powerless to grasp the fullness and the vastness thus suddenly encountered, it stupidly stares into those

* Brushes and Chisels. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

far-retreating depths. The scene really seems too tremendous for flesh and blood to comprehend. For an instant, standing on the brink of the sheer precipice, which here suddenly drops seven or eight hundred feet, my head swam and my knees trembled.

First came the idea that I was looking down into the dry bed of some primeval cataract, whose mighty rush and roar the imagination summoned again from the tomb of ages, and whose echo was in the cascades, hung like two white arms on the black and hairy breast of the adjacent mountain. This idea carries us back to the deluge, of which science pretends to have found proofs in the basin of the Notch. What am I saying? to the Deluge! It transports us to the Beginning itself, when "Darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

You see the immense walls of Mount Willey on one side, and of Webster on the other, rushing downward thousands of feet, and meeting in one magnificently imposing sweep at their bases. This vast natural inverted archway has the heavens for a roof. The eye roves from the shaggy head of one mountain to the shattered cornices of the other. One is terrible, the other forbidding. The naked precipices of Willey, furrowed by avalanches, still show where the fatal slide of 1826 crushed its way down into the valley, traversing a mile in only a few moments. Far down in the distance you see the Willey hamlet and its bright clearing. You see the Saco's silver.

Such, imperfectly, are the more salient features of this immense cavity of the Notch, three miles long, two thousand feet deep, rounded as if by art, and as full of suggestions as a ripe melon of seeds. I recall few natural wonders so difficult to get away from, or that haunt you so perpetually.*—*Samuel Adams Drake.*

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised," the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossom peer

*The Heart of the White Mountains. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea,
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then,
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength,
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day,
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And through dead leaves of hope shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

EARLY SCHOOL EXPERIENCES.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

I think the school that I have come to is a very good school. We have dump-lings. I've tied up the pills that you gave me in case of feeling bad, in the toe of my cotton stocking that's lost the mate of it. The mince pies they have here are baked without any plums being put into them. So, please, need I say, No, I thank you, ma'm, to 'em when they come around? If they don't agree, shall I take the pills or the drops? Or was it the hot flannels,—and how many?

I've forgot about being shivery. Was it to eat roast onions? No, I guess not. I guess it was a wet band tied around my head. Please write it down, because you told me so many things I can't remember. How can anybody tell when anybody is sick enough to take things? You can't think what a great tall man the school-master is. He has got something very long to flog us with, that bends easy, and hurts,—Q. S. So Dorry says. Q. S. is in the abbreviations, and stands for a sufficient quantity. Dorry says the master keeps a paint-pot in his room, and has his whiskers painted black every morning,

and his hair too, to make himself look scareful. Dorry is one of the great boys. But Tom Cush is bigger. I don't like Tom Cush.

I have a good many to play with; but I miss you and Towser and all of them very much. How does my sister do? Don't let the cow eat my peach-tree. Dorry Baker he says that peaches don't grow here; but he says the cherries have peach-stones in them. In a month my birthday will be here. How funny t'will seem to be eleven, when I've been ten so long. I don't skip over any button-holes in the morning now; so my jacket comes out even.

Why didn't you tell me I had a red head? But I can run faster than any of them that are no bigger than I am, and some that are. One of the spokes of my umbrella broke itself in two yesterday, because the wind blew so when it rained.

We learn to sing. He says I've a good deal of voice; but I've forgot what the matter with it is. We go up and down the scale, and beat time. The last is the best fun. The other is hard to do. But if I could only get up, I guess 'twould be easy to come down. He thinks something ails my ear. I thought he said I hadn't got any at all. What have a feller's ears to do with singing, or with scaling up and down?

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

—Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

RAINY MONDAYS.

NEXT to a rainy Sunday, a wet Monday is perhaps the most disheartening punishment that the goddess of New England Weather can impose upon those who have failed to propitiate her. It is curious, indeed, that Monday should be so unpopular the world over. However widely people may differ in their theories about Sunday, they agree, with a singular unanimity, that Monday, even under the most favorable conditions, is something of a trial to the spirit.

For those who make Sunday a day of pleasure-seeking, as well as for those who strive to make it a day of grace, Monday is "the day after." If it happens to be rainy, so much the more unfortunate. City streets never look so cheerless as on such a morning, when laborers, demoralized by their holiday, go straggling to their work; and when even those people who on Sundays have made high resolves and received new inspirations, find their enthusiasm chilled by the sweep of the wind and rain around the street corners, and soiled by the very sight of the sticky, slippery pavements. It seems discouragingly hard to take hold, to begin again, unless it chances that one is lucky enough to be so busy that he cannot give a single instant to the analysis of his feelings.

In the country, too, a wet Monday is universally resented. Even in those dry seasons when the farmers, gathering around the steps of the meeting-house before the Sunday sermon commences, have agreed that it is about time for the minister to begin to pray for rain, they have a suspicion that a showery Monday is too prompt a response to their wishes to be genuinely providential.*—*Bliss Perry.*

GOLDENROD.

MIDSUMMER music in the grass,
The cricket and the grasshopper;
White daisies and the clover pass;
The caterpillar trails her fur
After the languid butterfly;
But green and spring-like is the sod
Where autumn's earliest lamps I spy,
The tapers of the golden rod.

The flower is fuller of the sun
Than any our pale north can show;
It has the heart of August won,
And scatters wide the warmth and glow
Kindled at summer's midnight blaze,
Where gentians of September bloom;
Along October's leaf-strewn ways
And through November's paths of gloom.

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets
Gay bonfires blazing round the fields;
Rich autumn pays in gold his debts
For tenancy that summer yields.
Beauty's slow harvest now comes in,
New promise with fulfillment won;
The heart's vast hope does but begin,
Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes
Like a great army's stir and wave;
Because its gold in billows blooms,
The poor man's barren walks to lave;
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
How souls receive the light of God,
And unto earth give back that glow,—
I thank Him for the goldenrod.†

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THREE SENSIBLE GIRLS.

OLD Holworthy had not much knowledge, neither had his wife, but they both revered the love of it in their daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

As the girls desired "schoolin'," the old

*The Broughton House New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†The Poetical Works of Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.00.

folks worked hard to give it to them, and after they got it, it was a pain to the excellent Holworthys that they could not always keep their "gals to hum." No, they would go off West and South instructing the freedmen and teaching in academics, and only once or twice a year did they then gather under the Holworthy roof-tree. They always came at Thanksgiving.

The sisters had taken possession of the roomy garret which they had partitioned off by cheap curtains when they wished to be alone. The views from all the garret windows were of perfect beauty. Charity botanized and had arranged her herbarium and dried plants in her own part of the garret. When she was at home this section was adorned with an exquisite arrangement of wild grasses, bright berries, ferns, lichens, toad-stools, and rare wild flowers she had gathered in her favorite haunts. The windows of her rustic *atelier* looked far down the valley. She pinned her sketches against the rafters and backed them with bright bits of stuff, giving the artist touch to all she did.

Faith was always writing a little book of reflections and meditations (not for publication), but resembling the French *pensées*; and her little study end of the garret was the book-room fitted up with braided rugs, patchwork cushions, comfortable seats, and bits of old furniture which had been put away as too antiquated and rickety for the lower rooms.

Though in no way very remarkable, the Holworthy girls had their individual modes and manners, which rendered them interesting. When they sent invitations to their friends in the village to come up to the farm to tea, they generally fastened the note with a chicken feather. Charity, the naturalist, had a signature of her own, a zigzag blurred line supposed to resemble the track made by the foot of an ant in wet sand. The billets were generally in rhyme and were often addressed in some peculiar and fantastic manner. The old man, who delivered his daughters' missives, though he was immensely proud of them, sometimes felt it necessary to apologize for their queerness.

"Lordy, now," he would say, with his old face screwed into a puzzled look, "I don't know what them gals are up to. They have so many notions in their heads, I don't pretend to keep track of them."

The Holworthys had their own way for doing every thing. Their hospitality was boundless, but of the simplest kind. The girls from a very early age had set their faces like flint against the diseased New England appetite for pie and sweet-cake. They never offered either to their guests. In the village, not to have pie of every

variety at Thanksgiving, and not to offer cake on the company tea-table was as unorthodox and perhaps as wicked as to deny the doctrine of original sin.

Abel Holworthy, the rich brother in California, died and left the old man five thousand dollars. He was a rich man for the mountain, and he summoned his girls to come and live at home permanently.

Now that the Holworthy girls were at home, with the design of spending the remainder of their lives on the mountain farm, and with a small increase of fortune, they gradually rearranged the house to suit their tastes. The rag carpets were not banished, nor any of the quaint old furniture, but the florid high-colored Scripture prints their mother had delighted in, were removed, and some engravings of a higher order substituted.

The daughters led a simple life of enjoyment of nature, contemplation, and study combined with homely household duties—such a combination as is scarcely to be found out of New England. Charity, the beautiful sister, with her dark eyes, abundant curling brown hair, and lithe figure, certainly had had "offers." Two at least were known to the villagers, but the banner of matrimony was never flung from the farm-house, along with the red, blue, white, and yellow signals with which they telegraphed to their friends below. It was wise for those maidens to refuse to be transplanted. They never could anywhere have been so happy or so charming as on their native soil. They were rooted in the mountain earth like those delicate growths, the arbutus, the harebell, the gentian, and the fragile lovely ferns.*—From *Augusta Larned's "Village Photographs."*

AUTUMN COLORINGS.

THERE was the dark, fine, bright red of some pepperidges showing behind the green of an unchanged maple; near by stood another maple, the leaves of which were all seemingly withered, a plain reddish-light wood-color; while below its withered foliage a thrifty poison sumach wreathing round its trunk and lower branches was in a beautiful confusion of fresh green and the orange and red changes, yet but just begun. Then another slight maple with the same dead-wood-colored leaves, into which to the very top a Virginia creeper had entwined itself, and that was now brilliantly scarlet, magnificent in the last degree. Another like it a few trees off, both reflected gorgeously in the still water. Rock-oaks were part green and part sear; at the

* New York: Henry Holt and Company.

edge of the shore below them a quantity of reddish low shrubbery; the Cornus dark crimson and brown, with its white berries showing underneath, and more pepperidges in very bright red. One maple stood with its leaves part-colored reddish and green, another with beautiful orange-colored foliage. Ashes in superb very dark purple; they were all changed; then alders, oaks, and chestnuts still green.*—*From Susan Warner's "Hills of The Shalemuc."*

USELESS BRIC-À-BRAC.

OUR lives are clogged with bric-à-brac. Every separate article in a room may be pretty in itself, and yet the room may be hideous through overcrowding with objects which have no meaning.

The disease of bric-à-brac, I think, is due to two influences,—the desire of uncreative minds to create beauty, and the mania for giving Christmas presents. Both these influences have a noble source, and will probably reach more beautiful results at last. Any mind awake to beauty must try to create it, and if its power and originality are not very great, what can it do better than to apply itself to humble, every-day trifles and try to decorate them? This is certainly right, if the old principle of architecture is always remembered: "Decorate construction, do not construct decoration." A few illustrations of my meaning may be needed.

I am obliged to use blotting-paper when I write. I have always been grateful to a friend who sent me a beautiful blue blotting book, with a bunch of white clover charmingly painted on the first page. It gives me pleasure every time I write a letter. I am glad that one of my friends was artistic enough to embroider some fine handkerchiefs for me with a beautiful initial. One of my dearest possessions is the lining for a bureau drawer made of pale blue silk, with scented wadding tied in with knots of narrow white ribbon. This lies in the bottom of the drawer, and owing to the kindness of my friends shown at various times, I am able to lay upon the top of each pile of underclothing either a handkerchief case or a scent bag of blue silk or satin. Some of these trifles are corded with heavy silk, some are embroidered with rosebuds, some are ornamented with bows of ribbon, and altogether they make the drawer a "thing of beauty," which to me personally "is a joy forever," and they are never in anybody's way.

My friend has been less fortunate in the tributes of affection she has received. She has several elaborate and even pretty ties which she is

obliged to append to her sofas and easy-chairs. They are believed to add to the harmony of coloring in her sitting-room, but they are very likely to be asked when the sofas and easy-chairs are in use; and as they always have to be re-arranged during the process of dusting, they form an argument for delaying that duty as long as possible. She also has several head-rests and foot-rests, in which the embroidery is exquisite in itself, but which are so ill-contrived that they afford no rest to either head or foot. "They are worth having, though," she says, "because of their beauty, just as a picture is worth having though you cannot use it." "Yes," replied her husband, "they are worth having but are not worth having in the way. I do not want even the Sistine Madonna propped up in my easy-chair." Most of her friends are learning to paint, and many of them have chosen to give her at Christmas specimens of their progress mounted on pasteboard easels. These cover the tables and mantels and brackets of her sitting-room. "Ah," she says softly under her breath, "if they had only thought to paint book-marks instead. One can never have enough book-marks. It would be delightful to have one in every book in the library, and the more beautiful, the better; while the ugly ones, which perhaps come from our dearest friends, would be blessed for their usefulness besides being unobtrusive."*—*E. Chester.*

A SEPTEMBER ROBIN.

MY eyes are full, my silent heart is stirred.

Amid these days so bright
Of ceaseless warmth and light;
Summer that will not die,
Autumn without one sigh
O'er sweet hours pouring by;
Cometh that tender note
Out of thy tiny throat

Like grief, or love, insisting to be heard,
O plaintive little bird!

No need of word;

Well know I all your tale,—forgotten bird!

Soon you and I together
Must face the winter weather,
Remembering how we sung
Our primrose fields among,
In days when life was young;
Now, all is growing old,
And the warm earth's a-cold,
Still with brave heart we'll sing on, little bird,
Sing only. Not one word.

—*Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.*

* Half Hours with the Best Authors. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

* Girls and Women. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Ibsen's Dramas.

A very short time spent over Ibsen's Dramas* readily explains the strong, strange fascination which they have exerted over the reading world. His remarkable pictures of life are not those of a painter who has skillfully sketched and worked out into colors the scenes around him, but those of a photographer whose camera has reflected exactly what has been presented to it. Subjected to the highest finishing processes, they represent the best that art can do when applied to such an end. In these books modern society sees itself not symbolized, not idealized, not caricatured, but in its own true colors; and society as an individual will eagerly scan its own image. Just as the dominant expressions of the features upon which the various traits of character have carved their impress show through, however dextrously the photograph may have been re-touched, so the motives guiding humanity are revealed to the reader, no matter how highly polished the society manners under which their concealment is sought. The scenes of the dramas are laid in Scandinavia, but, save for their local impress, they prove accurate representations of universal human nature. The power of heredity is made a strong point in several of the plays, notably so in "Ghosts." Selfishness and ambition as manifested in the desire of worldly position and advancement are traced in their rapid and offensive forms of development in "The League of Youth." In "An Enemy to the People" there are depicted the trickiness of designing men to deceive and rob the public; the criminal gullibility of the public; and the contumely and scorn often heaped upon noble would-be reformers in their efforts to right great wrongs. That cowardice may be the base upon which is founded a character remarkable for its apparent uprightness and honor, is shown in "A Doll's House." The wrongs done to women by the false ideas governing society are so strikingly illustrated in so many instances that the author seems to present himself as standing forth as their champion. Indeed, throughout the entire collection they appear to far better advantage than do the men. The influence of the book is depressing; a helpless, hopeless feeling is experienced by the reader; and any tendency to distrust his fellow-man is quickened. The marvelous power of the

author would have been much better directed had he not let the final curtain of each play close on a scene of such utter dreariness.

Biography.

Rémusat's life of Thiers* is a strong character study, not always impartial but intensely interesting. To show what the man was, this leader "who ruled by the divine right of superior intelligence," as well as what he did, seems to be the object of the book. Touching briefly on the important points of contemporaneous history, the book is necessarily full of life and action. The translation preserves the bright, vivacious style of the original.—Mrs. Fawcett has collected into a neat little volume† a number of her compact and careful studies of women eminent for their good work in various fields. Much fresh information is brought to bear on many points and even well known facts are told in such a pleasant way that it is easier to read than to skip them. The author has the tact necessary for a successful biographer, and it is to be hoped that these sketches may be followed by others on the same line.—In marked contrast to the simple and unadorned English of the above, is the style of "Famous Women of the New Testament,"‡ but the author means well and his frequent lapses into the *bizarre* and bombastic can be tolerated if not forgiven.—The life of Pestalozzi|| has been described as a series of enthusiastic experiments, each ending in failure of some sort. No one, perhaps, was better fitted to give an account of this series of experiments than Baron de Guimps, who occupied an exceeding favorable position for becoming acquainted with his master's ideas and those of his coadjutors. Nothing Pestalozzian seems alien to him. What he has to say does not always conform to the generally received ideas on the subject, and the book has a distinct individuality which contributes greatly to its interest. The present translation is from the second French edition.—Samuel Johnson's "Memoir of Roger Ascham" and Dean Stanley's "Life of Arnold"

*Thiers. By Paul de Rémusat. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Price, \$1.00.

†Some Eminent Women of Our Times. By Mrs. Henry Fawcett. London and New York: Macmillan and Co.

‡Famous Women of the New Testament. By Morton Bryan Wharton, D. D. New York: E. B. Treat. Price, \$1.50.

||Pestalozzi, His Life and Work. By Roger de Guimps. Translated from the French by J. Russell, B. A. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Edited by William Archer. Three Vols. New York: Scribner & Welford. Price per vol., \$1.25.

(condensed) appear under the title of "Two Great Teachers."* The spirit rather than the methods of the earlier school-master is what renders Ascham's Memoir valuable; but for both methods and spirit Arnold's work should be familiar to every progressive teacher. No one who reads aright can fail to be stimulated by the records of his noble success. Dr. Carlisle's introductions to the two divisions of the book are very happily written.—The history of a strong personality, an ardent and aggressive Methodist, and a thoroughly good man will be found in the "Autobiography of Granville Moody."†—The strange and dangerous scenes through which the great naturalist Audubon passed, the results of his loving, tireless observation, and the beautiful lessons of his life, have all been put into pleasing form for young readers by Dr. Peirce.‡ It cannot fail to open their eyes to the value of habits of close observation.—Another attractive book for young people is "Heroes and Martyrs of Invention."|| Eighteen biographical sketches are contained in the small volume and each is a model of the nutshell style of writing which youthful critics regard with favor.

Religious Literature.

The abridged edition of Ederseheim's "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah"§ forms a most desirable book for popular reading. Those not acquainted with the original work will read it without a suspicion of the frequent omissions and reductions rendered necessary to condense it to its present size. The style of the writing is such as to present the whole life-history of Christ in clear, living pictures before the reader. There are full descriptions and explanations of Jewish life and customs, and plain expositions of Christ's words and works. The personal history of the author lends an added interest to his work,—a converted Jew, he united with the Church of England and became one of its renowned clergymen.—"Christian Theism"|| has for its aim the presentation in popular form of the tenable reasons for a belief in the exis-

tence of God. It seeks to do for the masses of the people what numerous profound works do for those of high intellectual training. In it broad views are taken; difficulties are noted; the foundation truths are sought, critically examined, and logically sustained. Arguments seeking to overthrow these truths are questioned, their fallacies discovered and vigorously overthrown. The work is strong, scholarly, and convincing.—A full account of the inception and growth of the Epworth League, a clear setting forth of its adaptation to meet a long standing demand in the church, and clear and practical suggestions as to the direction and conduct of the societies, form the contents of the volume, "Epworth League Workers."** To all interested in the formation and successful operation of these working clubs of young people, it will be of the highest value.—

"The Philosophy of Preaching"† is a small volume comprising a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Behrends before the students of the Divinity School of Yale University. They were given after a ministerial experience of a quarter of a century and express the powerful personal convictions of the author. Earnest, practical, and full of common sense teachings, the book is an inspiring one for all readers.—The twelfth volume of the "People's Bible"‡ is devoted to the Psalms. The author's conception of this part of the Scriptures may be learned from his own words:

Not only are the saints gathered around the Book of Psalms, but sinners also congregate with tears and sighs, that they may seek the Lord and find words fit for the expression of broken-heartedness. . . . With the saints and sinners there come a whole multitude of sorrowful souls; each knowing its own bitterness and feeling the weight of its own burden; each feeling that the Psalms were written for his particular case, so exquisite is their thought, so tender their expression, so complete and soul-subduing their conception and their vision of God.

With this idea in his mind, and with his rare power of imparting helpful lessons, Dr. Parker has made this volume a true messenger of mercy.—The historic process of revelation as disclosed in the Scriptures is closely followed in Dr. Fisher's work, "Nature and Method of Revelation,"|| and emphasis is laid upon the

*Two Great Teachers. With Introductions by James H. Carlisle. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Barden.

†Autobiography of Rev. Granville Moody, D.D. Edited by Rev. Sylvester Weeks, A.M., D.D. ‡Audubon's Adventures, or Life in the Woods. By B. K. Peirce, D.D. New York: Hunt and Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston and Stowe.

||Heroes and Martyrs of Invention. By George Makepeace Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.00.

§Jesus the Messiah. By Alfred Ederseheim, M. A. Oxon., D. D., Ph. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co. Price, \$2.00.

||Christian Theism. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M. A. Oxon. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, \$1.75.

**Epworth League Workers. By Jacob Embury Price. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 75 cents.

†The Philosophy of Preaching. By A. J. F. Behrends, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

‡The People's Bible. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Vol. XII. The Psalter. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, \$1.25.

||The Nature and Method of Revelation. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

gradualness of its development. The transition period from Judaism to Christianity is studied thoroughly as the era giving rise to the Catholic character of Christianity. The whole argument is clear, logical, and convincing.—A consistent and practical study of the "processes of the Divine thought as they have manifested themselves in nature and revelation" is presented in "Christian Doctrine."* The author has succeeded in placing before his readers in a plain and practical way the principal doctrines contained in the Gospel. The work is searching, thorough, sound in argument, and looks to the Christian church as the great instrument in the work of elevating humanity, by carefully instructing its members in these doctrines.

The Influence of Sea Power Upon History† is a work which involved great research and close study and an accurate working out of details. It covers a period from 1660 to 1783, or from the beginning of the "sailing ship era" to the close of the American Revolution; it embraces in its scope all European and American naval history. In the records of the past it is sought to discover valuable lessons for the present, and in order to impress these lessons more strongly, facts are used as vivid illustrations of deduced principles. It is quite a new departure in book making, as with historians in general maritime interests have always been treated as an incidental matter, while here they occupy the foreground. It is of chief interest to military men, though all readers will find it a good history.

Miscellaneous. "Pure Saxon English"‡ is a book setting forth a new phase of reform in the English language. It advocates to a certain degree the principles involved in the Volapük system and also those of phonetic spelling; but its chief aim is to make the Anglo-Saxon a self-explaining tongue. The method proposed is to strike out of use all words which of themselves bear no meaning to the ear, such as *dentist*, *peduncle*, *botany*, *ornithology*, and to substitute for them the self-defining terms *tooth healer*, *flower stalk*, *plant lore*, and *bird lore*. Were the author content to limit himself to such changes as these, there might be a hope of

effecting such a reform; but when he goes to the length of instituting in part a new alphabet and of restoring all the old Saxon roots, he at once strangles his own work. Americans will never "come to the front" under that régime.

"American Farms"* is the subject of the sixty-second volume in the "Questions of the Day Series." In it searching inquiry is made into the cause of the decline of agriculture. The answers are found in the fact that capitalists are gaining possession of the land; that the farmers do not make of themselves a strong political force; and that the American system of protection is a deadly enemy to all agricultural pursuits. The book is bristling with statistics; all the arguments are strongly supported; and the reasoning is logical. It is claimed that it lies within the farmers' power to rectify these wrongs, and to re-instate the typical American farmer in the proud position he once held and which he should now hold.

A practical book for the use of teachers is the work on English literature called "English Authors."† In a concise, connected manner it covers an immense field of work for a book of its size. It was compiled from notes gathered during ten years' teaching of the subject, so has the advantage of having been thoroughly tested as a text-book. Its characteristic features are its simple arrangement, the plain language used, the close and skillful combining of history with literature, and the presenting of selections from each author in connection with the sketch of his career.

The difficulty of transmitting through words the influence or uplift a great soul has given to one, is strongly shown in Mr. Woodbury's "Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson."‡ He had unusual opportunities for intercourse with the philosopher, and has given a faithful record of his views of life, philosophy, and literature—but there is something lacking—the Emersonian spirit—it is the substance without the true flavor, yet it is an interesting book for lovers of Emerson, giving new information about him and his exhilarating personal influence.

Delightfully varied are the opinions upon authors in "Views and Reviews,"|| which the

*American Farms. By J. R. Elliott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

†English Authors. By M. Rutherford. Atlanta, Ga.: The Constitution Book and Job Print.

‡Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson. By Charles J. Woodbury. New York: The Baker Taylor Co. Price, \$1.25.

||Views and Reviews. Essays in Appreciation. By W. R. Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

*Christian Doctrine. By Bishop Jonathan Weaver, D.D. Dayton, Ohio: United Brethren Publishing House.

†The Influence of Sea Power Upon History. By Captain A. T. Mahan. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Price, \$3.20.

‡Pure Saxon English. By Elias Moele. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. Price, \$1.00.

Preface says are "from the shot rubbish of fourteen years of journalism." These "for and against" decisions have been reconstructed and revised until they have all the freshness of new material. Such authors as Thackeray, Dumas, Meredith, Dobson, Longfellow, etc., are discussed in scholarly style.

A sensible and well illustrated book on the Voice* comes from the experience of Professor Warman, a teacher for many years. Part one

deals with the functions of the voice; part two shows the anatomy and physiology of the organs of the voice; part three considers the subject of breathing—the last is finely illustrated by diagrams. It is a book of excellent suggestions.

The original copies of "Poor Richard's Almanacs" being very few and the price beyond the ordinary purchaser, make "The Sayings of Poor Richard"* in their Knickerbocker dress valuable as well as attractive.

The Voice. How to Train it and How to Use it. By R. B. Warman, A. M. With illustrations by Marian Morgan Reynolds. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$2.00.

*The Prefaces, Proverbs, and Poems of Benjamin Franklin, originally printed in Poor Richard's Almanacs for 1733-1758. Collected and edited by Paul Leicester Ford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.00.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JULY, 1890.

HOME NEWS.—July 1. The Senate passes the Idaho Admission bill.—The monument of Thomas A. Hendricks is unveiled at Indianapolis, Ind.

July 3. The President signs the bill admitting Idaho as a state.

July 4. The one hundred fourteenth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.—The corner stone of Colorado's new capitol is laid.

July 5. The new university of Chicago is incorporated.

July 7. The governor of Louisiana vetoes the Lottery bill.

July 8. The Louisiana House passes the Lottery bill over the governor's veto.—The National Educational Association opens its annual convention at St. Paul.

July 9. Death of General Clinton B. Fisk.

July 10. The Lottery bill passed in the Louisiana Legislature.—The President signs the bill admitting Wyoming as a state.

July 13. Summer resorts at Lakes Gervaise and Pepin, Minn., devastated by a cyclone occasioning great loss of life.—Death of Major General John C. Frémont.

July 14. The President signs the Silver bill.

July 17. National convention of instructors of the blind in session at Jacksonville, Ill.

July 18. Death of Eugene Schuyler, the American consul-general at Cairo.

July 19. Death of the astronomer, Dr. Christian Henry Peters.—The Senate passes the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill.

July 22. The House passes the substitute of the Senate Original Package bill.—Seven lives lost in a tornado in North Dakota.

July 24. The Senate passes the Indian Appropriation bill.—The House passes the Bankruptcy bill.

July 26. Lawrence, Mass., is swept by a tornado.

July 30. Dr. Merrill E. Gates is elected president of Amherst College.

FOREIGN NEWS.—July 1. The Anglo-German agreement is signed at Berlin.

July 3. Resignation of the Liberal Ministry of Spain.

July 5. A new Spanish Cabinet is formed with Senor de Castillo as Premier.—King Kalakaua appoints a new Hawaiian Ministry.

July 12. Marriage of Henry M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant.

July 14. Opening of the Universal Peace Congress in London.

July 19. The Porte signs the act of the Anti-Slavery Conference.

July 20. An encounter takes place between San Salvador troops and those of Guatemala.

July 22. Costa Rica and Nicaragua form an alliance with Guatemala.

July 23. England and France reach an agreement on African matters.

July 30. The revolutionary leaders in Buenos Ayres agree to the terms of the government.



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Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back

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THE courses outlined in the Calendar include Latin, Greek, English Language and Literature, German, French, Natural and Physical Sciences, Mathematics, History, Political Economy, Mental and Moral Philosophy, etc. Upon such students as successfully complete the full curriculum, degrees are conferred by Chautauqua University.

A GREAT many people who are unable to complete the full college curriculum wish special training in certain definite lines. The plan of the C. C. L. A. has been so arranged as to allow those who have only a limited time for study, to use that to advantage; they may take just so much work as they wish, and in what department they prefer.

IN connection with the college proper there is a preparatory department which offers to students who are not qualified to pursue the regular curriculum of the college, such preparation as they may need. The courses in this department are conducted by the professors in the College. Elementary Latin, Greek, German, French, English, and Mathematics are taught with great care, and such rapidity as is suited to the interests of each student. Though designed primarily for beginners, these courses are especially recommended to those persons who wish to review or to study methods.

THE School of English under Prof. W. D. McClintock will offer preparatory and college work in this important branch as usual. The best text-books are used and the critical habit is cultivated from the start. The courses outlined in the Calendar will compare with those offered in the best resident institutions, and the practice of doing all the work in writing is of the greatest value to any one wishing to acquire an easy and correct use of language.

IT will be of particular interest to Dr. Adams' students at Chautauqua to know that he offers by correspondence this year, besides the courses in The Beginnings of History, and The Nineteenth Century, also a course in Church History and European Civilization, and one in American History. All these four courses have been carefully prepared and show the results of the highest scholarship.

FOR Calendars and information of any kind relative to the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts, address JOHN H. DANIELS, Registrar, New Haven, Conn. Always enclose stamp for reply.

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For detailed information, address the Dean at Boston, Mass.

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THE C. L. S. C. MEMBERSHIP-BOOK.

Of this new device in the work of the C. L. S. C., Chancellor Vincent says :

THIS book is a volume of practical hints on study and a putting together in available form, of the various memoranda, addresses, and other documents which heretofore have been issued separately by the Office and sent during the year by post to the members of the Circle. It makes the work of the Office more valuable and permanent, and will, I trust, prove a firmer bond holding the members and the officers of the Circle in a more perfect unity of purpose and sympathy, which will react on both members and leaders, and thus advance the interests of a cause dear to both.

This book is, in a sense, the innermost center of a wide-sweeping circle ; a center into which, with a sense of personal confidence, every member may retire ; a center for self-testing in lines of culture ; a center for wise counsel from our appointed teachers.

This book is, therefore, in a sense, private and confidential. It is the personal property of those, who, having recorded their names in the Central Office, and having paid their annual fees, are entitled to especial attention and direction.

THE volume has fifty-six pages (size of THE CHAUTAUQUAN). The cover, designed by Mr. Ipsen, contains the calendar for the year, memorial days and this motto from Bacon : " Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted * * * but to weigh and consider." The arrangement of the design is tasteful and the execution of details chaste and beautiful.

THE contents of the book far surpass any thing that heretofore has been sent out to members of the C. L. S. C. A mere list will attest the truth of this statement : (1) Recommended order of study for the year. (2) A Fore-word by the Chancellor. (3) Principal's address. (4) Habits of Reading by Counselor Lyman Abbott. (5) Good English by Counselor Edward E. Hale. (6) The Reading of History by Counselor James H. Carlisle. (7) The Study of Church History by Counselor H. W. Warren. (8) A Word from England by Counselor J. M. Gibson. (9) The Study of Literature by Counselor William C. Wilkinson.

THEN come hints upon the Readings by the authors of the books :

(1) English History, James R. Joy. (2) Our English, Prof. A. S. Hill. (3) From Chaucer to Tennyson, Prof. H. A. Beers. (4) Walks and Talks in the Geological Field, Prof. Alexander Winchell. (5) French Literature, Dr. H. C. Wilkinson. (6) American Church History, John F. Hurst. A page of blanks to be used in reporting to the Central Office, and applying for special courses concludes the first part of the book. .

Two complete sets of memoranda " Four page " and " White seal " follow next in order. One set is bound into the book, the other is detachable, and may be filled out for return to the Office.

THE last pages of the book are devoted to all the Special Courses, Local Circle Organization, Special Test examinations, and other details of the work. The book will be sent to all regularly registered members of the C. L. S. C. about Oct 1.

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C. L. S. C.

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Plan.—A carefully outlined course; wisely selected and specially prepared books by the best authors; a monthly magazine with additional readings, notes, suggestions, and advice; a membership book containing aid to study, outlines, hints, review papers to be filled out, special optional test papers, and other valuable matter. Aid for students reading alone and in groups called "local circles." Meetings at over forty summer assemblies.

What the Circle is Not.—The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle does not claim to be a substitute for either the high school or the college.

It does not guarantee to its students what is implied in a "liberal education."

Its diploma does not assert more than this fact: that the graduate "has completed the four years' course of reading required by the C. L. S. C."

What the Circle Is.—The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle does aim (1) to encourage people to read helpful and instructive books, and (2) to stimulate these readers as far as possible to become careful and thorough students.

Who May Join.—The C. L. S. C. is for busy people who left school years ago, and who desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction.

It is for high school and college graduates, for people who never entered either high school or college, for merchants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers, busy house-keepers, farmer boys, shop girls, and for people of leisure and wealth.

Arrangement of Classes.—The C. L. S. C. was organized in 1893. The class that joined then read four years that is, 1893-1897. In 1892 this class was graduated, and its members are still known as belonging to the "Class of 1892." The class organized this year, 1899, will be known as the class of 1894.

Required Readings.—The readings of the several classes for any one year are substantially the same. These readings consist of six books and *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. For 1899-01 the course will be as follows:

"Outline History of England," James R. Joy. . . . \$1.00	"French Course in English," Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, \$1.00
"From Chaucer to Tennyson," Prof. H. A. Beers, Yale. 1.00	"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field,"
"Our English," Prof. A. S. Hill, Harvard. . . . 50	Prof. Alex. Winchell. . . . 1.00
"History of the Church in America," Bishop J. P. Hurst. 40	<i>THE CHAUTAUQUAN</i> (12 months). . . . 2.00

The required readings in *The Chautauquan* will include papers on the following subjects:

1. How the Saxons Lived. 2. English Ideas of Property in Land. 3. The English Constitution. 4. English Villages.
5. History of the Intellectual Development of the English People. 6. The Religious Life of England.
7. Studies in Astronomy. 8. The English Town. 9. The English Domain. 10. Practical Talks on Writing English.
11. Advance Thought of England. 12. Social Life in Modern England. 13. England as a Financier, etc.

HOW TO JOIN THE CIRCLE.

No entrance examination is required. The reader does not pledge himself to do more than one year's work.

Send answers to the following questions together with fifty cents (fee for one year) to John H. Vincent, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y. [A blank containing these questions may be had by applying to the Buffalo office.]

1. Give your name in full.
2. Your post-office address, with county and state.
3. Are you married or single?
4. What is your age? Are you between twenty and thirty, or thirty and forty, or forty and fifty, or fifty and sixty, etc.?
5. If married, how many children living under the age of sixteen years?
6. What is your occupation?
7. With what religious denomination are you connected?
8. Are you a graduate of a High School or College? If so, give the name of the institution.
9. If you have been a member of the C. L. S. C. in past years, but are now beginning anew, state to what Class you formerly belonged.
10. Did you join as (a) an individual reader, (b) a Home Circle reader (in a family), or (c) as a "Local Circle" reader? The reader may change from one relation to another at will.

The Class of 1894 will be organized during the autumn of 1899, but students will be received at any time if they are able to make up the work.

All the required literature (books and *The Chautauquan*) may be obtained by sending a draft or money order for \$7 to Flood & Vincent, Chautauquus-Century Press, Meadville, Pa. Reduced rates to clubs of five or more. Books singly and the *Chautauquan* separately if desired.

Persons forwarding their names to the Chautauqua office for membership in the C. L. S. C., may be assured that under no circumstances will such names be given to persons outside of the Chautauqua office for any purpose whatsoever.

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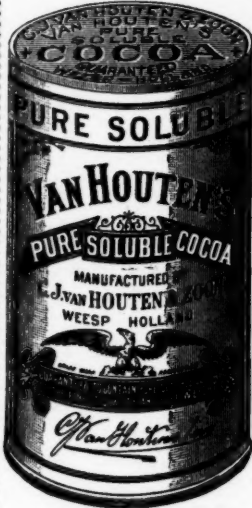
Note with great care the following points:

1. To defray expenses of correspondence, membership book, etc., an annual fee of fifty cents is required. This amount should be forwarded to John H. Vincent, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y., by New York draft, Post-Office order on Buffalo, N. Y., or Postal note. Do not send postage-stamps if you can possibly avoid it.

2. In sending your fee be sure to state to which Class you belong, whether 1891, 1892, 1893, or 1894. Secretaries of local circles who forward fees for the members of their circles are especially urged to bear this fact in mind.

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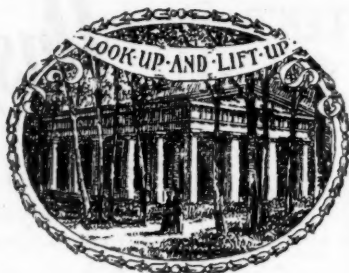
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The plan includes the preparation of a three years' course in the history and literature of England, specifying the books required, expanding the course by recommending other books for those who have much time, furnishing helps and suggestions by instructors who are specialists in their departments, making full tests and reviews, and adapting the course and suggestions to circle work. The readings of each year are so arranged that graduates of later classes may if desired fall in with the work of the current year. The course in general is adapted to (1) those who wish simply to read ; (2) those who have time and inclination for thorough study.

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ALL members of the C. L. S. C., graduates and undergraduates, should do missionary work of some sort, and induce those whose lives need it to take up the Chautauqua system.

First. Send for the "Popular Education" circulars in any quantity and distribute them among those who do not know what Chautauqua offers.

Second. Or send to the Central Office a list of names and addresses in order that pamphlets may be mailed direct.

Third. Or write a letter to the Office, giving suggestions as to spreading information in a given locality, the holding of a public meeting etc. The Central Office will always be glad to co-operate in any way with local endeavor.

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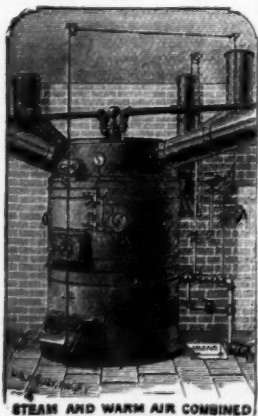
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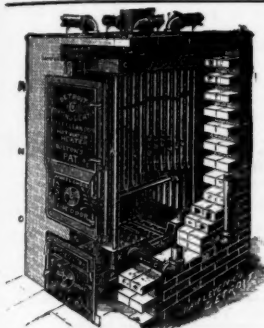
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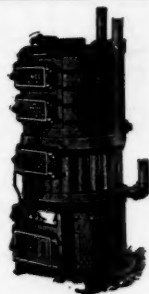
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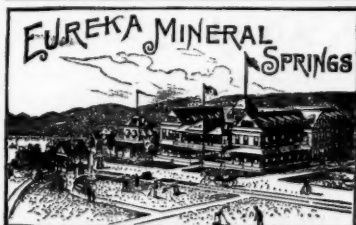
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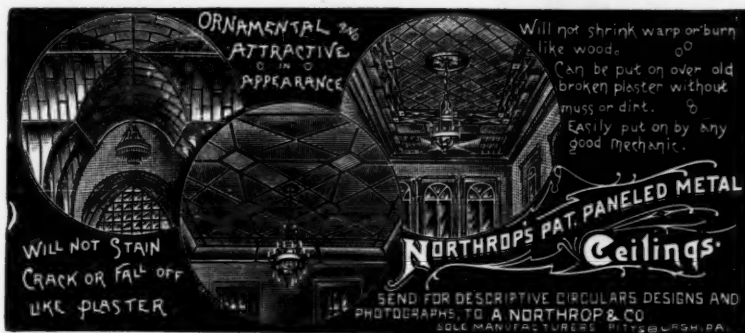
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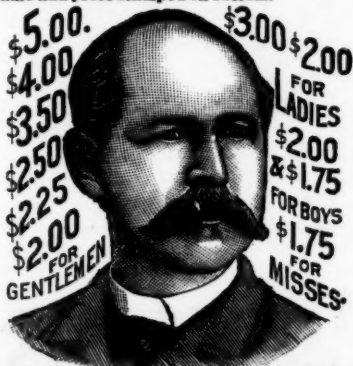


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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

VOL. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1890. NO. 6.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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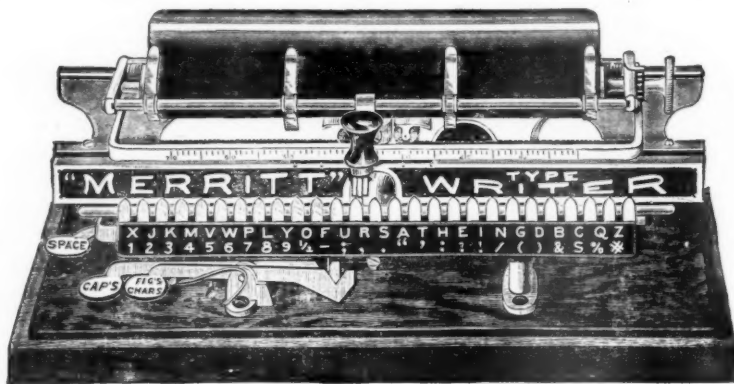


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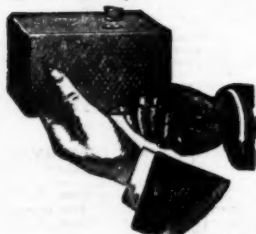
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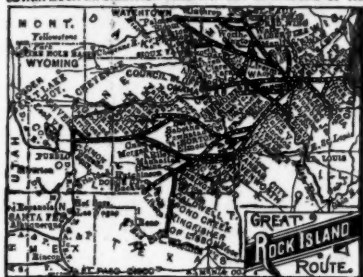
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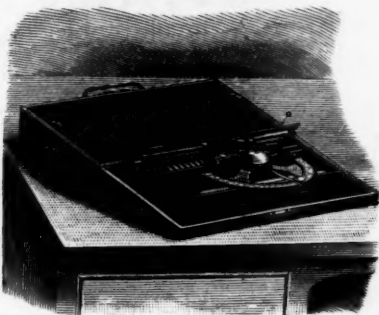
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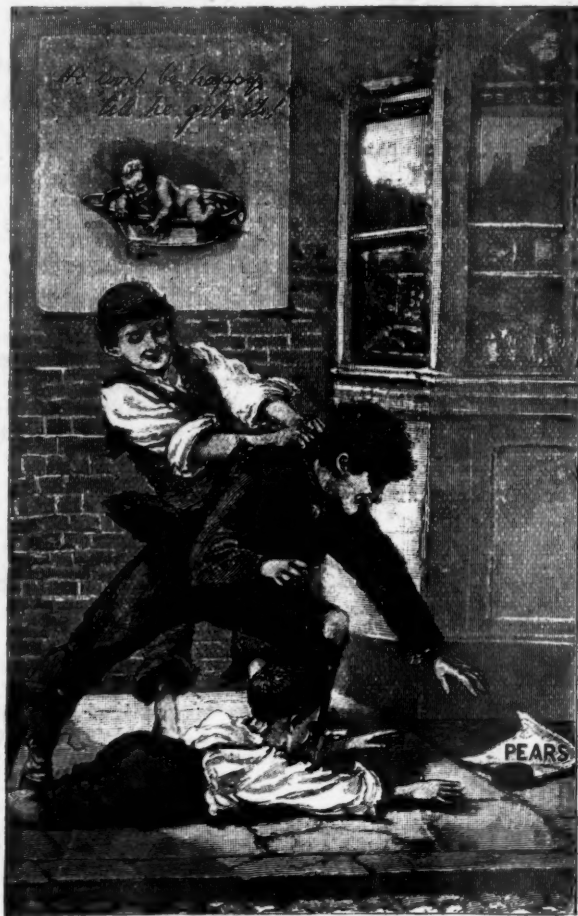
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